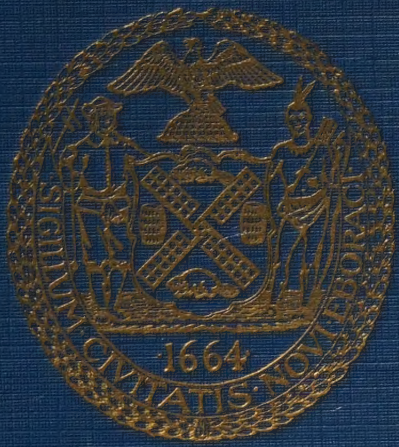
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New York In the Elegant Eighties

By

Henry Collins Brown

Valentine's Manual of Old New York

1927

EDITED BY
HENRY COLLINS BROWN

"I PRAY YOU LET US SATISFY
OUR EYES—
WITH THE MEMORIALS AND
THE THINGS OF FAME
THAT DO RENOWN THIS CITY"

Shakespeare.

VALENTINE'S MANUAL INC.
HASTINGS-ON-HUDSON, N.Y.

WM. S. EDDY

In Loving Memory
K. R. B.

Old Broadway Stage, 1882

FOREWORD

The success which greeted the last number of the Manual, in its attempt to depict the local history of our City in the closing years of the last century as it was lived by the men and women who made it, has encouraged me to continue the narrative in this issue. The period selected is the decade between the Eighties and Nineties, and I think most of my readers who were here at that time, will agree with me that it *was* an Elegant period.

Nothing like the charm and fascination of New York in those days, exists at present. It seems like a different world. The present New Yorker knows nothing about the saner, the quieter and more dignified city of forty years ago. What happened to Rip Van Winkle upon his return to the village of Falling Waters after his sleep of twenty years would be tame in comparison with what a New Yorker of the Eighties would experience suddenly returning to the New York of Today.

Many friends wrote me in appreciation of the last issue.

I feel confident that the present number will hold and increase the interest aroused by number ten, which achieved the distinction of a second and third printings.

"Love to all the folks. Write soon."

The Author.

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New York in the Elegant Eighties

This Is Number Eleven of
Valentine's Manual of
Old New York

"The Lost Child." Made by the Mile; sold by the Foot. One of J. G. Brown's famous street urchin pictures which rivalled in popularity the well known statues of John Rogers. Both ranked as masterpieces in Art collections of the Eighties.

The Waffle Man.

NEW YORK IN THE ELEGANT EIGHTIES

CHAPTER I

General Description of the City – Habits – Customs – Fat Policeman – Arrival of the Typewriter – Advent of the Lady Stenographer – End of the Squatters and Shanty Town – Coming of the Bicycle

IN Eighteen Eighty the population of New York was about a million two hundred thousand. The City still had a strong frontier atmosphere about it—half mining camp and half Mayfair. Yet signs of the coming Age of Elegance, were not lacking. Dad paused in the days occupations long enough to take the clinkers out of his hair and Maw was noting with deep satisfaction the growing whiteness of her hands. Years of dishwashing, scrubbing and housework (in spite of Pearline and Sapolio, ancestors of our present day, dear little Gold

Dust Twins) had turned Maw's erstwhile tapering fingers into something like short lengths of gnarled oak and the callousness of her palms was thick enough to turn the edge of the casual potato knife, when it slipped and essayed to wound her. Fortunately this was in the dim and distant past. Grandpa's farm in the neighborhood of Columbus Circle had yielded a prodigious fortune, and with it, Pa struck oil in Pennsylvania and, between the two, a great social splash was in the offing.

The densely populated part of the city did not extend much beyond 59th Street. For many weary months the newly built elevated trains discharged but half a dozen passengers at the various uptown stations. Along Ninth Avenue the route lay through a region as yet uninhabited and covered with truck farms. Around its terminus at 125th Street was the village of Harlem—a settlement that sprang into being almost coincident with New Amsterdam itself and has ever since managed to preserve a certain identity of its own. It was more like a distant city, so great was the gap between it and down-town, and a large part of the revenue of the Elevated was derived from the business of Harlem. "Squatters," driven finally from Central Park and the Grand Central section, were still numerous on the vacant land east and west of the Park. Many wooden shanties, occupied by these Squatters, on the way to Harlem, were perched against the skyline, on high rocks reached by step-ladders, and the festive goat was a familiar and numerous object on the landscape. His solemn countenance, as he ruminatively chewed tattered posters of last year's performance of "The Black Crook," "The Greatest Show on Earth", or deli-

For many years Market Gardening as a lucrative calling was followed all the way uptown from 59th Street to 125th Street. Many farms like this could be seen from the car windows from the 9th Avenue Elevated Road in the '80s.

cately toyed with an old tomato can as a delicious tidbit, was an enteraining aspect of an otherwise bleak and barren outlook. What the Beaver was to New York, the Goat was to Harlem and for many years the popular designation of our uptown neighbor was "Goatville."

Along the East Side where the 2nd and 3rd Avenue lines ran, the same conditions prevailed. The Village of Yorkville at 86th Street, however, was a rather important stop on the way to Harlem; and around 86th Street there was quite a population. Many of the fine old estates that lined the East River Shore were still intact. Jones' Woods, for example, beginning at 68th Street, contained almost seventy acres in its prestine rural loveliness, and was a favorite resort for many outdoor gatherings, particularly of the Scotchmen,—the Caledonian picnic being an annual event. The old Riker homestead where the Rockefeller Research Foundation now stands; The Schermerhorns, the Astors, the Rhinelanders, Gracie, and other old homesteads occupied many acres in the aggregate and as yet were not cut up into building lots. So the population was sparse in comparison with the region below Forty-second Street and the few passengers that left the stations at intervals found their way to their isolated homes, 'cross open lots and winding paths. On Winter nights with snow on the ground they looked not unlike the ploughman homeward plodding his weary way. He certainly left the world to darkness and to me when the lighted train of the Elevated disappeared in the distance.

Population, however, quickly followed the Elevated. New streets were laid out and graded, and soon all traces of former rusticity gradually disappeared. Here and

there an isolated farm house would persist. There is one to this day on Broadway at 190th Street where crops are planted and harvests gathered just as it has been for a hundred years. But the end of this decade saw many unbroken lines of houses on both sides of the island from 59th Street North. And the side streets also began to fill up. Occasionally a gigantic building like The Dakota at 72nd Street and 8th Avenue made its spectacular appearance to cause a nine days wonder and then take its orderly place in the general scheme of development, as if nothing unusual had happened. Few transitions in any city were so dramatic, so startling in their extremes, as overwhelmed our city north of Fifty-ninth Street with the advent of the Elevated. Many inland water ways, creeks, and good sized swimmin' holes abounded. Row boats, tied to garden gate posts that are now covered with huge apartments, were used by boys to connect with the River east or west as the outlets ran. My friend Quackenbush, an old resident of Yorkville, writes me the following:

Before 88th Street was cut through to the East River, The Gracie place now the Museum of the City of New York, where I spent many happy hours with the Wheaton's who lived there, of course ran to the water's edge All along this edge was built a wall of loose stone piled up carefully to a heighth of about ten feet. You perhaps remember the little summer house that used to be located on that wall. Back of this summer house some fifty feet and a little to the West was a root cellar and in this were several cannon-balls of about 6″ in diameter that Mr. Wheaton told me had been dug up on his place and that they were of the Revolutionary period.

The reef that extended East from this place and known as Wheaton's point was always a source of pleasure to us boys.

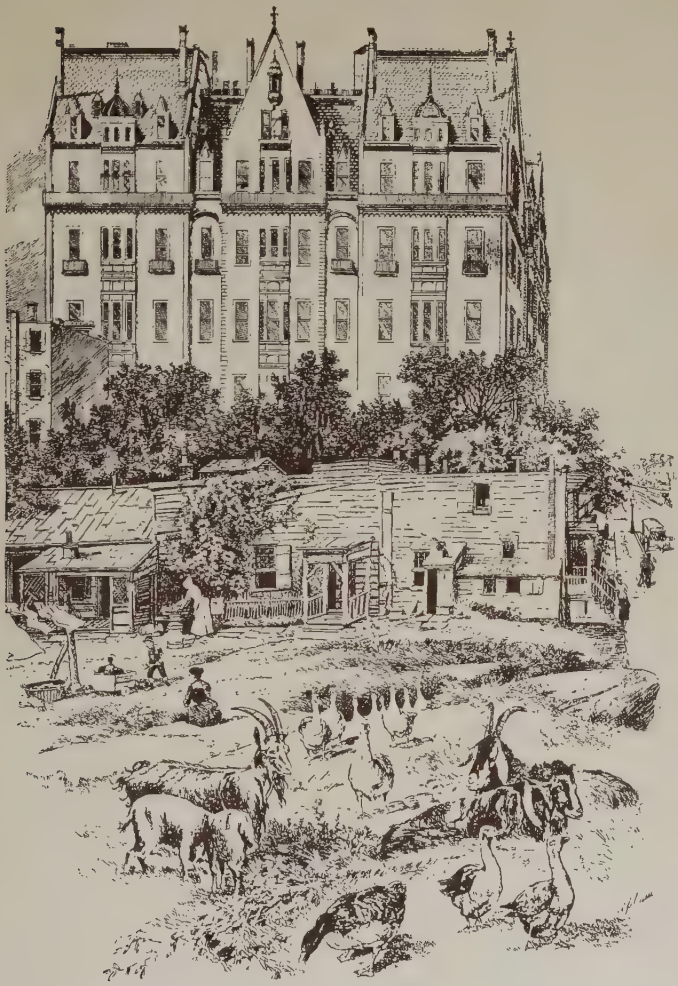
Here we used to go swimming and there was comparatively deep water on the North side. At low tide when the water was slack we would stand on the reef and dive down to the bottom, eight or ten feet, and bring up flint pebbles. These pebbles ranged in size from one inch and a half to six or eight. They were all approximately oval or round and many of them when broken open would display beautiful crystals formed in an interior cavity of the stone.

These flint stones were not indigenous to this locality, but were a part of the cargo of a British vessel that was drifted on this reef by the force of the tide during the Revolutionary war, and had to be lightened of her cargo before she would float. These flints, of course, were sent over here from England for the purpose of making flints for the locks of the muskets for the British troops.

First Avenue and Avenue A in my young days terminted in salt marches. Second Avenue had been filled across these marshes and the 2nd Avenue R. R. ran over this fill. You remember the "Dummies" plied back and forth on these tracks. There were three arches on 2nd Avenue through which salt creeks ran, and one arch on 3rd Avenue a little above 103rd Street. At the foot of the bluff on the west side of third Avenue at about 103rd Street was the old McGowan Mansion. On the rising tide all these creeks would be full and I have caught crabs on the 3rd arch creek about 106th Street and Fifth Avenue. The waters of these three creeks were a source of pleasure of the boys of Yorkville and Harlem to go crabbing and eeling. Mussels and soft clams were also plentiful. We could always get meat for crab bait without cost at the slaughter house which was located at about 106th Street on the West side of 3rd Avenue.

All abnormally high tides used to flood the marshes completely. Everything from 92nd Street North to about 108th Street and West as far as 3rd Avenue would be completely flooded and through the Third Avenue arch water would inundate the marshes as far as Fifth Avenue. If you were sitting in a Northeast room in the old Fanshaw Mansion during the high tides, you could toss a biscuit into the water from that window. This was on Third Avenue about 91st Street.

I can remember Gibson's and McGraff's boat houses which we



The Dakota Apartment House—the first large structure of this type—and Site of the Majestic Hotel, 8th Avenue, 72nd and 73rd Streets about 1882.

reached by a long plank walk from 2nd Avenue. The Gibson who kept that place was called "Lon" Gibson and his father, "Wash" Gibson resided on Mill Rock.

On ebb tide we used to anchor our row boat just west of Mill Rock in about 50 feet of water and catch lobsters with drop nets, and on rising tide we used to catch them just East of the reef known as Hog's Back in Hell Gate.

Fish were plentiful, especially black fish and in the fall and spring of the year, striped bass. In trolling for bass we used to use squid, which we would catch at night by the lure of a lantern at the boat's bow. Clams, both hard and soft were plentiful especially on the shores of Berrian's Island.

Subterranean streams uncovered in blasting, cost many a contractor a fortune—notably the one that ran under the present Museum of Natural History building. All in all it was about as wild and picturesque a piece of wilderness as ever laid outdoors.

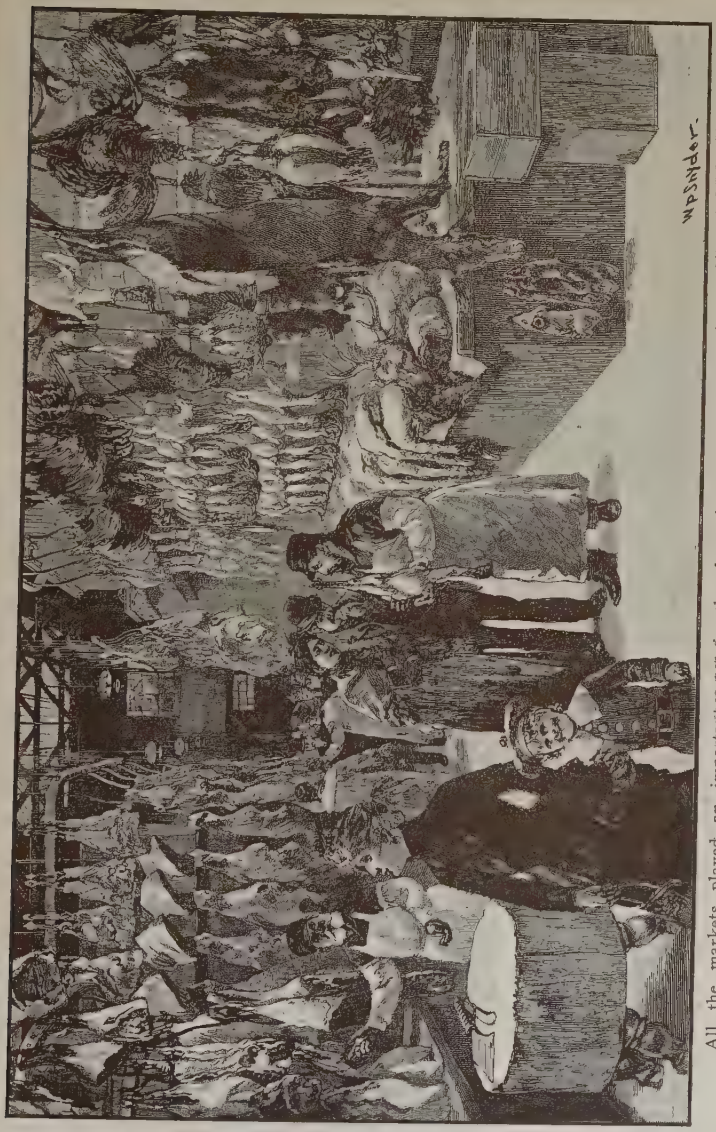
The building up of this newly opened section necessitated the removal of enormous quantities of rock where the "Squatter" from time out of mind had vegetated. Blasting this rock was accomplished by Hibernians whose knowledge of explosives was acquired in an apprenticeship of carrying the hod. The simple and rapid methods now in vogue were unknown. Huge logs were employed to prevent rock from aviating. Preliminaries to a blast included the stoppage of all traffic by stentorian laborers with red flags for many yards around the neighborhood. The size of the charge employed was largely subject to the whim or the amount of liquor consumed by the artillerist in command, and very often a fair imitation of an eruption of Vesuvius was the result of his calculations.

In those days a policeman in lower New York who made the mistake of arresting a saloon keeper, who peradventure was a brother-in-law of the district leader, was

disciplined by the powers that were, by banishment to the "goats." The "goats" meant that desolate region we are now describing. Here the forlorn "cop" met none of "the boys", nor yet the girls of the brownstone area. Here the friendly saloon with the "Family Entrance" nip was few and far between. Here the peanut stand with the hot gubers was only a Sunday institution. Sometimes the detail was far away from the "cop's" home and required hours of traveling to and fro. Nowadays a policeman has to be shifted to Far Rockaway to equal the inconvenience of that ancient exile above Central Park. I happened to be in Tottenville, in our picturesque Borough of Richmond one crisp night last Winter, and was for a moment nonplussed to encounter a rugged bluecoat with five stripes on his sleeve doing duty in that nautical hamlet. "Got you among the goats," I remarked. "Oh," he grinned, "I live here." Few things illustrate the growth of the city more than these respective habitats of the "goats." But the goats are gone and I wonder how many of our young policemen know that location of Mulberry Street, and if it is still in the vernacular under the gilt dome at Centre and Grand.

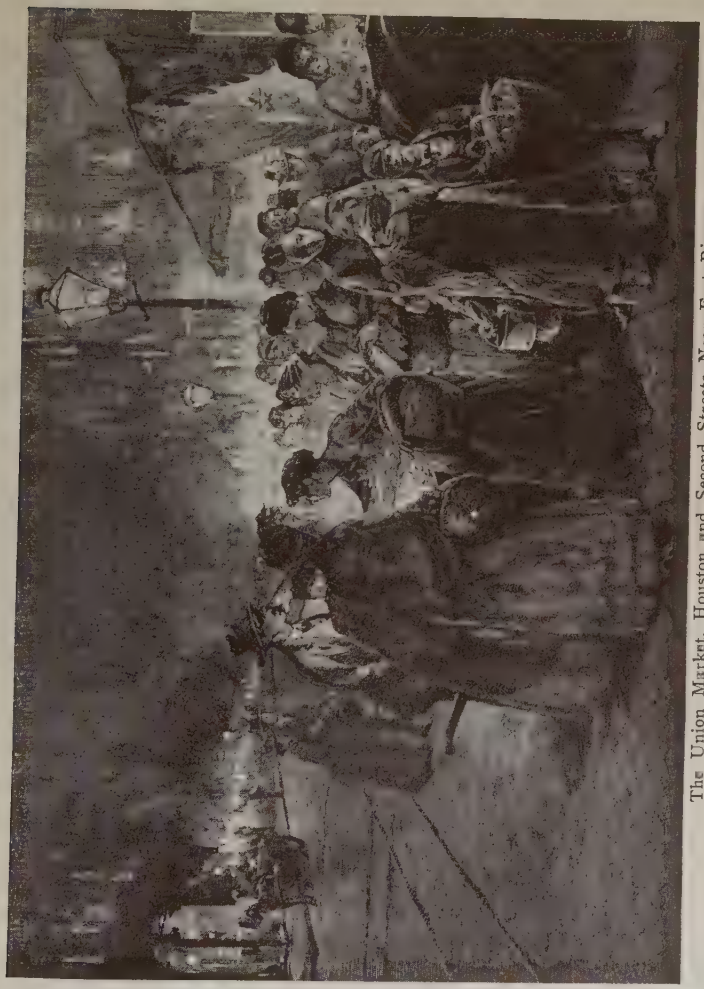
Before leaving this section a word of explanation regarding "Squatters" is necessary, the meaning of that word having been largely lost to the present generation. Squatters were foreigners mostly Irish, who pre-emptied vacant ground and erected upon it a shanty of the crudest description—built usually of nondescript material purloined from buildings in course of construction, eked out by packing boxes and odds and ends of lumber. Stove pipe answered the purpose of chimneys. They were surrounded by pigs, goats, chickens and cows, who shared the family portions.

"Battle of Gettysburg." One of the Cycloramas that were vastly popular in the Eighties. Old soldier describing the battle.



All the markets played an important part in the domestic economy of these days. Housewives took home their own purchases in the old time market basket. Here is the mistress herself making her personal selections. Interior of Fulton Market.

Saturday Night at "Paddy's Market" on 9th Avenue between 34th St. and 42nd.; a famous rallying point for the housewives in old Chelsea Village.



The Union Market, Houston and Second Streets Near East River.

Beginning about north of 42nd Street on the east side they overran the rocky region up to 110th Street. Before Central Park was cleared, they were very numerous there. Driven out of the Park they overflowed both sides, east and west from 59th Street as far north as Harlem. A very good picture of a typical section of Shantytown drawn from life was shown in the *Manual* last year.

The removal of these Squatters was attended with much difficulty and no little danger, many pitched battles resulting, in which knives and pistols were freely used. It was at first impossible to make these poor people understand that they were infringing on other people's land and many thought they were simply being robbed. I do not think the duplicate of this phase of early New York life existed in any other city in our country. They certainly were a unique addition to the population, and for a long time were a world unto themselves.

The Elevated roads played a tremendous part in the domestic economy of our city in those early years. Their development, however, did not keep pace with the new school of electricity. For years they burned soft coal and dropped live ashes on the tops of passing wagons and pedestrians as the case might be. Soot and cinders were distributed with rare impartiality on passengers and trainmen alike. Ladies all wore veils in those days and upon emerging from an "L" train their faces bore the design of the veil carefully outlined in soot. The company made no extra charge for this facial treatment. Years after electricity had been substituted for steam in Chicago and other wideawake cities, our roads continued to be operated by steam. Frank J. Sprague who invented the first electric power engine tells me this stubbornness was the result of a mishap that occurred during a trial trip by

Children's Goat Carriages in Central Park.

electric power on which occasion Jay Gould and other directors were present. Coming into 34th Street at the end of the run, one of the fuses accidentally blew out. It happened to be right behind Mr. Gould who was an exceedingly nervous person. His face was a study. The train, coming to a stop just then, Mr. Gould made a hasty and very undignified exit. He could never again be approached on the subject of a change in motive power, and as a result, New York suffered the discomfort and danger of leaky boilers, dropping of live coal, clouds of soot and smoke, till the nuisance finally became intolerable. For nearly twenty years this preventable condition existed and all owing to one man's prejudice.

Another amusing feature of the Elevated in those days was the names on the coaches and engines. It was nice and intimate-like. If you rode on the E. J. Berwind you knew that he supplied the company with fuel. If it was Chauncey M. Depew you knew that the interests of the company were in the hands of the most capable lobbyist at large. And so it was, all down the line.

This precious idea was born, I believe, in the brain of that heaven-born genius, James M. Pullman, and was originally used on Pullman cars. Rapid as was the growth of population, the supply of really great men did not keep pace with even the output of Pullmans, to say nothing of Elevateds, so everything classical from Aristotle to Zantippe was substituted, pending the arrival of some fresh immortals who would be recognizable by the general public. But somehow or other they didn't connect. Hence the numerals. It was a funny idea from today's point of view but serves to illustrate the charming old home-town feeling that once pervaded this present heartless metropolis.

In the city proper, lawless gangs, worse than border ruffians, infested the town especially in the Gas House district on the lower East Side. On the West Side, Hell's Kitchen provided an equally capable contingent of criminals and fully as numerous. Between these gangs and the forces of law and order there was perpetual warfare. It was regarded as quite an honor among these outlaws to be suspected of having murdered some unoffending policeman. The long piece of solid rubber, which formerly curved across the top of the patrolman's helmet was originally designed to act as a cushion when a brick was playfully dropped from a roof to the head of a "bull." Unlike the holdup man of the present day, the old time gangster seldom resorted to gun play. He fought with his fists, his teeth, his feet, or missiles of one kind or another, depending upon the type of encounter. Regular staged battles were frequent between detachments of police and the various gangs. Sometimes word was sent to a certain policeman that if he appeared below a specified point on his beat the gang would do him up. The bulk of the force was then made up of young Irishmen and such a message was sure to start something. But it was an unequal contest. Many a fine young officer was done to his death on such occasions. These gangs, cowards at heart, never fought fairly and always travelled in groups.

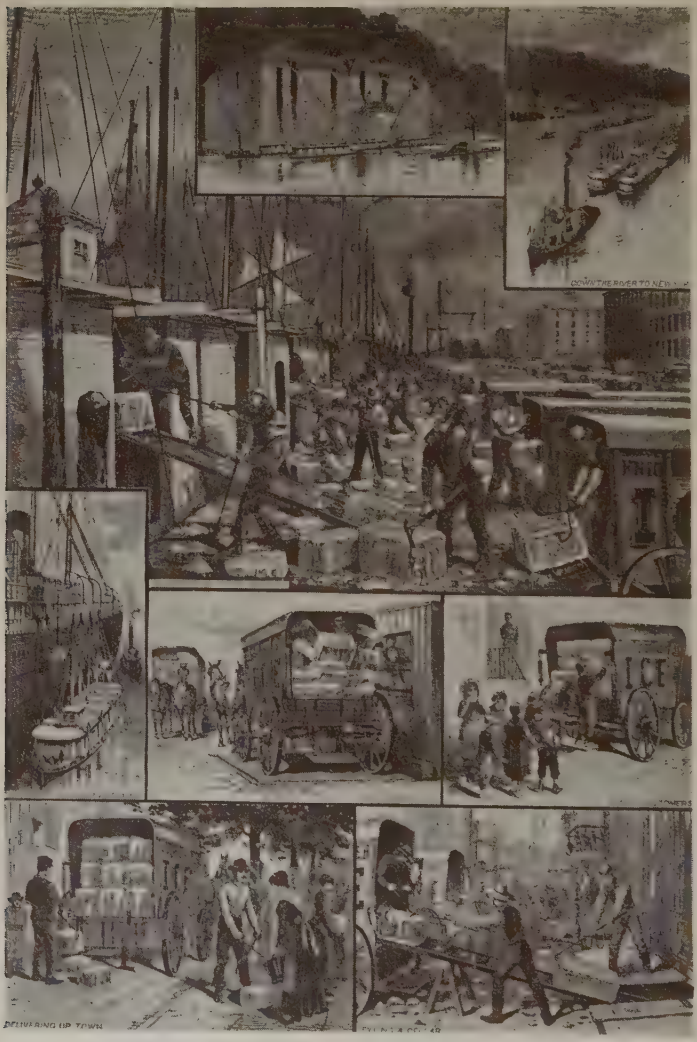
When a hold-up on the street was planned, the favorite weapon of attack was the "sand bag"—never the gun. This stunned the victim, left no telltale marks and it was weeks before the unfortunate citizen recovered sufficiently to give the police any information whatever.

Another charming weapon was the brass knuckle, a fiendish instrument capable of inflicting a frightful wound.

These attractive Fortune Tellers with their feathered friends were quite a feature of Fourteenth Street, and drew many customers. The bird picked out your horoscope in an envelope.

As its name indicates, it was worn on the back of the hand covering the knuckles. A blow behind the ear from a strong man's fist felled the victim like an ox. He either died from it or suffered a fractured skull. This weapon was borrowed from South Street where it was a popular instrument aboard some of the ships. Such ships as allowed the mate to wear brass knuckles became known as a "Knuckle Ship," and was given a wide berth by seamen who knew what it meant. The brass knuckle was finally placed on the list of forbidden weapons by the police and the possession of a set today would procure for the owner a quite lengthy stay in the city prison. Bricks, stones, and fists formed the other items of the gangsters armament. Pistols and knives were occasionally used, but nothing like what they are today. The Black Hand and the Mafia were unknown. The bomb, the stilletto, the knockout drop, were all yet in the future. Most murders were the result of some meleè in which whatever came to hand was used in the work of destruction.

A discussion of prison reform in those days would, I imagine, have been the object of much merriment among those familiar with the criminal classes. The kind of argument used by Captain Williams, one of the best known officers of the day, was the popular one. Coming down his beat one evening he passed four toughs on the corner of West Broadway and Chambers Streets. "Don't let me see one of you here when I come back," he remarked sententiously, and strolled on. They were all there, however, when he returned, not having moved an inch. When Williams was directly opposite the gang he instantly swung his heavy night stick into action and four figures fell over into a limp heap. Calling an ambulance, Williams helped put them in and off to the hospital they



An important business in the 80s but now almost wholly extinct. Bringing ice from the Hudson River and Maine. There was no artificial ice in those days.

went. "Resisting an officer in the discharge of his duty" was what the blotter read.

Captain—afterwards Inspector—Williams—was a good type of the New York policeman of his period. How he ever contrived to outwit the endless attempts on his life no one has ever been able to explain. The underworld to a man was his sworn enemy and deathless fame awaited the one of the number who would "croak" Williams. He survived all attempts and became the Czar of the "Tenderloin" precinct.

It was he by the way who gave this succulent name to the Thirtieth Street Police Station. This section was then the center of night life in New York. All the great hotels, the big gambling houses, the theatres, dance halls, etc., etc., were included within its boundaries. The captain had hitherto been stationed downtown, where after six o'clock he did nothing but read bedtime stories. The pickings were lean. When promotion took him uptown, the practical captain remarked "Ah! No more chuck steak for me; now I'll get a little of the Tenderloin." And the name passed into local etymology, to become in due time permanently attached to the nomenclature of the town.

The personnel of the police themselves was vastly different from what it is today. Appointments to the force were largely a political privilege and as Tammany Hall was dominently Irish, the representatives of the Emerald Isle were numerous. The Germans, however, having also a rather important voting strength were by no means ignored. But the Irish were largely, very largely, in the majority. There may have been some Americans among them and doubtless were, but I never heard of them. There were no Italians, or Jews, or Poles, or Russians

connected with the department either as patrolmen, detectives, judges, or magistrates. They were non-existent.

Many of the Germans were of enormous girth. Inspector Schmittburger himself having a waist line of about five feet. Weights of two hundred and fifty and three hundred pounds were common. Waist lines of fifty to sixty inches excited no remark. Heavy woolen clothes, buttoned close to piccadilly collars, were worn alike in Summer and Winter. Every man carried a club, and had a huge derringer concealed on his person. The night stick was a miniature baseball bat, far longer and heavier than the "billy" or club attached to every policeman's belt in the day time. Either one was a formidable weapon in the hands of an aggressive officer. Aid was summoned by beating on the sidewalk with the club, the present whistle not having yet come into use. At a later date, as we progressed in the Arts of Elegance, the club, as part of the day time armament, was discontinued.

The police courts were filled with cases against policemen who clubbed peaceable citizens. It was undoubtedly true that many such instances unhappily occurred but it is likewise true that the citizen was not always blameless himself. The relations between the two were not at all what they are today. If you told the old time policeman that he should say "please" and "thank you" to a mere citizen, he would have torn off his badge, thrown it in your face and resigned forthwith from what he would have inferred was a bible class.

A good many decent law abiding citizens in those days, perfectly normal in other respects, had a secret and virulent hatred of a uniformed representative of the law. They had no reason for feeling that way but they did and this peculiar idiosyncrasy was a fruitful source of annoy-

ing incidents. The cops on the other hand were not all Lord Chesterfields nor were they in utter ignorance of the phenomena to which I have referred, and doubtless this mental attitude was responsible for many of these clubbing cases. On an occasion such as a public parade, the crowds were handled by the Police in a manner that would shock us today. Persons on the curb line forced into the street by pressure from the rear, were unceremoniously pushed back by main strength. Instead of "please stand back" the policeman's elbow was pressed against the abdomen and no gentle pressure brought to bear. Any remonstrance was apt to provoke still sterner measures and altogether the cop of the '80s was at times a good deal of a bruiser. There was nothing like the good understanding that prevails today.

The deportment of people on the crowded street was I regret to say not much better. The hurrying passer-by cared little for the discomfort caused by his rude haste. As for an expression of regret that wasn't even in his vocabulary. He jostled and hustled and was jostled and hustled in return. Had anyone said "I'm sorry" in those days he would have been promptly locked up as irresponsible. There still persists today, unfortunately, a survival of this vicious past. If you should ask a passer-by, the way to a certain street, the chances are ten to one that a dozen persons would ignore your polite request completely, before the miracle man appeared who would answer your question.

There were only four thousand policemen at this time against the fourteen thousand today. London, with a population but little greater than ours, if any, has twenty-five thousand.

Among the people themselves a good deal of the small

town atmosphere still persisted. The matters which seemed of great public interest at that time, judged by the space occupied in the newspapers, now appear to us provincial, not to say trivial. There was a certain Mr. Crowley, for example. Mr. Crowley was a celebrated Chimpanzee, and the most distinguished resident of the Zoo. All New York went uneasy to bed at night unless it had read the very latest news concerning this interesting personage. His every movement was of absorbing interest.

General Grant used to walk in the Park frequently and he spent many minutes watching little Crowley's antics. Crowley's closest friend was the little daughter of an ex-alderman,—McCabe,—who lived nearby in Lexington Avenue. He always danced and laughed when she came to see him. In Park Commissioner Borden, Crowley found a staunch admirer, whose friendship he warmly reciprocated. Whenever he saw the Commissioner among the crowd of visitors it was his custom to yell "Hoo! hee!" in the glad laughing way he had when pleased. He always shook hands with Mr. Borden and when he found his hands gloved it was as good as a play to see him unbutton the gloves, draw them off gently, and then shake, with a great deal of delicacy, the Commissioner's hand. It was Mayor Grace's custom to call on Crowley every Sunday morning after church, bringing his youngest children with him. Boys with harmonicas were an especial source of delight to the chimpanzee. He would summon his keeper, Jake Cook, with a whistle but only when he needed him. Toys were his delight. He fondled rag dolls for two or three days and then destroyed them. While sick, Crowley would put out his tongue for Dr. Marsh to look at, and also extend his arm, that his pulse

might be tested. They tried clothes on him, but he would not have them. He made his own bed every night. Jake would throw a blanket in to him and he would smooth it out so as to leave a flap with which he covered himself. His last accomplishment was to learn how to wind a Waterbury watch. "Dan" Beard the present head of the Boy Scouts painted his portrait. This sort of stuff in the papers may not have been very solid food for thought but it was diverting to a large degree, and less harmful in my judgment than certain hectic correspondence with which our own papers were filled this Winter. When Crowley died the whole town mourned.

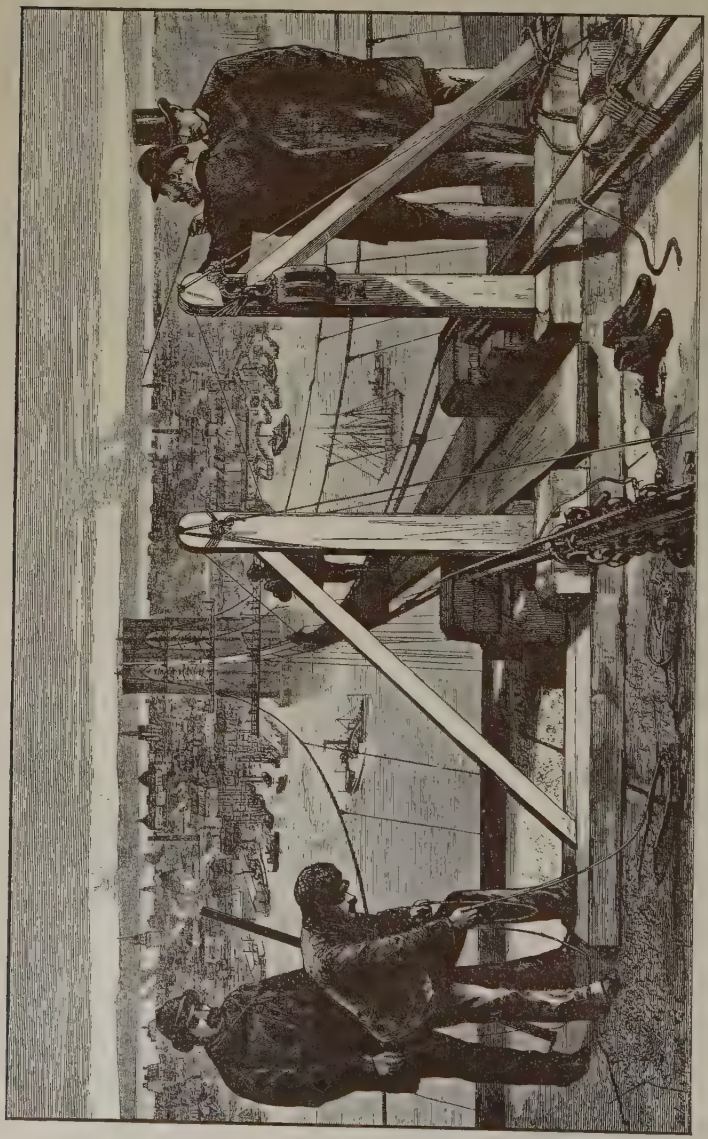
When the Brooklyn Bridge was first opened it was regarded as one of the wonders of the world, and notwithstanding the later larger and more capacious structures that span the East River, it still remains the handsomest, most graceful and most inspiring of them all. The "big bridge" as it was called, was the principal attraction to the stranger of 1883—what might be called the Woolworth Building of its time. It was the central feature of illustrations symbolic of the city and decorated the outer cover of all the guide books—the precursor of the fairyland of skyscrapers viewed from the bay, of the present.

The bridge was opened to the public on May 24th, 1883—the anniversary of Queen Victoria's birthday, and it is a curious commentary on the state of local feeling that there was strenuous objection on the part of some of the city's Hibernian population to the selection of that date. The Irish were a pampered lot in those days, and only permitted our celebration of the Fourth because it recalled a defeat for the English. St. Patrick's day was the great national holiday.

Of course everybody was eager to cross the big bridge and so certain were they that the roadways would be jammed that many wisely concluded to defer their visit until the novelty had somewhat subsided. But on May 30th (Decoration Day) an enormous number of pedestrians jammed the promenade, and someone unfortunately happened to slip on the stairs leading thereto. A panic ensued which cost the lives of about a dozen persons and the injury of many more. This disaster had the effect of deterring the visits of curiosity seekers for a long time and before the effect had worn off the bridge was an established institution. It was in sorrowful contrast to the brilliant pageant that had witnessed the formal opening just a short week before.

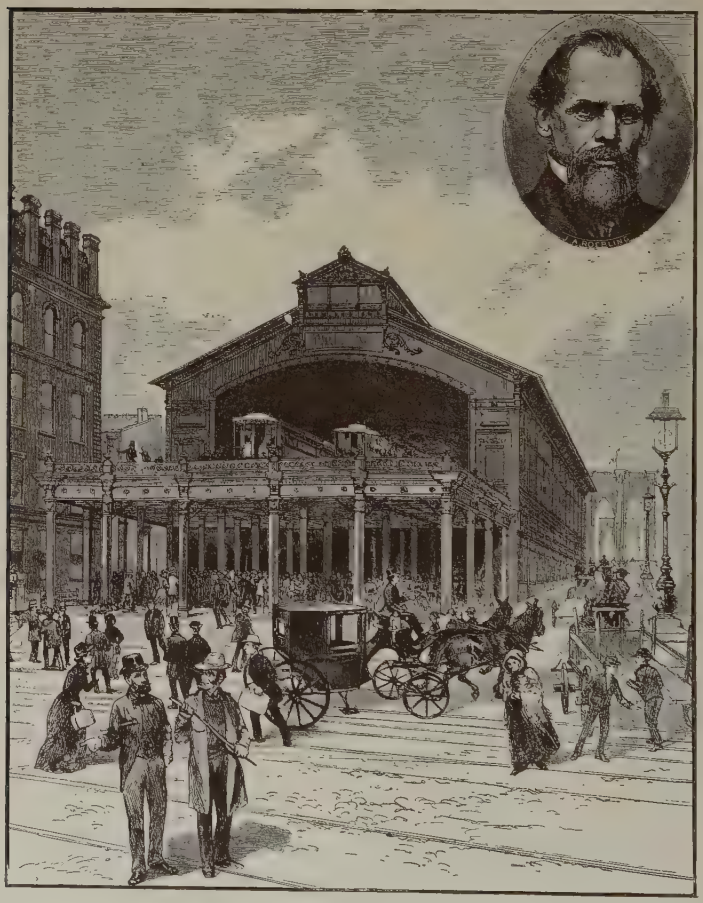
The business of making a hole in the East River by leaping from the center of the great bridge is indissolubly associated with the reverberating name of Steve Brodie. To "do a Brodie" has passed into the language as synonymous with sudden descent, and to that extent the Bowery newsboy is the father of all local bridge jumpers. That there are certain cynics, skeptics and iconoclasts who have cast the shade of a "possible, probable shadow of doubt" on this leap into fame by way of the waters of the East River, concerns not the present scribe. I do not wish to rock the foundations of faith in the authenticity of this leap, any more than I would rock the foundations of those magnificent granite towers that support the span of the bridge. Yet as ninety-nine and three-quarters per cent, at least, of those who might make answer regarding the first Brooklyn Bridge jumper are possessed of the Brodie legend, let me invoke the chronicles of the past to prove that not he, but one Robert E. Odlum, a Brooklyn athlete, was the first to exploit this

Brodie was not the first man to drop from the East River Bridge. The honor belongs to Robt. E. Odlum, of Brooklyn. Poor chap, he lost his life.



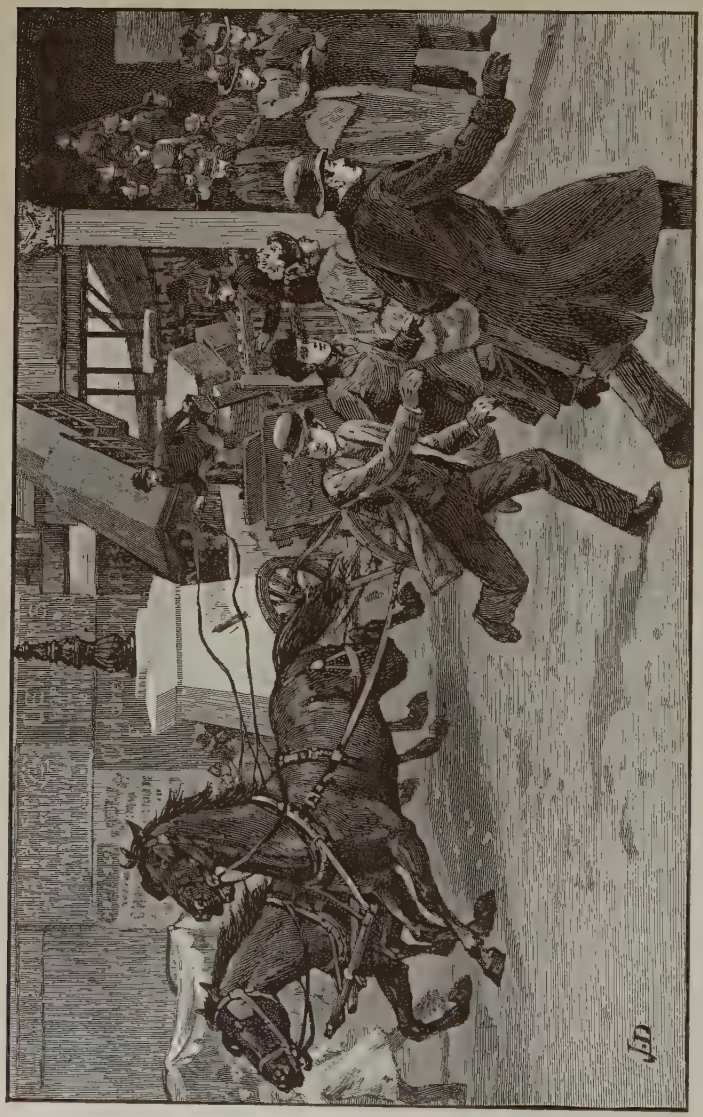
The Dizzy Foot Path across the Brooklyn Bridge. This perilous journey was a popular attraction several years before the Bridge was opened, and tickets granting the privilege of crossing were eagerly sought after.

The Brooklyn Bridge as it looked on completion, 1883. This was considered the eighth wonder of the world at the time. In spite of numerous rivals this, the oldest of our Bridges, still retains its premier position as the Bridge between New York and Brooklyn.



The original New York Entrance to the Brooklyn Bridge, 1883.

The dreadful accident on the Bridge, a week after its opening, 1883.



For several years the Bridge Cars were a terror to horse-drawn vehicles that used the parallel roadway. Runaways were so common that a huge iron gate was finally installed which was closed, immediately the alarm was given, in the face of the maddened animals. This brought them to a halt ere they reached the street and injured passers-by.

means of notoriety. Odlum—a young man of good family—did not survive his foolhardy enterprise—and it is probably from this fact that Brodie's successful jump acquired a glamor that placed him high in the ranks of variety theatre attractions and finally as one of the most eminent of the "rubberneck" allurements of the Bowery.

A remarkable change, destined to completely revolutionize our ideas of doing business, began about this time to make itself felt. Even then, we had no idea of the magnitude of the impending alteration in business customs of ancient standing that were now at hand. The introduction of the typewriter was now practically an accomplished fact. Beginning with a few banks and railroads its use gradually spread till now it was found in all the larger commercial establishments and was daily extending its field of conquest. It must not be inferred from this, however, that its advent was an immediate triumph. Like all innovations it had its discouraging moments and no little missionary work was required to prove that a stenographer and a machine, were an improvement over the accomplished employee who rejoiced in the title of "Correspondence Clerk." These gentlemen were in a class by themselves. They claimed to speak several languages but the only extra one I ever heard them use with any degree of skill was the profane. In the larger offices they were not supposed to concern themselves with any other duties than writing letters. As a rule I found it less nerve racking to write my own missives than bother to explain all the details to a man who couldn't remember them, or would get them all jumbled up when he did.

This new profession, stenography, combined with typewriters, opened up an enormous field for young woman in a direction never even dreamed of before. In the

business world there was but little for a girl to choose from. She must become "Jenny, the Beautiful Cloak Model," or snip calico off by the yard as a Shop Girl. Outside of business, teaching school was the only alternative. And that occupation was loathed by every right thinking young woman. Still most of them took it up and concealed their loathing as best they could. The hours were short, it was eminently respectable, a great desiratum in those days, and the pay was good, as pay went in those days.

Typing was not as high in the social scale at first and in the beginning young men did most of the work. It soon was found, however, that girls could do the task equally well and for about half the expense. In those days eight dollars was a fair average but ten dollars was not unheard of. Anything beyond that was considered phenomenal and corresponded with what we know today as the Grand Exalted Order of Vice-Presidents.

If the goose-quill correspondent of the Dombey & Son type, was a trying individual at times, what shall I say of the sweet girl graduate who descended in hordes on those luckless merchants forty years ago to take dictation? It was left for Mark Twain to discover a well of undefiled humor in the masterpieces of school examination papers, but no one has ever yet recorded the brilliant achievements of the average stenographer in this direction. The most side-splitting productions of the youthful student, read like the outpourings of a professional mourner, compared with the stupendous, hilarious, mirth-provoking results evolved from time to time by these fair, though unconscious humorists. Without the slightest effort, these gifted geniuses can omit, or put in, a word that completely transposes the meaning of your letter. When you dictate

with unusual meticulousness, a quotation of two thousand dollars, and it appears on your desk later in the day with the ciphers completely missing, the sweet young thing is not embarrassed in the slightest degree. "Oh, how funny" she will exclaim and upon your failure to burst into joyous mirth, she wonders what has happened to make you "sore."

In these days the stenographer dressed in severe looking checked tweeds, long sleeves, high neck, stiff collars, ascot tie, and a black glazed sailor hat. It was decidedly a mannish effect adopted no doubt to harmonize with her idea of the surrounding scenery. Pulchritude had no part in her selection. The plainer she was, the more decorous were the susceptible males around her supposed to be. There is no doubt that a good-looker in those days had a trying time. No one imagined for a moment that beauty in an office could possibly be a business asset. Wives too, were not quite as liberal and trusting as they are today, and many a man felt more comfortable because he had Abigail Jones, who looked the part, and not Hazel Kirke, who also looked the part.

No flight of the wildest imagination in those days could possibly have visualized the great changes that the coming years were to bring. To have foretold that nude stockings, sleeveless gowns, knee length skirts, and ball room slippers would be *de rigeur* for office wear would have been to set you down as stark staring mad; or that this would become ordinary office conversation, as F. P. A. reports.

"Say, maybe I'm not glad that's over! He sure makes me sick, that guy."

"Smatter now?"

"Aw, you'd think he was President Coolidge, the way he gives

A day with the veterans of the now faraway War of 1812. There were still quite a few left in the Eighties, and their reunions were widely chronicled.

hisself airs. I was takin' his dictation an' right in the mist of a letter he stops an' says real sarcastc, 'Maybe you could make better time in long hand, Miss Beck, w'y doncha try it?' He sure makes me sore."

"Yeh, he's sure a certified pain in the neck, awright. The best way with him is to not pay any 'tention—jes' ignore 'im like he hadn't spoken."

"Thass wut I thought, so I just looked at 'im haughty an' never answered. Just like yesterday when he calls me in an' says, 'Perhaps I am a bit ole fashioned, Miss Beck, but I perfer a dasha punchaytion here 'n' there in my letters and your spellin', if you'll perdon my sayin' it is a bit ultrer fer my simple tastes.' Blah! I never even gave 'm the satisfaction of a answer——Wut? Oh, *awright,* Mr. Simmons, I *yam* doin' your letter. Yeh, course I'll have it done by five, it's oney 'leven now. Now, Tessie, I ast yuh—thass just a sample!"

"Yeh, he's sure a certified pain in the neck, I'll say!"

The presence of women in the office today has certainly improved the entire personnel. Only those who can recall the old time office; its wash stand in the corner coated with caked dust, and the dirty towel that hung for weeks without change; the spittoons, and litter on the floor, can appreciate the difference.

In defense of those old days it must be said that business houses were not especially constructed for office use as they are today. Down town below Canal Street business was conducted to a large extent in buildings that not many years before were private residences. Except on Broadway and in the drygoods district there were few buildings except of this made-over type. Elevators were by no means common, goods being carried to the upper floors by means of a hoist operating through a hatchway stationed usually at the bottom of the stairs. You always had to look up before entering the premises, and not in-

frequently, a huge bale or bundle would break loose from its fastenings and crash to the ground.

"Danger! Look out for the Hoist" was a common sign. Elevators came later. The "elevator" was merely a platform, open on all sides, which succeeded the rope hoist. It was used not only for merchandise but passengers as well. As each floor was reached the hatchways were pushed open by the elevator, to close after it had passed. I think J. W. Reedy & Company made most of them. They ran at the speed of a foot an hour, and on a Winter day you were quite completely frozen going three or four flights, what with drafts and all.

Such buildings of course could not begin to compare with modern practice. The office, being always regarded as "expense" and the source of all losses, was usually relegated to the most out of the way and inconspicuous cubby hole that could be found. Merchandise, which was credited with what profits there were, occupied the post of honor and belligerently crowded the street floor almost to the exclusion of customers. Knocking out partitions, tearing out walls, provided the building with many unexpected nooks and crannies to say nothing of short flights of steps that continually tripped the unwary and were a constant source of trouble. Two adjoining buildings with different floor levels thrown into one possessed architectural eccentricities all their own.

Such then were the somewhat dubious surroundings which greeted the young stenog in the early Eighties. As she increased in numbers she unconsciously brought with her a more refined atmosphere and there is no question in my mind but that the entrance of women into business has been a wonderful thing for this savage old institution. If cleanliness is next to godliness she imparted a

spiritual aspect to business by merely causing the old wooden towel to disappear and reforming the wash stand so that it no longer invited the attention of the Board of Health. And last but not least a realization of the fact that she had come to stay, and in constantly larger numbers. This finally led to the conviction that new buildings were not only needed but were economically necessary.

Almost contemporaneous with the Typewriter came another great innovation in our domestic life, the Bicycle, and presently a nation-wide Bicycle Craze developed. The high wheel model was never much of a success. Yet there were quite a number of men who donned the funny little skull cap, knee breeches of the clan and sallied forth on their glittering steeds, to the admiring glances of the ladies and the unbounded delight of the small boy. They were not permitted in the parks and were a terror to the family carriage horse. A header from one of these elevated contraptions was no laughing matter and the smallest kind of an obstruction was sufficient to cause such a catastrophe. Yet the facility with which one could go far afield in a short time proved an irresistible fascination for many and it steadily grew in favor. "Century" runs became quite a fad. And the American wheelman grew apace. A tremendously important improvement was made about this time which brought the height of the wheel down to a reasonable size and introduced, for the first time, pneumatic tires. The element of danger was practically eliminated and the new model became known as "The Safety." A lady's model was also provided and presently a small basket in which to carry the baby was added.

The safety, speed and comfort of the new bicycle was a revelation and it sprang at once into tremendous popu-

larity. For the first time in its experience the denizen of a great city could go miles into the back country at trifling expense. Early on Sunday mornings the roads leading to Westchester, Long Island, Jersey, etc., were crowded with eager devotees of the new sport. In the evening and far into the night, Broadway, Riverside Drive, or Eighth Avenue, were literally crowded from curb to curb with belated excursionists. With few exceptions their machines were covered with wild flowers and other evidence of outdoor experiences. As far as the eye could reach there was one unending stream of bobbing lights and the sight was an inspiring one. The whole world it seemed, had taken to wheels. The scorcher, bending low over his curved handle bars, was the road hog of that day. He was a terror to peaceable riders and a general nuisance to everybody. They were a dust laden, tired, but happy crowd. To many it was their first acquaintance with something besides bricks and mortar. Suburban life as we know it hardly existed. Transportation was lacking and this new locomotion had all the thrill in it of an undiscovered existence. Every Ice Cream saloon had a long row of bicycle racks outside the door, in which we checked our machines.

Many there were who essayed to use their "bikes" to business. For their special accommodation a three foot space adjoining the curb stone was laid with asphalt, providing a special roadway exclusively for this traffic. Stearns "Yellow Wheel" and Col. Pope's "Columbia" with the "Overman" a good third, were the popular sellers. It was Overman I believe who first brought out the new model with its cushion tire. For a while Pope hesitated to follow suit. The delay proved extremely costly. Pope had practically a monopoly of the business

up to this time and was easily the leading manufacturer. He charged $100. and $150. for each of his machines. His stubborn faith in the high wheel model cost him this premier position and might have been fatal had not the nationwide craze for the new model been so tremendous that no single factory or dozen factories could possibly have supplied it.

The whole country was now a-wheel. Good roads began to be a subject of general interest. The charms of suburban life first reached by the bicycle, bore fruit in greatly improved transportation to nearby points. And in a dozen ways this new means of travel had a vast effect on contemporary life. While one sees very little of this once popular vehicle nowadays in New York, I am told that the yearly consumption of "bikes" is greater today than in the years of the 'craze,' of which I have just written. I can readily believe that. The wheel is now more of a utilitarian adjunct of business than it is of sport or pleasure and its price is within the reach of all.

To those of us who recall that endless stream of riders filling the upper reaches of New York in every direction, the memory of the Bicycle Craze of the Eighties will not soon be forgotten.

This Colonel Pope, the pioneer of the Bicycle business, became quite a well known figure in New York whither he frequently fled to relax from the austerity of life in Bawston. His advertising agent invariably managed to make the same train with a sample case full of jokes so old that even Chauncey Depew wouldn't use them. Interspersed with the jokes the agent would start a small game of stud. These trips were a valuable side line to the "agent's commission" and a good time was had by all.

If I remember correctly the Colonel afterwards tried to create a trust in his particular field and organized the American Bicycle Company. It seems to me that the scheme failed. At all events a good part of the genial Colonel's personal fortune was dissipated and my only purpose in recalling him in these pages is because he was the Henry Ford of his day.

SINKING OF

This has so far remained one of the mysteries of the sea. On a calm, starlight nigh
masted schooner running without lights. That a small schooner could remain
No wreckage was ever discovered. The Oregon was a total loss, sinkin
No subsequent report was ever made concerning the vessel which str
sensation

aid, by the first officer in charge of the ship, to have been struck by a three
double impact with a steel steamer has always puzzled nautical men.
ediately. No lives were lost, but passengers left everything behind.
d the mystery remains unsolved to this day. It was a great

The tattoo man on South Street.

CHAPTER II

Sunday School Picnics to Groves – Early Commuters – The "Annexed District," Now the Bronx – Inspector Byrnes

BEFORE the advent of the Bicycle, as I have already mentioned, the surrounding country-side was not nearly so accessible to the inhabitants of the city, by any means, as it is today. There were no good roads and the only method of reaching them was by walking or by the old-fashioned buggy. Livery stables abounded but of

course they could not be considered in the same relation to the family as the ubiquitous Ford is at present. Our excursions therefore to the adjacent woodlands were almost wholly confined to water transportation and for this purpose there were innumerable boats, barges, and excursions. In all the country adjacent to New York were numerous picnic groves. I recall the Oriental, the Alpine, and Dudley's Groves, Glen Island and Iona Island. This, however, is merely a very short list of the many attractive resorts on the Sound, the River, and Bay. All through the months of July and August these groves were almost wholly patronized by Sunday-school excursions. Practically every Sunday-school in New York and especially Brooklyn arranged months ahead for their annual Summer outing for these nearby points. The trip was made on a boat called a barge which was towed by a small tug-boat—sometimes by two of the latter. There was a small skiff attached to the stern of each barge at which a man sat idly all day long. His business, however, was to pick up any person who was accidentally knocked overboard, an incident which was of quite frequent occurrence—not so much on Sunday-school barges, however, as on the more democratic ones which were chartered by various secular clubs in both cities. These barges were descendants of a peculiar form of river craft that was formerly much in vogue on the Hudson River. In the old days, before the steam boiler became thoroughly perfected, there were so many explosions that it was finally necessary to carry the passengers in a vessel which was attached to the steamboat. This boat, called a barge, was fitted up rather luxuriantly. It had nice staterooms, was

comfortably furnished, and for its time, was a very charming and delightful method of travel by water. Speed, however, was necessarily slow and in the competition for business and by a more perfect development of the marine boiler the barge was finally discarded as a passenger boat. It did not disappear, however, but became the chief method of shipping hay to the city. It was stripped of its staterooms and other impedimenta and its spacious decks were ideal for the new purpose for which it was consigned. The continued improvement in the steamboat, however, finally took away the hay business as well as the passenger business and so the old time hay barge became the popular method of conveying picnics to the various groves. Starin and Myers were the principal owners of these excursion barges. There was plenty of room on the decks for dancing. It was open to the Summer breezes from all sides, and although without much style it was a very pleasant, roomy, and altogether enjoyable boat for the purpose for which it is now used. Every day a dozen or more of these excursion barges left their docks at the East or North River and went with a joyous load for a sail and a stop at some delightful resort where cholera morbus and indigestion were enjoyed. Innumerable groups of tin-types were taken, games played, and finally the trip back to town. Viewed in the light of the present day luxury, such an outing might perhaps be described as somewhat strenuous. Most of the teachers were young women in the Sunday-schools and they had from ten to twelve children under their charge. The older people, while ostensibly exempt from the wear and tear of the younger element, were, nevertheless by no means immune from the responsibility and labor of assisting in the care and observation of the numerous children. Look-

ing back, I should be inclined to think that the colloquial term invented to describe this pastime "a summer exertion" was not so far amiss. The practice, however, continued its popularity well on to the 90's. By that time the use of the bicycle was becoming more and more a popular element in out-of-door life. The city was also expanding each year—people were moving into the outlying settlements with which communication was becoming more convenient by means of street cars. The enormous pressure for a little fresh air was thus gradually reduced and the popularity of the excursion gradually lessened.

While the excursions conducted under the auspices of the Sunday-schools and other conservative organizations were free from severe criticism, the same could not be said of the more democratic and popular excursions of the various social coteries which were a marked feature of East Side society in those days. Allied to these social organizations were any number of cham-chowder clubs, political organizations, and employees' associations of the large manufacturing concerns. Not a few of these excursions were invariably accompanied by vicious fights and it was the rule and not the exception for each barge to be accompanied by more or less guardians of the peace for the purpose of maintaining order. In this they were only partially successful. A great deal of gambling was permitted. It was understood that so many "Kags" of beer had to be consumed before a landing was made, in order that the bar receipts should come up to the required figure. As a rule, there was not so much hard liquor drunk on these boats, but there was enough of it to produce the inevitable result. The papers on Monday morning carried as many hair-raising accounts of these Sunday picnics as is now recorded of automobile acci-

dents. There was always some young men on these trips who went out with the predetermination to seek a fight or a muss with somebody or something and they were always able to gratify their ambitions. This was so generally expected that it caused no surprise and it was not an uncommon matter for a dozen or so impromptu fights to start up and be squelched on one trip. Occasionally, however, the fight got beyond control and the partisans being equally divided there was nothing left to do but to summon the police boat to render first aid to the injured and to quell an incipient riot. It was a very characteristic and natural development of New York life at that period and as natural to the time as the bob-tail cars,—the hill horses to drag the cars over the steep inclines, and the snow, that in Winter lay in the streets for weeks at a time. What was considered an ideal outing of an East side coterie, was one of these picnics "wit t'ree connectin' barges and de bar run by de gang."

Two score years ago the Bronx was called the "Annexed District." It had only been recently incorporated in the city's limits. There were two methods of penetration. One, through the Harlem Railroad's smoky inferno under 4th Avenue, and the other by a combination of the "L" road and horsecar. The latter was achieved by taking an East Side "L" train to the terminus at 129th Street and the Harlem River. Here was waiting, or one waited for, a horse car on that celebrated railroad known as the "Huckleberry Road." Our historians, scientists, and archæologists who are delving in Central America and the Orient for relics of the dawn of civilization, might, with profit, turn their attention to the antecedants of this road. It began at a period to which the memory of man knoweth naught to the contrary. A trip from the City

Hall to the Northern Bronx by this route was an undertaking in the nature of an exploring expedition. It passed through a region bearing such legendary names as Mott Haven, Morrisania, Tremont, Williamsbridge, and West Farms—combinations of farms, precarious building lots, "Avenues" of mud roads, telegraph poles, road houses, huts, chicken runs, blacksmith shops, lumber yards, coal yards, "villas," swamps, and all those other elements in the "march of improvement" that made, and to some extent still make, our suburbs the dreary, unkempt, untidy fringes of our urban development.

At the beginning of the Eighties the entire mounted police force detailed to the now teeming Bronx consisted of seven men. Their principal duties were the pursuit and control of runaway horses, which in those days of the ubiquitous equine were frequently called for. Of course these men became well known figures in the sparsely settled regions on their beats and when the course of their itinerary took them in the neighborhood of some of the attractive denizens of Shantytown that I show in the picture, it cannot be said that the policeman's lot was quite an unhappy one.

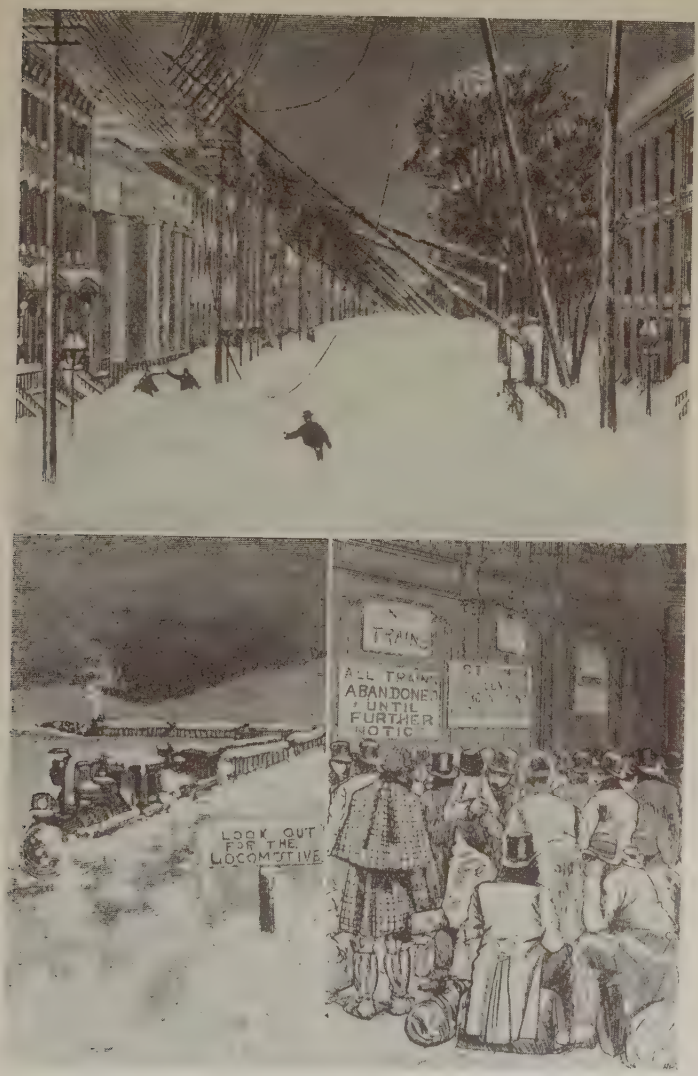
Apart from a few "select suburbs" notably in the Oranges and in Westchester there was very little of what we now call suburban life. It was either town or country then. The escape from Manhattan Island involved hardships of an incredible nature. The tortures of a trip on a train with the thermometer at 90° through the 4th Avenue tunnel with every window and ventilator tightly closed, will never be forgotten by those who lived to tell the tale. The unspeakable stenches of the factories of Long Island City and Barren Island on the east, the almost equally malodorous sections of the Jersey meadows on the

Has the Weather really changed in New York? This is a picture of old Greenwich Village (Grove St.), as it once was, and the others which follow would indicate that more snow fell forty years ago or else our efficient Street Cleaning Department of today is responsible for the difference.

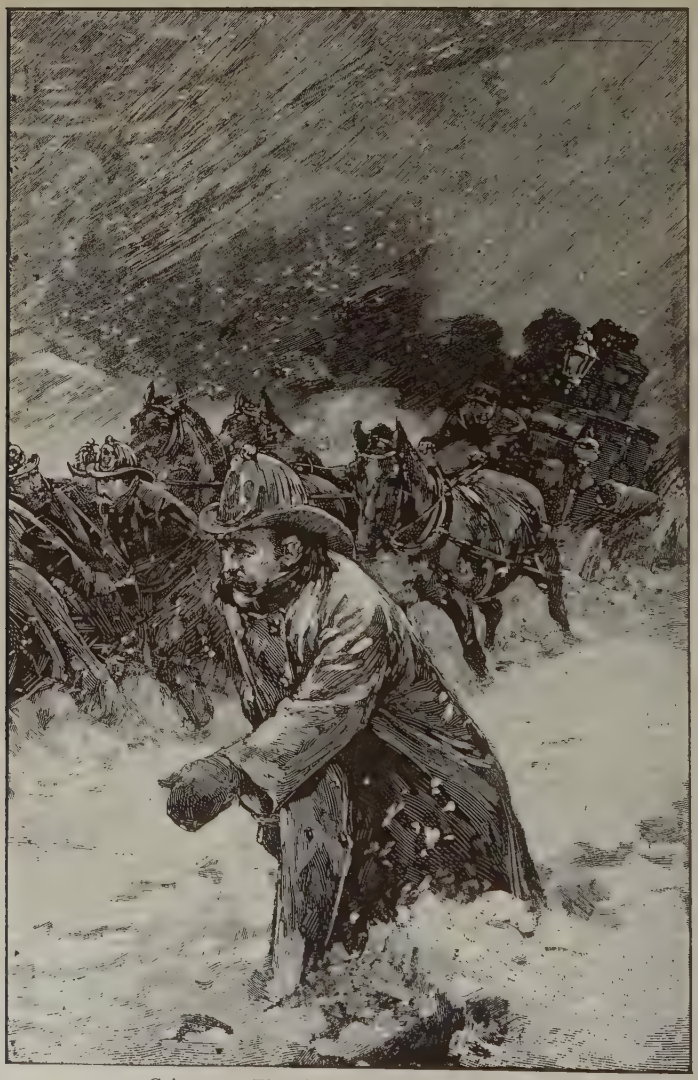
Street Car lines clearing their own tracks.

Skating in Central Park, 1884.

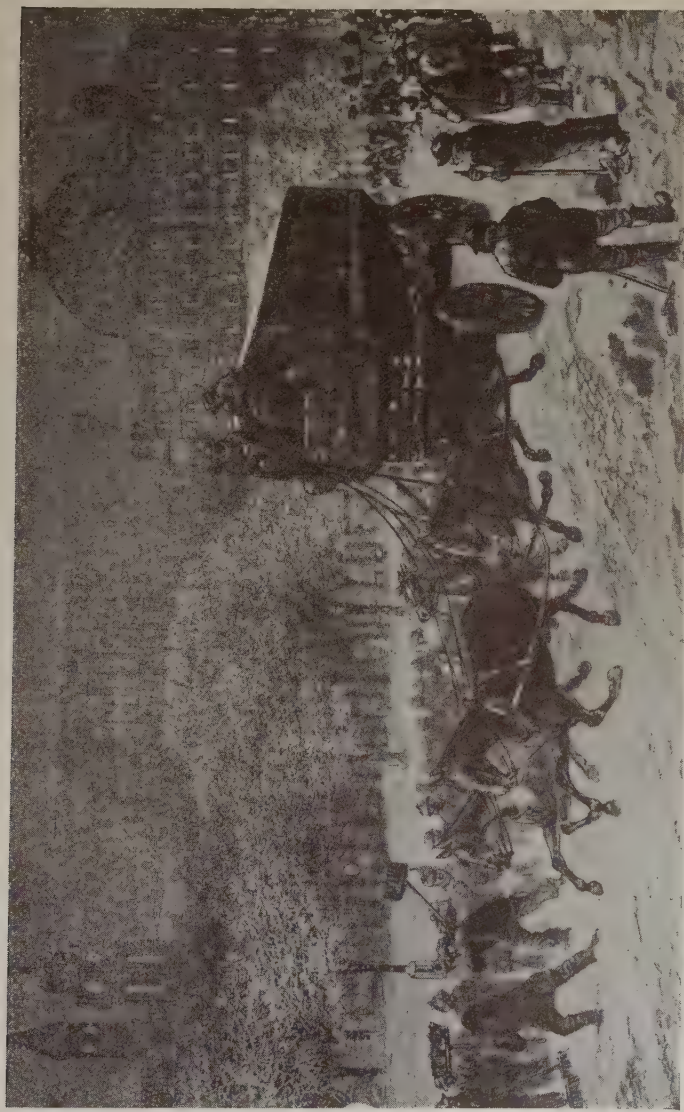
The Toboggan Slide at Fleetwood Park, now about 167th St., 1880.



Some sketches of the Great Blizzard of 1888.



Going to a Fire during the Great Blizzard.



"Make Way for the Mail!" Leaving the Post Office in City Hall Park.

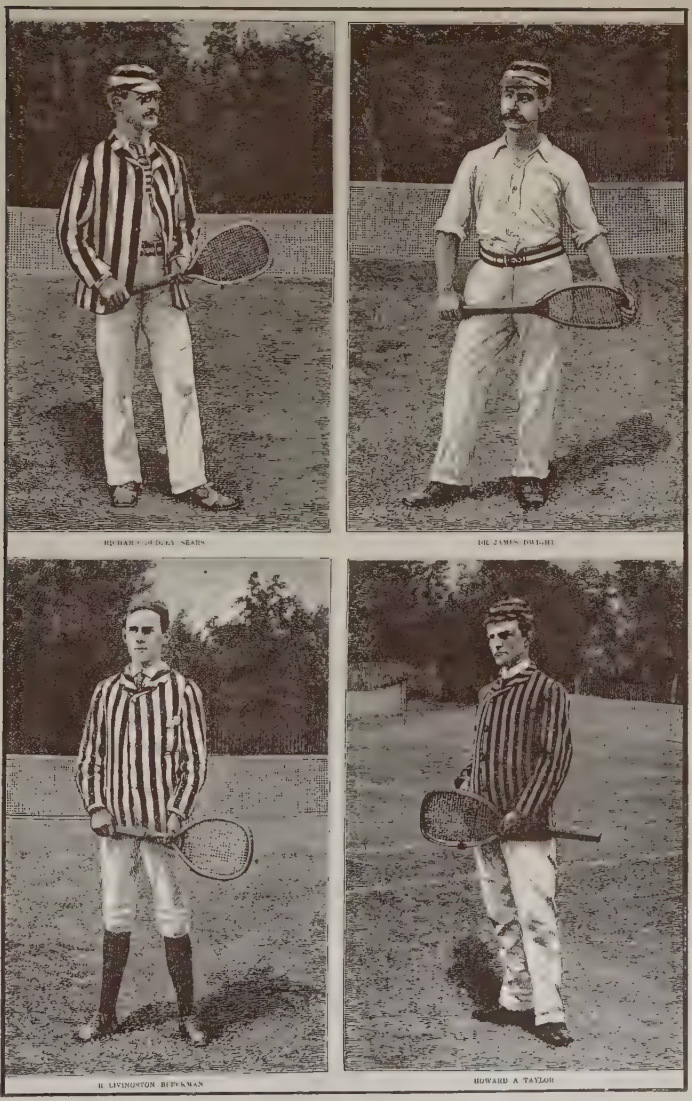
Delivery Wagons stalled in the snow of the Great Blizzard.

When the thaw came.

west, and an unexplored territory swept by the balmy zephyrs from the oil works at Bayonne, known as Staten Island, on the South. There were ice floes to battle with in Winter on the ferries; in Summer, battalions of wild fowl, facetiously called mosquitoes, guarded the Jersey meadows, the Staten Island swamps, and the Long Island creeks—Newtown and Gowanus, of cherished memories—all combined to deter the intending commuter from the attempt.

The principal portal to Long Island in the far-off days before the tubes was that idyllic suburb known as Hunter's Point. Here the Long Island Railroad had its principal terminal, to which the 34th Street ferryboats carried the thousands who for their sins were compelled to use its facilities. Both shores of the East River at this point presented as dismal a spectacle of the "march of progress" as the mind could conceive. Gas houses, power houses, great, gaunt factories, dilapidated wharves, and an aggravated industrialism as repulsive as it was stupid pervaded the scene.

But another assault besides the visual was in store for the hapless wayfarer to Hunter's Point. And this was on the nasal passages. Such a combination of assorted smells and stenches surely never rose from any other equal area of territory on the face of the habitable globe. The Hunter's Point Chamber of Commerce called attention to the advantages of its domain to such firms as were engaged in the highly necessary and extraordinarily lucrative business of soap boiling, glue making, fat rendering, ammonia producing, tanning, oil refining, axle-grease, and tallow works, not to mention bone-grinders, cat-gut converters, and other industrialists intimately connected with animal carcasses.



The Crack Lawn Tennis Players, 1886. Sears, Dwight, Beeckman, and Taylor.

Such was Hunter's Point in the "Elegant Eighties," when the Rockaway Hunt Club and the Coney Island Jockey Club, and the "Manhattan Beach crowd" and the Southampton cottagers and other patchouli personages used to pass through, always praying for leeward breezes. Ah, those classic regions of Newtown Creek and Ozone Park! (This last name being a tribute to the first whiff of resuscitating air that floated in the windows on the billows of soft coal, given, without money and without price, by the benevolent railroad company)—how I recalled the fragrant memories, during our recent coal strike.

Country clubs were the exclusive diversions of that social sect known as "Anglomaniacs," who chased apocryphal foxes over the plains of Long Island, to the intense amazement of the farmers, who had only seen foxes in the menagerie in Central Park. Golf was unknown. "Week ends" were affectation. Tennis was a "sissy" game that was regarded by the *hoi polloi* mainly as an excuse to wear that exotic garment known as a "blazer." Most popular of sports was "cross country running" which preceded the marathon of later years. Only botanists, landscape painters, and butterfly collectors ever went "hiking" and a man wearing a knapsack who went on a ten mile trudge, merely for a walk, was viewed as an amiable maniac by the rural folk whose acquaintance with pedestrians was limited to the roadside peddler and that ubiquitous nuisance—the tramp.

But if anything discouraged suburban life in the Elegant Eighties it was the elegant nomenclature that bristled up in the "Homeviews," "Floral Heights," "Forest Manors," "Idlewild Terraces," "Ozone Parks" and other euphemistic, if banal, settlements of the "big tent" realtors. The worst of these malapropisms was that they

displaced many time-honored Indian names, originally bestowed upon these localities. Pompous and ignorant newcomers decided that they were in keeping with their Trenton blue china, and accordingly altered them to the meaningless absurdities that still adorn many of our rural railway stations.

Of course the architecture of these "parks" and "combes" and "villes" was just the thing to enhance the effect. There was a decided slump in Colonial architecture even before the Civil War, when people began to build clapboard replicas of the Luxembourg, and shingle reproductions of the Palace of Versailles. But in the Eighties there was a change of heart, and "villas" began to erupt upon the landscape. These were somehow or other associated with "Queen Anne"—surely a libel on the age of Imigo Jones and Van Brugh—and there was talk about a renaissance of architecture.

The Queen Anne style was remarkable for its impossible and unnecessary angles, its jigsaw ornament, its stained glass, and its frail appearance. It ran off into so many eccentricities that many of its examples looked like a cross between a Chinese pagoda, and a Mussulman mosque. It could be built of shingles, clapboard, shavings, match board, scantlings, and other time defying materials, and it was. But not in all cases. Some of the better types were stoutly built, but as all were remarkable for their trivial details, they had that pavilion-like flimsyness of appearance so out of place in our native landscape.

But with all his Queen Anneness, the local architect was in honor bound to annex to every house he planned that Constitutional right of every American homebuilder of the time—a piazza—or in the vernacular, "a front

porch." No matter whether the porch faced the South in the blazing heat of Summer, it simply had to face the front of the house, and give ample space to accommodate the entire family. It also provided a point of vantage to survey the passerby, and to give the strange visitor the once over, before he got into the house. Here he was introduced to the entire family before he had time to mop the perspiration from his brow, after a dusty half mile walk from the station. The idea that anyone might prefer to wash his hands and face before confronting his hosts never seemed to occur to the hospitable denizens of Suburbia. So while he was still being smelled by the housedog, handshaking began.

If anyone is curious concerning the pictorial details of this architectural Reign of Terror as it later became known, there are a number of publications that may still be consulted. We refrain from reproducing them for fear of the effect upon any of our readers who may have a weak heart. Many of these buildings were two and three stories high on lots of fifty, sixty, and seventy-five feet wide. You might possibly put up a front gate today for what one of these Queen Annes cost complete in the Eighties.

Somewhat later there came a craze for pretentious houses in the style of the Italian Renaissance. These were very prominent in our nearby seashore and sound resorts and may be recognized by enormous pergolas supported by ponderous pillars in the style of the Roman Coliseum. They had all the homelike atmosphere of that well-known amphitheatre. Many of these costly places have recently come under the hammer and been bought by religious institutions, training "farms," golf clubs, etc., at ten cents on the dollar. Some of them had previously sheltered

the Knights of the roulette wheel and the green baize table such as tenanted the Pennsylvania Club and the Ocean Club at Long Branch and various other little Monte Carlos along the Coast.

The great horde of commuters that have since poured into the city nowadays from all points of the compass contrast strangely with the polite few who formed this delectable part of our population forty years ago. The Hudson River contributed most of them. Communication was reliable and the new depot at 42nd Street was fairly convenient. Yonkers was perhaps the largest suburban contributor. It was in those days a remarkably beautiful town. I suppose there was none more delightful in any part of the country. Its streets were lined with the most beautiful shade trees. Lying in the hills as it did, it commanded surpassing views of the Hudson and the Palisades opposite. And the Palisades in those days were exactly as they were in the Revolution. Cornwallis' old headquarters were nestled at the fort of Alpine just the same as he left it a century before. An old grist mill did business there and sent its product to town by schooner just as they had always done.

Curiously enough the magnificent red tiled house on the very edge of the Palisades just above the old grist mill is also the product of the Flour business being owned by Mr. George A. Zabriskie representative of the Pillsburys in New York. One landmark alone has gone the way of all mundane things—the old Palisade Mountain House opposite Spuyten Duyvil a great summer resort for New Yorkers the decade before. It burned down in the late 70's.

To Yonkers we owe our first Elevated railroad system The line down Greenwich Street from 34th was originally

started by Yonkers men and was called the "Yonkers & West Side Railway." It was built to connect with the Central up town stations then at 11th Avenue and 30th Street. It subsequently became better known as the Gilbert Elevated Railway. There is a photograph still extant showing the President of the road Mr. Ackerson coming down the rails of the new road on a hand car to demonstrate that a car thus elevated would not fall off the track!

Mr. Ackerman I regret to say met with an embarrassing accident during the first trial trip of the new road. The motive power was by cables attached to drums and the train started and stopped with all the violence of a fairly robust collision. At Twenty-third Street the stop was unusually abrupt and dislodged Mr. Ackerman's fine new set of store teeth which lodged in his throat. Matters looked serious for a moment but a smart slap on the back dislodged the obstruction and all the distinguished guests were immensely relieved.

Yonkers at that time was not only the home of many prominent New Yorkers—Samuel J. Tilden, Roswell P. Smith, of the Century, Wm. G. McAdoo at the time he built the terminal, Wm. Allen Butler, John Kendrick Bangs, Charles P. Steinmetz, J. C. Havemeyer, G. Hilton Scribner, Mr. Samuel T. Hubbard, savior of the old Manor House, and whose son S. T. Jr., has just been elected President of the New York Cotton Exchange; the Smith Carpet people, the Cochranes and many others, but it was also fortunate in the possession of many mechanical geniuses. Carpet weaving machines, hat making machines, the new fangled "perpendicular stairways" as elevators were then called—the first successful passenger one was made here by Otis for the Fifth Avenue Hotel—so that

The Celestial at Columbia College, 1882. The passing of students leaving the college building, then at Madison Avenue and 47th Street.

it was perfectly natural that an attempt to solve the rapid transit problem would here find congenial soil. I regret to state however that the Yonkers men lost all their money. The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. In passing it might not be amiss to say that Yonkers has continued to invent many wonderful ideas—the Radio owes its most important development to Harold Armstrong of Yonkers, to say nothing of Golf, first introduced to this country by John Reid, which is alone enough glory for one suburb.

There were other towns on the Hudson that also furnished commuters—Tarryton, Irvington, Dobbs Ferry and Riverdale. Jay Gould's steam yacht *Atalanta* made daily trips as did also Edward S. Jaffray's *Stranger*. Mr. Jaffray had a custom of inviting many of his Irvington neighbors to join him at breakfast on the run to New York and a glorious treat it was. Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, in her fascinating reminiscences, recalls with many delightful details, these interesting trips on the *"Stranger."*

The trains did not bring so many commuters beyond Yonkers as did a fleet of fast river boats—the Chrystenah, the Riverdale, Shady Side, etc. The Crystenah started at Peekskill and made all the stops down to Yonkers. Don Seitz, biographer of Joseph Pulitzer and for many years publisher of the "World", sold papers on this boat as a boy. There were a few passengers who used the famous old Mary Powell for points quite remote.

This old boat was perhaps the most beloved of all which sailed the Hudson. No mention of this era of steamboat commuting would be complete without recalling this famous "Queen of the Hudson."

And Queen she was. For more than forty years this superb steamer remained the unbeaten champion in her

class. She ran with the precision of a watch and slipped into her dock exactly on the minute. She was a prodigious favorite with Yonkers people, and hardly a wedding up the river was celebrated but included a trip on the *Mary Powell.* Her run was between Kingston and New York, down the Hudson. No matter what the wind or tide, fog alone excepted, the *Mary* would poke her nose around Kingston Point as the bell tolled six promptly on time every night and tie up exactly at the same minute day in and day out. She was sailed by her owner, Captain Anderson, and despite the growing competition of newer and more luxurious boats, the old *Mary Powell* maintained her popularity to the end. As she sailed past Yonkers on her last trip there was many an eye that was strangely dim to think that never again would they tread the deck of the fine old steamer. It was endeared to them by association with some of their pleasantest and dearest memories. Both Captain Anderson and his son, who succeeded him, have also passed away, which seems a fitting and appropriate happening now that *Mary Powell* herself is no more.

The Jersey side, particularly the Oranges began at this time to be also a commuting center. But perhaps the greatest influence of all in directing attention to the benefits of country life as an all the year round residence was the opening of Tuxedo Park by Pierre Lorillard. Few real estate developments ever attracted the attention this one did and it was a success almost from the day of its announcement. It shared with the Windsor Hotel the distinction of being the locale of more than one successful society play.

As if to offset the wholesomeness and cleanliness of

the new suburban life, other less desirable features of city life showed in striking contrast.

Burglary was the chief indoor sport of the underworld. It was a precarious occupation with only the most meagre returns. The old time second-story worker would gasp in astonishment at the rich hauls in real money which are the rewards of the profession today. Householders in those days shot to kill and even if the marauder escaped with his life; his loot was in the shape of chattels which must be disposed of through a "fence." Only a small fraction of the value of the stolen goods was ever realized by the burglar. With the advent of flats, even this lean avenue of emolument practically disappeared. The sport however had a numerous and enthusiastic following and furnished the police with many a diverting moment. When an old time crook looks upon the dizzy heights to which his profession has since attained and recalls his own early struggles perhaps he may be pardoned if his eye moistens as he thinks of those brave old days when he and his pals risked their necks for a silver plated soup tureen, presented gratis with every pound of tea at the corner grocery. As one of the pioneers, so to speak, he has a just pride in the accomplishments of his brilliant successors.

Although the average burglar was of no economic importance it must not be inferred that every operation was in this category. In striking contrast to the usual run, was the now celebrated Manhattan Bank robbery which yielded the not altogether insignificant sum of over two millions in cash and several more millions in negotiable securities. That was a real robbery and it had the town speechless for a month. The whole plan was so skilfully, so faultlessly carried out, that every "dip" in

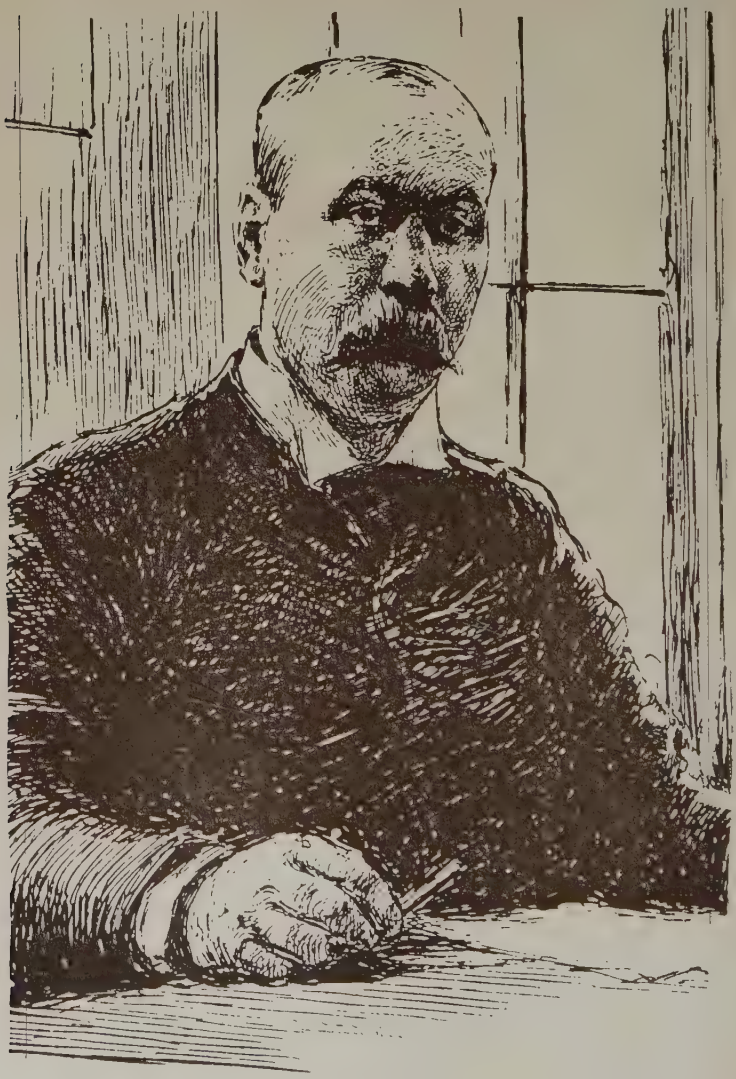
town shared in the reflected glory of the accomplishment. The police were furious. In almost broad daylight on our most populous thoroughfare—Broadway—a leading bank and its vaults blown to smithereens and all its cash and securities stolen! Even today that would provide a first-class sensation.

Inspector Byrnes finally solved the mystery and brought the robbers to book.

Tom Byrnes was the most celebrated policeman of his time. The detective force of the Central office, which he developed to a high state of efficiency consisted of forty detective sergeants to whom were assigned the duty of keeping the city clear of crooks. Byrnes was particularly solicitous of the Wall Street section and established the famous Fulton Street "deadline" for its protection. He had a good many intimates among its notables, foremost among them, Jay Gould, and it was an open secret that he had profited no little by market tips extended to him by that diminutive Napoleon of finance.

Byrnes's first great coup was as I have just mentioned the arrest of the Manhattan Bank burglars when he was captain of the Mercer Street station. This brought him into public notice and he was given charge of the detective bureau at Mulberry Street. He is also credited with being the originator of the "third degree" which he first worked to secure a confession from one McGloin, a gangster, who was hanged in the Tombs for the murder of a tailor, whose premises he attempted to burglarize.

Inspector Byrnes was a thorough cynic regarding the gentry of his professional acquaintance. He derided the ancient aphorism of "honor among thieves" and based his practice upon opposite theories. The stool pigeons were his allies and the notorious weakness of the average



Inspector Byrnes.

crook for babbling, and his egregious vanity were well understood by him. Many of his two score staff were always in the public prints in the course of their professional duties, and their names, if not their persons, were well known to newspaper readers. They kept the city in a remarkable state of security, and set a standard that was adhered to by Byrnes's successors in office for many years.

Different from the Wall Street district, yet in close proximity was South Street which also engaged the casual attention of the police.

Of all the streets in New York that is wholly different from any other I think old South Street would be entitled to that distinction. At the time of which I write it still retained much of the atmosphere of the Clipper Ship Era and the Forties. In its very earliest days it must have been a rather beautiful residential section—though mention of that fact is rarely made—but I find that here lived the celebrated Malabran, the first prima donna of Italian Opera in New York and who was the toast of the town for years; and de Peyster whose name is retained in dePeyster Street, the carriage lane to his stables. At 64, and still standing in its original condition—is the building in which were the shipping offices of Moses Taylor founder of the City National Bank, and of Moses Grinnell, founder of the Union League Club and sponsor of the expedition to succor Sir John Franklin lost in the Arctic. It is he also for whom Grinnell Land was named —one of the discoveries of that voyage. Robert Minturn was his partner. Other picturesque figures of those days are hard to ignore although they are not in the Eighties. Capts. Charles Low of the *Houquah;* Samuel Samuels of the *Dreadnought;* and Nat B. Palmer of the Low flagship

bearing his name. Capt. Palmer's skill in docking his ship under her own sail after a run of a hundred days from Java Head at Pier 9 was one that thrilled the watching crowd and provoked loud huzzas. Capt. Nat was a great navigator, and these were the golden days of the American Merchant Marine.

The advancing power of steam had not yet wholly driven the square rigged beauties from the Seven Seas. All along the river front from Roosevelt Street to South Ferry the towering masts of clipper and packet made a forest of spars. The bowsprits of these old sailing ships reached clear across the street from the bulkheads, and almost shouldered their way into the windows of the offices opposite. The picturesque figure heads with which most of the ships were adorned thus came strongly into view. Allegorical figures all in white and gold; well known characters after whom the ship was named, Andrew Jackson, Gen'l. Washington, Florence Nightingale, Moll Pitcher, and others. All this combined to give the street a foreign aspect such as no other in our town possessed. The thoroughfare itself was wholly given up to the wants of its friends, the ships and seafaring men. Ship chandlery stores were in the majority. But nautical instruments, telescopes, barometers, thermometers, sextants, quadrants, and such, also had their representation. All the upper floors of the buildings were occupied by sail lofts. Some of the finest sails ever made came from these lofts in South Street,—notably those for some of the America Cup races. All kinds of knick-knacks used by the sailors themselves—sou'westers, slickers, shoes, pipes, etc., were in ample evidence. If ever there was a bit of New York that looked like an old world seafaring port it was South Street. The creak of the windlass, the "All's

well" of the watch, the ship's bell with its fascinating sound, the thump-thump of the donkey engine, the wild oaths of the sailors and the still wilder oaths of the teamsters, combined to produce an effect impossible anywhere else in the world except possibly in Bagdad or Singapore.

The sailors' boarding houses constituted a picturesque if rather unsavory feature of life in South, Cherry, Water, James and contiguous streets. Many of them had basement dance halls, stale beer, and foreswore a life on the ocean wave. Among these resorts were a number of "flag houses," catering to foreign sailors of different nationalities, who were guided to them by their respective emblems flung to the breeze.

Some of these places were of the lowest description, catering to the riff-raff of the globe. Many of their habitues corresponded largely to the tramp of the Western railroads, who made the great rail centers a rendezvous of vagabondage. But generally they were of a less sophisticated cast. The "crimp," the "Shanghaier," the "slop shop" dealer, the harpy of the riverfront stripped him of his substance, and decked him in rags.

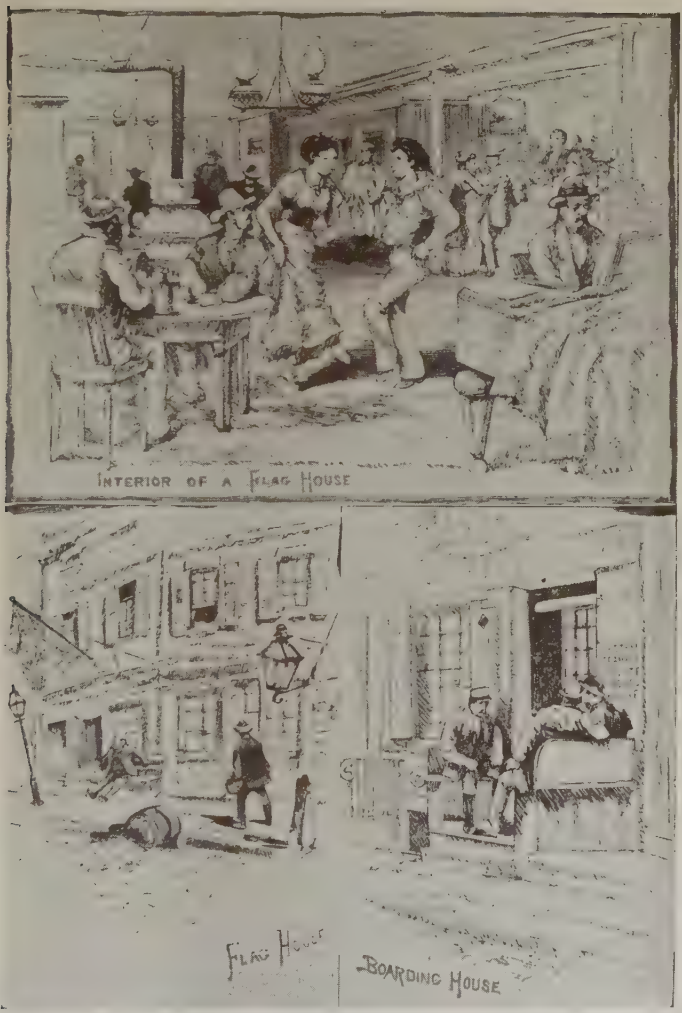
Notwithstanding our brilliant record on the Seven Seas the appearance of our docks was far from creditable to a port conducting such a huge volume of foreign commerce. There has been a vast improvement since, but forty years ago most of our wharves would have disgraced a port of call in a bankrupt Central American republic. To such a condition of descrepitude had they fallen, that the following contemporary editorial is well within bounds.

"That the fair City of New York, the Commercial Capital of the American Continent, is disfigured by the poorest system of docks in the world is a fact that has long been admitted by her most enthusiastic champions. The

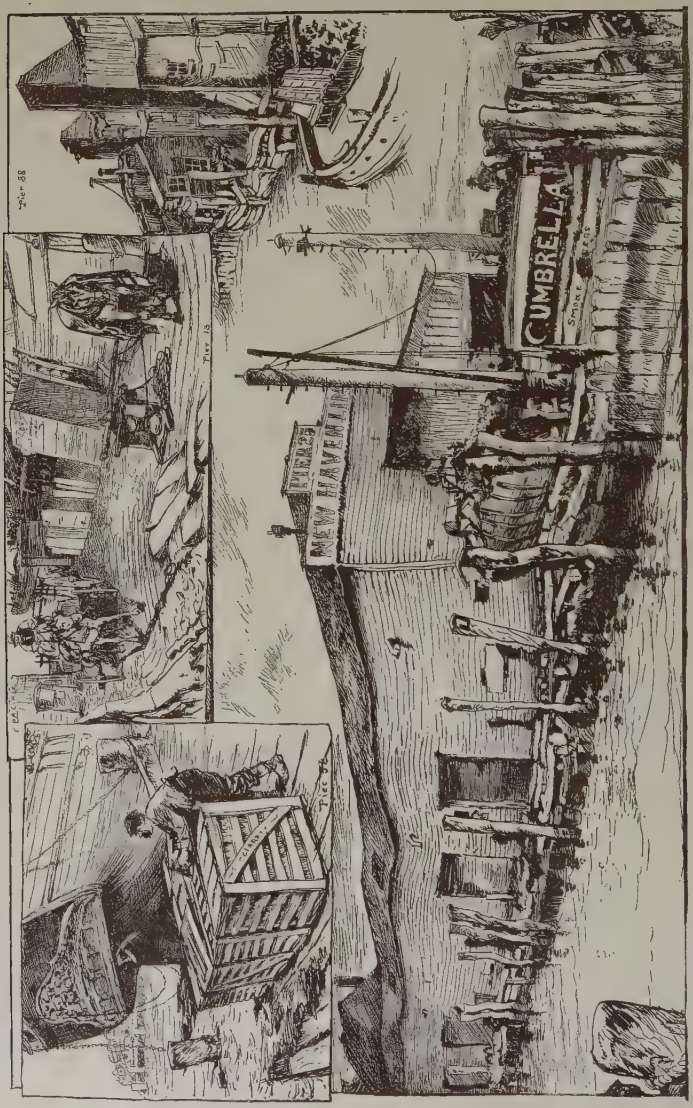
visitor to our shores, when viewing the unrivalled beauties of our spacious harbor, where the fleets of the world might safely ride at anchor, is led to entertain the highest expectations of a corresponding magnificence in the facilities which New York provides for her commerce; but what a disappointment meets him when he reaches the Battery and gazes along the lines of miserable worm-eaten timbers that constitute her water fronts! The first thought that naturally comes to him is how it is possible that a people endowed with such a progressive spirit and capable of performing such gigantic labors in every field of enterprise, would permit the interest of the most vital importance to the prosperity and wealth of the great city, namely, the commerce—to stagger and stumble over the tottering structures that are dignified with the name of "docks." Yet it is the fact that this community transacts the greater portion of the import and export trade of the United States on rickety piers on some of which it is dangerous to move a heavily loaded truck."

Our pictures testify to the degree of truth in the foregoing diatribe. It was the much maligned Bill Tweed who started the granite piers at the Battery, only two of which were ever completed. But the old man had vision, and although we now have the Chelsea Docks and an intelligent program of future development the city has suffered tremendously from this half century of neglect.

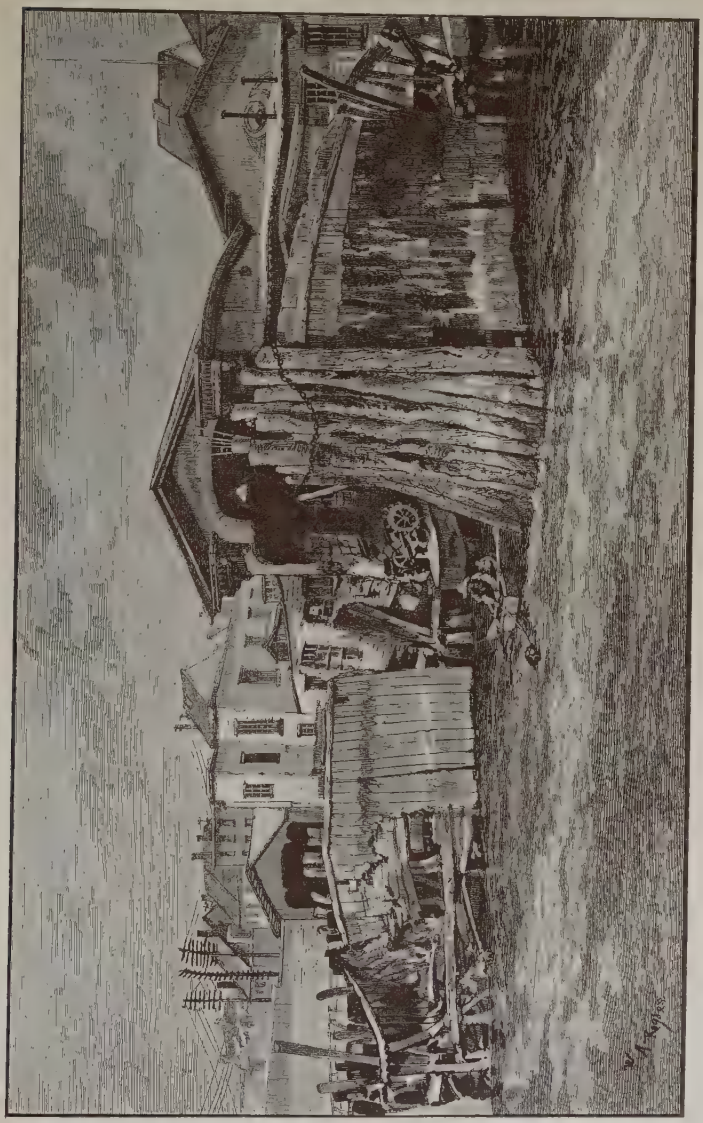
Not only were the docks a reproach to the city but so lax, corrupt, and inefficient was the attitude of the authorities charged with the public safety in other directions that disasters directly traceable to these causes were of constant occurrence. These disasters ran the entire gamut from chemical explosions to steamboat fires. Numerous buildings used by manufacturing chemists furnished catas-



"Strike up the band—here comes a sailor." Along South and Water Streets. Sailors' Dance Houses, where the guileless trusting Chanty man hit the rocks.



Another view of the same.



Our beautiful Waterfront in the 80s. Docks along South Street, East River.

trophes that were usually explained away as "spontaneous combustion." Steamboat boilers indulged in eccentric explosions during the most lucrative seasons. There were several departments of government charged with the prevention of these untoward occurrences. There was the Bureau of Combustibles, the Steam Boiler Inspection, the Federal Steamboat Inspection, and others. These first two Bureaus were usually composed of superannuated functionaries whose fallen arches had caused a cessation of "pounding the pavements" and given them jobs on "special service." These connoisseurs made periodical examinations of boilers, etc., and it was soon discovered that leaks and other defects were most cheaply and easily repaired by lining blue trousers with greenbacks. This happy solution caused general satisfaction until the inevitable calamity, when there was a "shakeup" and the "bureaus" were retired on a pension.

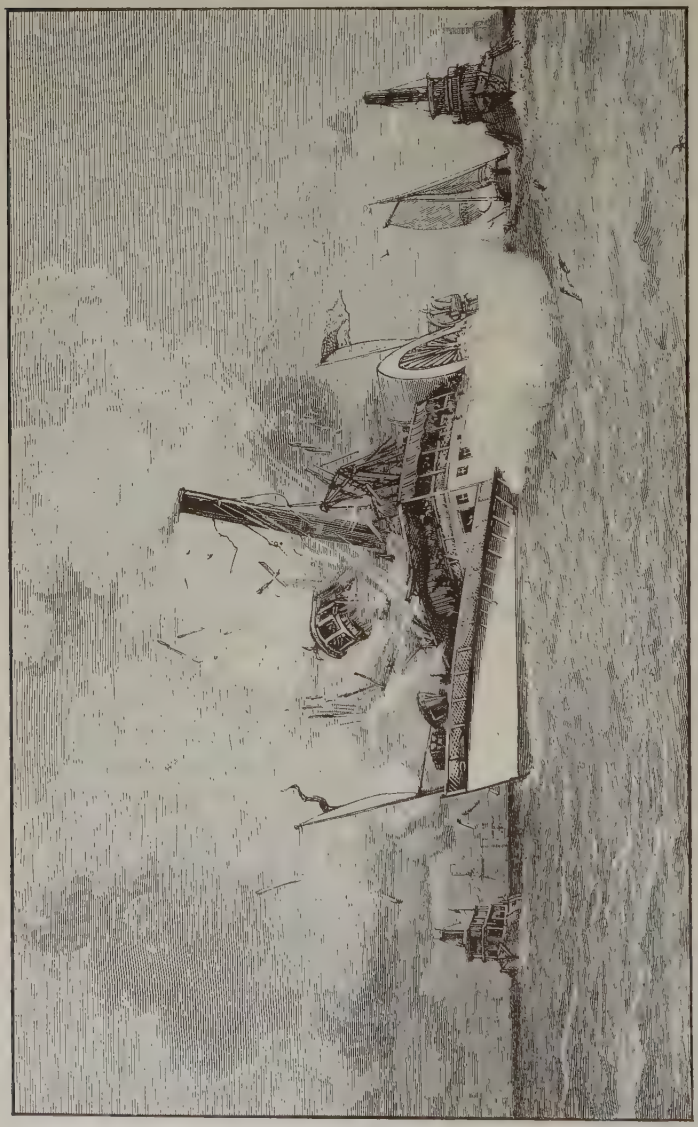
The "Steamboat Inspectors" gallantly upheld these high ethical standards. Summer holidays saw excursion boats overloaded far beyond legal limits, equipped with rotten life belts, defective pumps and inadequate crews. It is unnecessary to recall some of the ghastly consequences of this system beyond saying that a trip on an excursion boat was taken by the average stay-at-home in a spirit of high adventure, and only the most inveterate and hardened excursionist ever went-a-sailing without an anxious upward glance at the life preservers overhead, and a mental calculation as to which contained the smallest proportion of Portland Cement.

Allied to these activities was the "jerry builder," who found the building inspectors of his time quite as anxious to overlook, for a consideration, the erection of six inch walls with mud plaster. One of this type was the ill-

famed "Buddensieck" whose whole row of houses tumbled over and killed a large number of workmen. So "Buddensieck" got into the language, and became a synonym for a class of construction that flowered very considerably in those dear old days when the man higher up was not too high to be handed an occasional banknote.

Not content with flimsy structures, leaky boilers, and other similar achievements, the activities of these responible for such conditions extended even to the work done underground. In the process of repairing mains, opening or building new ones, New York's thoroughfares have always afforded even under ordinary circumstances, quite a good deal of excitement to the wayfarer. Yet there was a period within our purview in which their accomplishments exceeded even their wildest expectations. This was when "manhole explosions" occupied front page notice in the newspapers. These delightful thrills incidental to a pleasant promenade about town were occasioned by defective gas mains, steam pipes, and electric insulation. They were indicated by a sudden rising in the air of a manhole cover, with perhaps a casual horse and wagon upon it. Sometimes in the case of an especially heavy disturbance, a few frolicsome Belgian blocks were sent hurtling through nearby plate glass windows. These explosions finally became so frequent that the authorities could no longer shut their eyes to the constant flights of these cast-iron aeroplanes and finally concluded that something should be done about it. They began to look into the shoddy contract jobs that were the prime cause, and eventually manholes were persuaded to discharge their normal functions and to desist from blowing holes in the sky.

A local pastime that flourished unabated in these days



Accidents of all sorts were all too common on Excursion Steamers. Blowing up of the "Riverdale," 1883.

and does still with altered externals is the gentle art of bunco-steering. Certain masters of this art used to practice with considerable success at the railway terminals and ferry houses of the City. Such a professor as "Grand Central Pete" took his title from his activities at that station. "Ike" Vail, a noted confidence man frequented the steamboat and ferry landings. It was difficult to secure convictions against these gentry as their schemes were worked with a full knowledge of the cupidity of their victims and the latter were not prone to get into the newspapers and their stories thence transmitted to the folks to hum. The green goods game and the gold brick swindle which was worked with vast profits for years by numerous gangs was especially unsavory in its implications. One noted operator, named Davis, tried it once too often, and was shot to death by a resolute Texan, while in the act of "switching" bags in a downtown office. Of a higher type mentally was the celebrated "Hungy Joe" whose "chef d'eouvre" was the mulcting of Oscar Wilde in a card game to which the latter had been inveigled. The country man of those golden days is practically extinct. Uncle Corntassel gets his clothes from the "Kollege Kid Klothing Co." of Rochester, by mail, his traditional goatee he has removed with a safety razor; he comes to town regularly, takes in the "Follies" and other intellectual amusements, and when at home spends many spare hours reading the lurid advertising pages of the magazines. Occasionally he gets a periodical containing some pure reading matter in which event he writes a narsty letter to the publisher venting his displeasure at what he terms a swindle. Instead of buying "green goods" Uncle has invested liberally in oil-stocks, Florida land, and other handsome en-

graved securities, and receives occasional reports of progress and notice of assessments.

Joseph H. Choate used to recount an amusing incident in connection with one of those "greeters" or "Come-once" as they were termed. Coming down from Boston on a Fall River boat, Choate was standing ready to disembark, carrying a neat dressing case, when a man wearing a blue mustache and a violent check suit approached and said "Where do you open, Colonel?" "What do you mean?" asked Choate. "I mean what I say," replied the other, "Where are you going to set up the layout?" "Whom do you take me to be?" pursued Mr. Choate. "I don't know who you are, but I could make a good stiff guess at your game. I did call it faro, for favorite, but maybe it is a sweat-cloth for second choice." Choate, catching the spirit of the occasion, offered to open the case, and putting it on a convenient deck chair, did so. He displayed an elegant set of razors, brushes, combs, and other necessaries. "H--l" snorted the voice under the blue mustache, "I took you for a sport. If I had known you was a barber I wouldn't have spoken to you."

A rare case in which an intended victim capitalized his experience was that of Richard Harding Davis, while a reporter on the *Sun*. Listening with apparent great interest to the blandishments of a "Con" man in City Hall Park, he suddenly handed the astonished rascal over to a passing policeman and hurrying to the *Sun* office, soon had the episode in type.

The gentle art of swindling is not however a game entirely played out. A case in point was a recent newspaper story detailing a transaction in which a newly arrived Greek parted with a considerable sum of money for the privilege of selling fruit in the Information Bureau of

Hon. Joseph H. Choate, 1883.

the Grand Central Terminal. Earlier concessions of a similar kind involved the band stand in Central Park, Brooklyn Bridge terminals, and other allurements to unsophisticated capital.

But real estate was ever the most active commodity. The City Hall, Post office, and Woolworth Building are daily sold to the credulous for trifling sums and the supply of suckers seems inexhaustible. Although these swindlers rarely suffered reprisals at the hands of their victims there were occasional exceptions. And in the case of Tom Davis to which I have referred, punishment was swift and terrible. Davis was a notorious practitioner of the sawdust game and had an "office" at Reade Street and West Broadway. Tom and his brother "The" had inveigled one Holland, a Texan, into the office for the ostensible purpose of selling him $10,000 worth of counterfeit banknotes for $500 of good money. Davis produced $10,000—the "stall" in genuine banknotes—which he placed in a handbag and then asked for Holland's bag with the other money, and remarked to Holland that as the premises were being watched by detectives, it was best to leave the bag in safe keeping for a while, at the same time attempting to pass it through a sliding panel to his brother "The" in an adjoining room. Mr. Holland, besides bringing the $500 to the place of appointment, also carried that conventional Texas utility, a "colt 45," which, without more ado, he discharged—one bullet into the panel, and another into the body of Tom Davis, thereby terminating the latter's interest in high finance for good and all.

Holland's trial before Judge Van Brunt was a curious mingling of frontier jurisprudence with that of local procedure.

His counsel were Gen. Roger A. Pryor, the distinguished ex-Confederate soldier and New York barrister, and the Hon. Tom Grady, also a member of the bar, and a valiant warrior in many a hard-fought election day battle for Tammany Hall. The District Attorney was Col. Fellows, also a Confederate veteran. The courtroom thronged with the military elite of the South, intermingled with a large congregation of "sawdust workers," "short card men" and other variegated swindlers.

Mr. Holland on the stand, acknowledged with the delightful naivete of a hardy plainsman, that he was fully cognizant of the esoteric workings of his tryst with Mr. Davis. He had gone there on purpose to buy the legal tender. When his $500 had been passed over, he considered the deal consummated His subsequent proceedings, he declared dramatically, were "in defense of my life and property." He exhibited his capacity in this direction by a demonstration in court of his speed "on the draw" to the admiration of the local spectators, who at that period regarded such an exercise a superfluous accomplishment for a New Yorker. He had left as a matter of precaution, his scarfpin, and watch and chain in the care of Mr. Hill, City Marshal of Abilene, his traveling companion, who with considerable self-control had abstained from participation in his friend's enterprise, and appeared in court as corroborating witness. Mr. Holland, with righteous indignation, disclaimed any intention of purchasing and circulating counterfeit money among his guileless friends and neighbors of the Texas ranches.

Mr. Holland offered as character witnesses such distinguished officers as General Macy of Houston, Col. Paddock, ex-Senator from Texas, and Col. Frost. The jury evidently impressed by Mr. Holland's social back-

ground, and perhaps in reprobation of the deceit involved in substituting sawdust for counterfeit money, acquitted him after a discussion of only ten minutes. He shook hands with everyone within reach, with the cordiality born of a warm Southern nature, and expressed his entire satisfaction with the bench, bar, and jury system of our effete Eastern civilization, and vanished, minus his $500 and that cherished Texas talisman, the "Colt 45."

I may mention here that the "gambling man" stood somewhat higher in the public estimation than he does today. As an exponent of a learned profession he excited the envy of those condemned to the yoke of mere humdrum industry. He was regarded as favored by Providence with an astuteness, a keenness and alertness little short of preternatural. The "high class" gamblers studiously avoided the blue moustache, the diamonds, and loud clothes of the "tin horn" sport and effected a sober attire that eventually led to admittance to that higher realm of chance—the "bucket shop."

Seven in three seats.

CHAPTER III

Sad Effects of Cash Registers on Bar Keeps – The Cat's Meat Man – The Wooden Cigar Store Indian – "Regular Dinner 25c" – Ticket Scalpers – Wine Openers – Anthony Comstock

ALONG with other Vanishing Americans is our friend the old time barkeeper with the immaculate white apron and the friendly smile as he asked "What's yours, gents?" Although it is the general impression that the downfall of that once imposing figure in local commerce, dates from the passage of the 18th Amendment, this impression is not altogether accurate. As long ago as the middle Eighties the decline and fall of this wholly native and admirable artist was forecast by the auguries

of the brass rail. With unerring vision they recognized, in the coming of the Cash Register, the first instrument of his destruction. Its tinkling bell, merry as a wedding chime on the ear of the saloon keeper, smote that of his white jacketed servitor as did the knell that summoned the condemned to the block on Tower Hill.

The introduction of the cash register was regarded by bartenders as an outrageous invasion of personal rights akin to the tyrannies of George, the Third. Previous to its coming, bartenders wore diamonds and after a reasonable period of employment, went into business for themselves. The "knock down" was considered a perfectly legitimate source of profit. "Can I borrow a pair of pinchers?" says a character in a contemporary variety sketch to a stage saloon keeper. "Take my two bartenders" is the ironic reply. The better class cafés attempted to forestall the practice by giving the patron a check which he paid to a cashier at the cigar counter. Of course a firm and touching friendship immediately sprang up between cashier and bartender with a coincidental return of the checks to original sources, and a clandestine division of spoils.

It is a curious fact that with the coming of the cash register the proprietors of saloons ceased to be recruited from behind the bar and were men who came into the business from other walks of life, and who had only a perfunctory knowledge of the technique of the trade.

And while I am on the subject of bartenders, I might refer to a malady that was in no way connected with the sale of spirituous liquor, yet was irretrievably mixed up in the public mind with this occupation.

There were certain ailments prevalent years ago that we seldom hear of today. One of these was malaria, a very common complaint then, largely caused no doubt by the stagnant pools in vacant lots and the general unfinished grading work in all parts of the town. This necessitated the consumption of vast quantities of quinine, and kindred remedies. Indeed "Elixir of Calisaya" an extract of Peruvian bark was on sale at many soda fountains as a beverage. Among the persons addicted to this remedy were large numbers of policemen some of whom were brought up on charges of misconduct arising from overdoses of this drug. A contemporary editorial commenting on one of these cases says "For a long time it has been malaria that produced these distressing symptoms and the chiefs of the Department and its apologists found an explanation for that in the vast quantities of quinine required to counteract that insidious disease. Now quinine, it is well known, has the curious property, when taken in large doses by public officials, of simulating all the effects of alcoholic drunkenness, and malaria, of course, is as common in New York as telegraph poles or torn-up streets. The reader need not be reminded how cruelly some of our most respected aldermen have suffered in reputation, through ignorance of this mysterious property of quinine. This was the matter with Officer Quigley when bright and early one morning he entered a bar-room in full uniform and demanded drinks for himself and the woman who accompanied him. The bartender demurred on the frivolous pretext that they never serve drinks to women at the bar. Thereupon Officer Quigley put a pistol to his head and with much superfluity of language, avowed his fixed intention to blow the top of his head off, unless

the drinks were forthcoming. Under this gentle persuasion the bartender yielded. The drinks were produced and quaffed and the gallant Quigley with the forgetfulness which is another painful feature of these police maladies, marched off triumphant, without paying for them.

Then the barkeeper felt aggrieved. Not so much, as he expressed it, at being "stood up" for the drinks—that was too common an experience, nor even at the threatened violence. What he did resent was the use of language, which, as he feelingly expressed it, degraded a respectable liquor saloon to the level of the card-room of a fashionable club. So he brought charges against the officer before the Police Commissioners, and they were tried the other day. Then it came out that all the trouble was due to malaria, which as three physicians testified, affected Officer Quigley on the fatal morning to such an extent that he was totally irresponsible. And the only satisfaction the bartender gets is that he may consider himself lucky he was not shot."

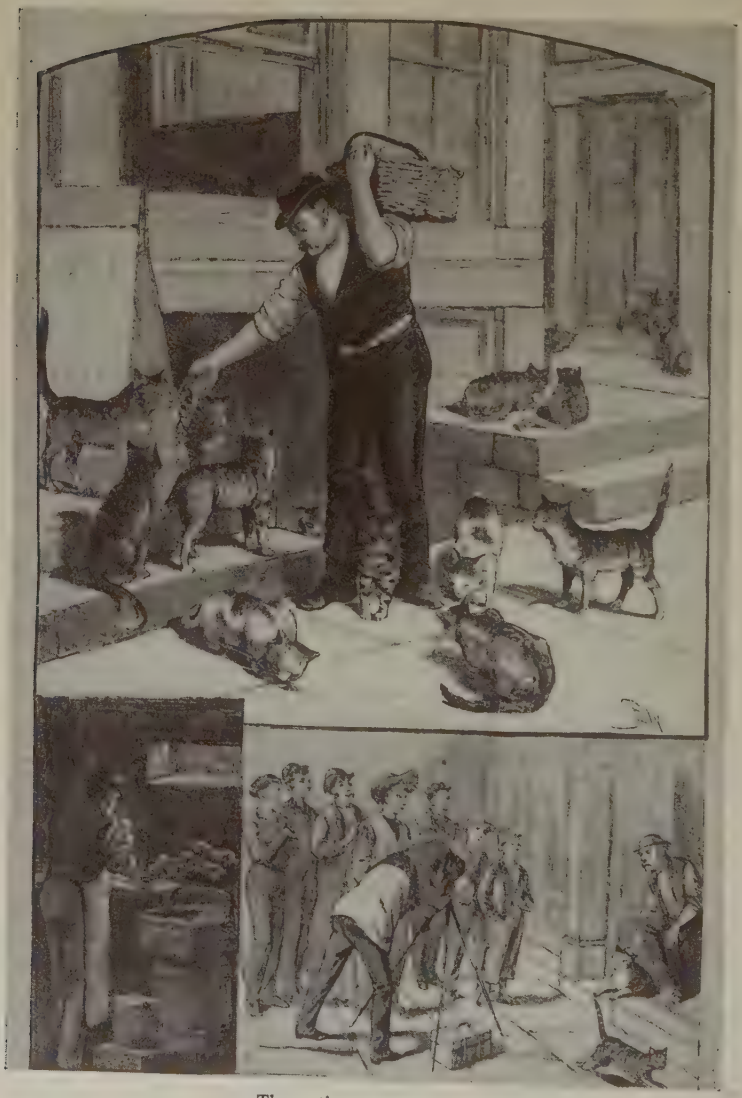
Along with malaria and other oddities of those days was the Cat's Meat Man. This individual made regular trips to the basement doors of the opulent as the purveyor of dainties for the pampered tabbies, who never strode the summit of back yard fences, nor the rim of the succulent garbage barrel. Not for them the despised fish head or tail, nor yet the leavings of last night's boiled salmon *sauce Hollandaise*. For them the cat's meat man brought tid bits calculated to tempt the jaded palate of the very Lucullus of cats, and prospered in the bringing.

The cats grew acquainted with his cry, of "Meat, meat, cat's meat" and there was a story current at the

The "Sylvan Dell," an old-time East River "Flyer"—express to Harlem, 1880.

time he flourished, illustrative of feline sagacity and non-appreciation of music. A certain young lady of somewhat dubious vocal endowments was entertaining a parlor full of guests one evening with some "drawing room songs," just then in vogue, and included in the company was the pet household angora, comfortably browsing under a sofa. One of the songs contained a plea to "Meet Me Once Again," and as the young lady's voice rose to the attack on the first syllable, the cat, recognizing the slogan of its private butcher, sprang to the door and made an onslaught on the varnished panels. Only those present who were acquainted with cat psychology were able to explain this mysterious conduct of an otherwise perfectly normal domestic animal.

Of all the changes that have occurred within the last forty years I think perhaps the most significant of all is the complete removal of an attitude toward all things gastronomic and liquid. The barbarous term "eats" was unknown. True—people then enjoyed "feeds," but not the meanest restaurant in town would hang out a sign intimating that the establishment was a trough. Meals were something of a ritual then, and not a ghastly affair of Calories, Vitamines, and Proteins. A public banquet or private dinner at Delmonicos or the Brunswick was a solemn rite that would put a Roman Emperor on his mettle. Viands and wines that have gone out of epicurean parlance were served. Terrapin, Canvas-back, Venison, Pheasants, Mallard, Quail, Rooster's Combs, and other now almost obsolete comestibles, were in profusion. Every course had its appropriate wine. Amontillado with soup, Burgundy with fish, Mumm's Extra Dry with the entree and roast, Port and Madeira with the



The cat's meat man.

dessert and Cognac with coffee was *de rigeuer*. Alas, the *Chauteau Lafitte* of that day has been transmitted to the *Chauteau de Pump* of today. Every gentleman, not an abstainer, was assumed to have some acquaintance with rare vintages and could talk intelligently about "bouquet" "aroma" and other properties of the fermented grape and had a wine cellar of more or less repute. And persons in moderate circumstances spoke familiarly of Piper Heidsick.

With very few exceptions, hotels were conducted upon the American Plan, i. e.—the rate per day including meals.

And such meals! Oysters, soup, fish, entree, roasts, game, salads, pies, cheese, coffee, and fruit, were consumed at supper by every guest while breakfast and dinner were equally generous. There was also an extra meal served after the theatre in some places which was included in the regular service. A few years before this a fifth meal—5 o'clock tea—was also part of the ritual.

Looking over one of these old Bills of Fare with its interminable list of edibles the wonder is not how the hotels made money at only $2.00, $2.50 and a few at $3.00 per day, but how their guests could possibly go through such an ordeal and yet survive to tell the tale. Not only were huge quantities of food consumed but enormous quantities of liquids as well.

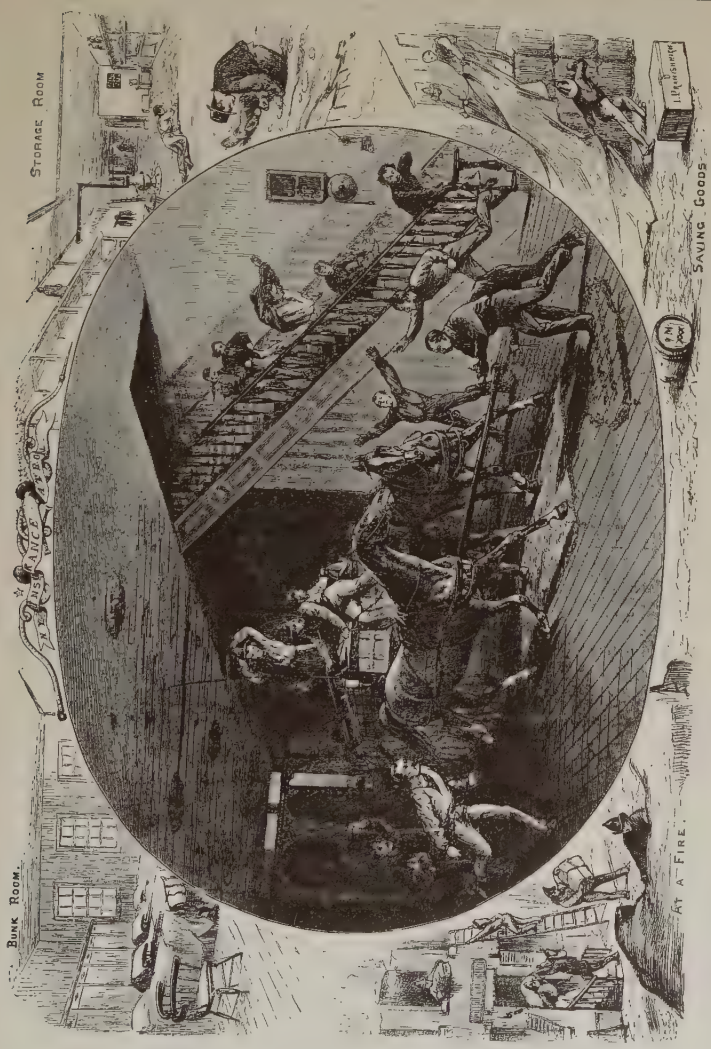
While the various vintages of the world appeared on the "Wine Cards" and bills of fare of restaurants and hotels there was little demand for anything but champagne from the average diner-out. The clarets and white wines were almost exclusively consumed by the foreign population. To "open wine" in a flash restaurant meant to buy champagne, and the champagne importers were

not backward in pushing their commodity. "Piper Heidsieck," "Pommery Sec," "Veuve Cliquot," "Moet and Chandon's White Seal," "Mumm's Extra Dry" and "Dry Monopole" emblazoned the spaces now used by "Coca Cola."

> "And many a bottle of Pommery Sec" has colored
> his nose and mine
> "Oh, we've both been there before, many a time,
> Many a time!"

There were degrees in "wine opening" known only to the cognoscenti. The pint bottle was a genteel size used by the unostentatious. The quart bottle automatically admitted the buyer into the ranks of the "sports"; while there was a splendiferous half-gallon vessel known as a "magnum" that was the special "tour de force" of the high roller, the wine agent and the spender. It was about the size of a small drug store globe. The thrill that comes once in a life time came to the counter jumper blowing in a month's wages when a silver bucket containing cracked ice and one of these "cold bottles" appeared at the festive board. The waiters in these little dramas would join in the spirit of the occasion by ostentatious juggling of the bottles to bring them to a *frapeé,* and for a time the strong white light that beats upon a throne rested upon the particular table graced by the "magnum."

To have charged extra for bread and butter would have been deemed a blow at the American Eagle and equivalent to secession from the Union, and a couvert charge would have meant sudden death. Butter was brought on in "a lordly dish" and an obsolete weapon known as a butter knife conveyed huge cubes to in-



"Fire!" Response of the Insurance Patrol.

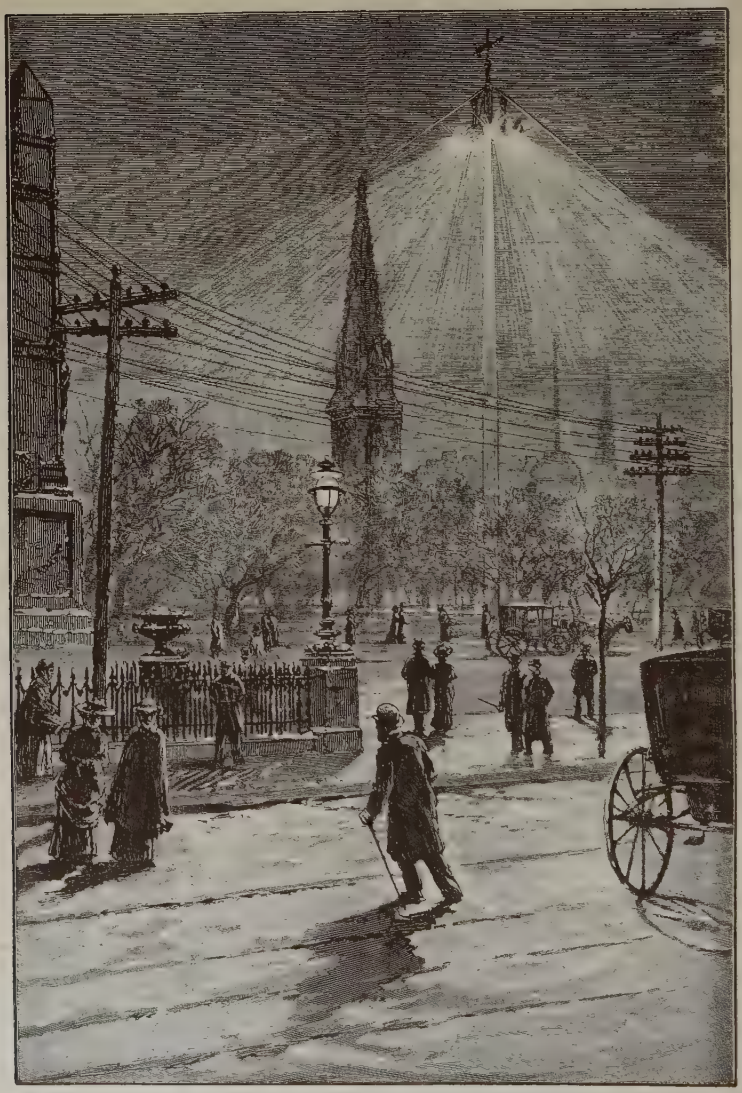
dividual plates. Bread was served *ad libitum*. There was no cold storage systems then, or at least it was in an incipient stage, and the markets were forced to sell or lose. Hotel tables were garnished with immense *epergnes* containing fruits and nuts in season. Tipping was comparatively restricted to personal service, only the waiter expecting a small fee. The cloak room blackmail of today was unknown. Indeed tipping was a thoroughly un-American custom, only in vogue in hotels and restaurants of the first-class and then only for extra attention. No one tipped a brush boy in a barber shop, or an attendant in a lavatory—indeed there was no attendant there—this being a latter day excrescence foisted on an indulgent patronage.

Of course hotels were more or less quasi-public institutions then, evolutions of a period when the tavern, was headquarters for all and sundry. Strangers having no claim on the hostelry would occupy the most comfortable chairs in the reading room and peruse the daily papers. Others would make free with hotel stationery to indite private letters. Lobbies were filled with loungers, politicians, sports, confidence men, actors out of engagements, and nondescripts generally. Bar-rooms were famous rendezvous, the Hoffman House Cafe most renowned of all. There used to be a well-known advertising picture setting forth the merits of the "Hoffman House Cigar," that showed most of the city's celebrities gathered in the foreground of Bougereau's famous "Nymphs and Satyr." Many of these must have been astonished at the company in which they found themselves. If I remember rightly, Chauncey Depew was sandwiched in between Howe and Hummel, and there were one or two other equally felicitous juxtapositions.

But the picture was regarded as passably authentic; such was the promiscuous clientele of what was perhaps the most famous bar-room in America.

The liberality of market produce extended all along the line down to restaurants of the humbler class. The standard legend at most of these was "Regular Dinner" 25 cts. This, with some judgment on the part of the diner, insured a wholesome and adequate meal. There were many eating houses of every persuasion in the poorer parts of town where "regular dinners" were conjured for even less price. At Smith & McNeil's, Noakes', Lovejoys', Nash & Cook's, or Dolan's a substantial meal of the best quality as regards meats, vegetables, etc., could be had for about 30 cts. These were patronized by a good class of business men. Thousands will recall Smith & McNeil's down at Washington Market.

I do not know whether the custom still prevails, but in our elegant period all the first class hotels had ornamental menus on the Christmas dinner table. For instance, a Hotel Windsor menu was printed on heavy beveled plate paper. On the outside was a steel engraving of the hotel in the midst of an old time snow storm. Merry sleighing parties were driving past and the air was full of snow flakes. Some of these bills of fare contained viands that have entirely disappeared from hotel cuisines. The fare included green turtle soup, Maryland terrapin, and canvas back duck. On a Murray Hill Hotel menu card was found filet of young bear, Crystal Spring lamb and Compo Mill-Pond oysters. The Murray Hill, by the way, is the only hostelry of the 80's that still remains in all the glory of its Mid-Victorian splendor. At the New York Hotel where the hospitable customs of the Old South still prevail, there was an array of Northern as well as



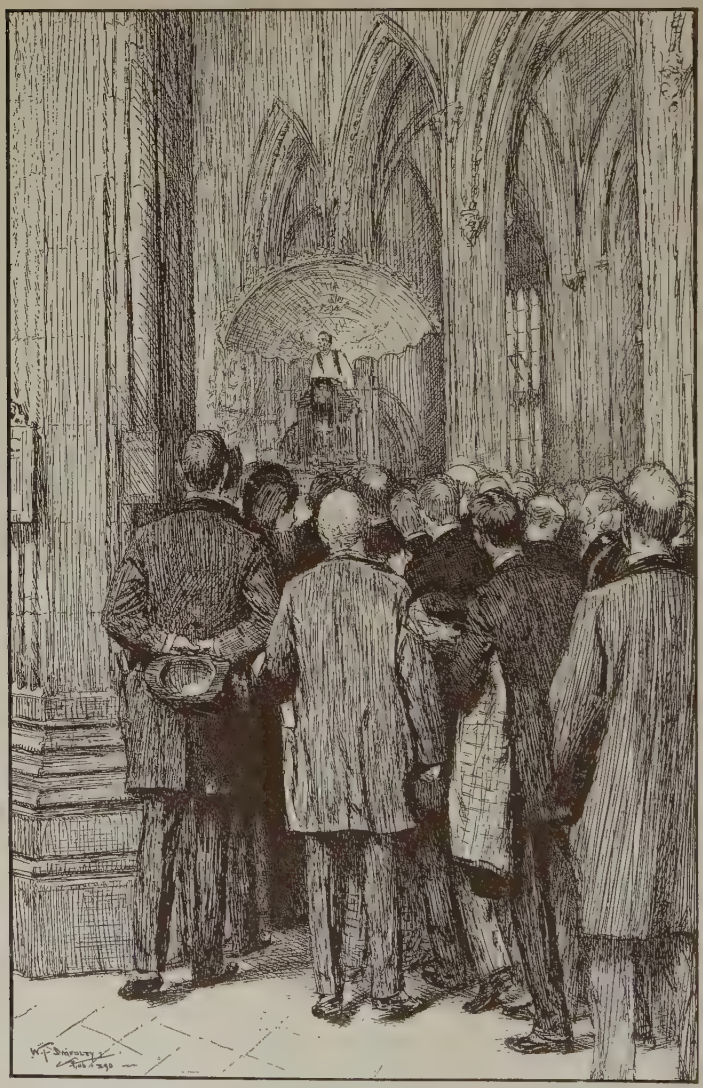
The first electric light on high pole in Madison Square, 1883.

Southern dishes, including green turtle soup, partridge, fried sweet potatoes, and antelope steak.

As I have remarked before, game was plentiful in the markets, and besides these supplies there were a number of pot hunters in the pre-Audubon Society days that had some share in the present dearth of feathered game. Some of these were members of the City's vast German population who had acquired some familiarity with "shootin' irons" in various *Schuetzenfest* contests. There "sportsmen" might have occasionally been encountered on the Long Island or Jersey ferry-boats attired in comic opera hunting costume—Tyrolean hat with a feather, corduroys, and gaiters—looking for all the world like a member of the chorus who was just about to break into a huntsman's song and clink one of those theatrical flagons that never spilled a drop.

It was to some genius of the Eighties that the great American beverage, Ice Cream Soda, is due. Before that, all the soda fountain had to offer were the simple flavors—and only a few of those—until some one devised cream soda, by pouring in a little cream. Then, one hot day a dispenser in a candy store—it must have been a candy store, druggists kept no ice cream—introduced a spoonful of the frozen dainty into a glass of soda water, and a new beverage was born to carry the fame of American drinks around the world, along with the mint julep, the sherry cobbler and the gin rickey.

The old time soda fountain that made the fortunes of Matthews and Tufts was only a small affair with half a dozen flavors and a syphon. It was only a side show in a candy or drug store and hardly every had a special attendant. Women and children were its main



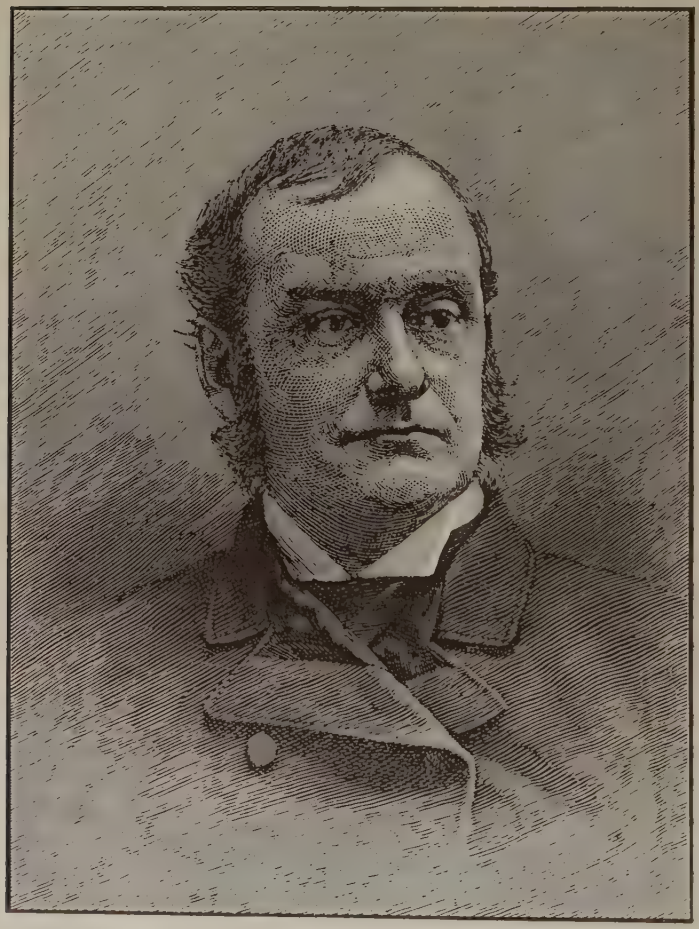
Noonday Services at Old Trinity. Great crowds gathered to hear The Rev. Phillips Brooks, Canon Farrar and other noted preachers who were wont to make this particular service a notable occasion in the business man's hour of the financial district. (1890).

patrons. Men got lemonade and bottled soft drinks in the saloons. As more elaborate concoctions were served, business increased and the fountains grew grander and still more grand until they attained the magnificence of a high altar. Ingenious "soda jerkers" invented new and mysterious beverages to impede digestion and the soda fountain became the mainstay of many an ancient apothecary whose pills and physics were in ever lessening demand.

Hot soda was also unknown in those early days, as were phosphates, Malted Milks, the clam broths and beef teas that were the forerunners of the menu of the modern lunch-room-pharmacy.

There was nothing like the present vast catalogue of ice creams and ices in the ordinary candy shop then. Fancy creams were only to be obtained at French or Italian confectioners at double price. Philadelphia ice cream was noted for its variety of flavors, but New Yorkers of the *hoi polloi* had for long years to be content with the triple alliance of "vaniller," "chawklet" and "strawb'ry".

If the proponents of the Volstead act have their way, perhaps the pictures of the famous cafe-bars that we have described may, for future generations, have as great an antiquarian interest as the new American wing of the Metropolitan Museum, where we may see the steam-heatless apartments of our forefathers. Famous above all others was the Hoffman House Cafe with its immense "Nymphs and Satyr" by Bougereau, always attracting a group of "butter and egg men" of the time. Madison Square and above was a great neighborhood for high-class cafes, with its cluster of hotels, including the Brunswick, Albermarle, Fifth Avenue, Bar-



Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter, Rector of Grace Church and Assistant Bishop of New York, 1883. The most popular divine in New York of his day, and later, Bishop of the Diocess. His uncle, of sainted memory, the Right Rev. Horatio Potter founded the Cathedral of St. John the Divine.

tholdi, Victoria and St. James, and haunts like Delmonico's, Kirk's and others with cellars replete with vintages that can only be properly described by a lyric poet. Further uptown were the Gilsey House, the Sturtevant House, the Grand Hotel, Bang's bar and the White Elephant, where between the acts, men who had stepped out "to see a friend" discussed the drama at Daly's or Wallacks or the Bijou. Where the McAlpin now stands was Haan's "sample room"—there were a number of "sample rooms" catering to a quiet trade in town. Just a sideboard and a few tables and chairs was their equipment. Trainor's in the shadow of the L. station at 33d Street, brilliant with mirrors, did a rushing all night business and caught the entre-act crowd from the Standard Theatre next door, where "Dick" Mansfield cavorted in comic opera. Some went to Parker's just above, the *alma mater* of Geo. Boldt of the Waldorf. The Marlborough at 36th Street satisfied the parched Southerner with his indigenous juleps, and the Normandie had a cosy grotto in the basement where the Casino boys used to foregather to discuss their favorite chorus ladies. The Vendome's elaborate bar catered to the throngs from the Metropolitan and Broadway as did the Rossmore and St. Cloud, then at the frontier of theatre land and the end of the uptown "cocktail route."

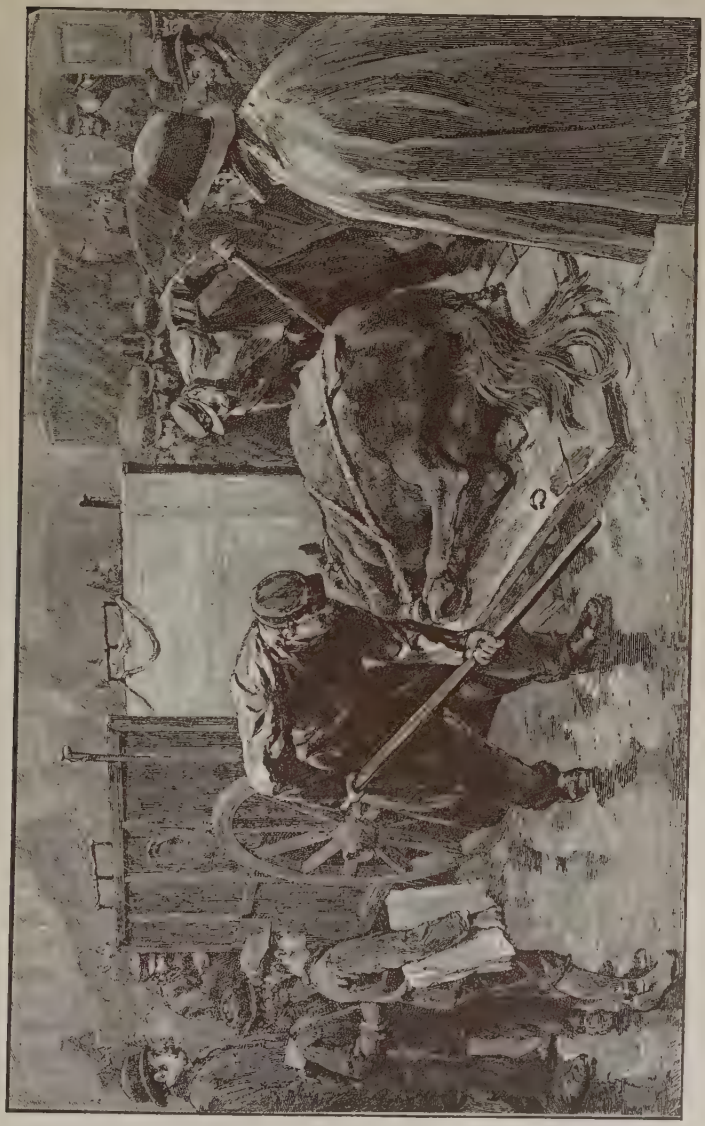
Those ominous words "That you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on you," are no longer heard in our criminal courts, and have not been since late in the Eighties when the electric chair was instituted. During the last sojourn of the gallows in the Tombs prison yard, it devolved on the Honorable Recorder Smyth to utter the dread sentence oftener than any other judge in our criminal courts.

Smyth was regarded generally as a harsh man but his voice often grew husky and his eyes would sometimes close over that last petition. Some lawyers for the defense were wont to say that he reversed the common law maxim that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty, but on the other hand the Recorder was a wonderful expert in criminal matters. Many lawyers with innocent clients were anxious to get before him, knowing his capacity, but those who knew their clients guilty would hang back and the Recorder understood the reason.

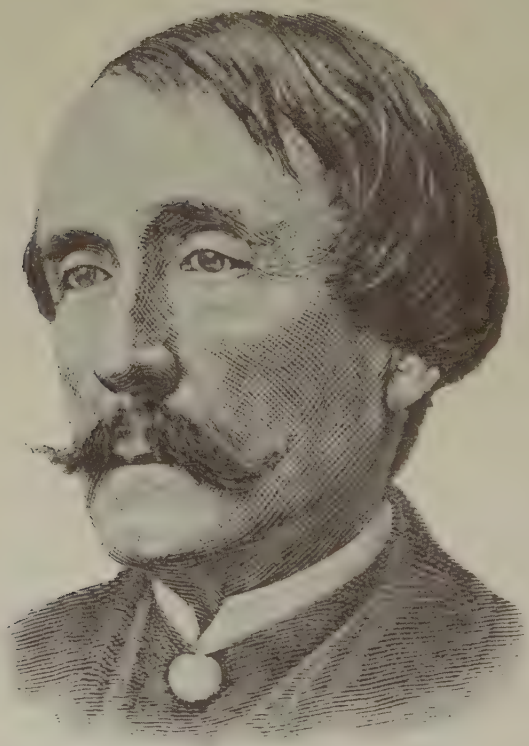
Before Smyth went on the bench he was the junior partner of John McKeon, afterwards District Attorney. Their personal relations were one thing, their official relations another, for the Recorder several times adjourned Court "until the District Attorney has properly prepared his case, and learns what he means to prove and how he means to prove it."

The Recordership is one of our oldest municipal trusts and was in existence before James II handed down the Dongan Grant. The great Chancellor Kent, whose text books are standard works, held it in 1796, when it was a century old. Pierre Van Wyck, Richard Riker, Samuel Jones, and Governor Hoffman have each presided over this ancient court.

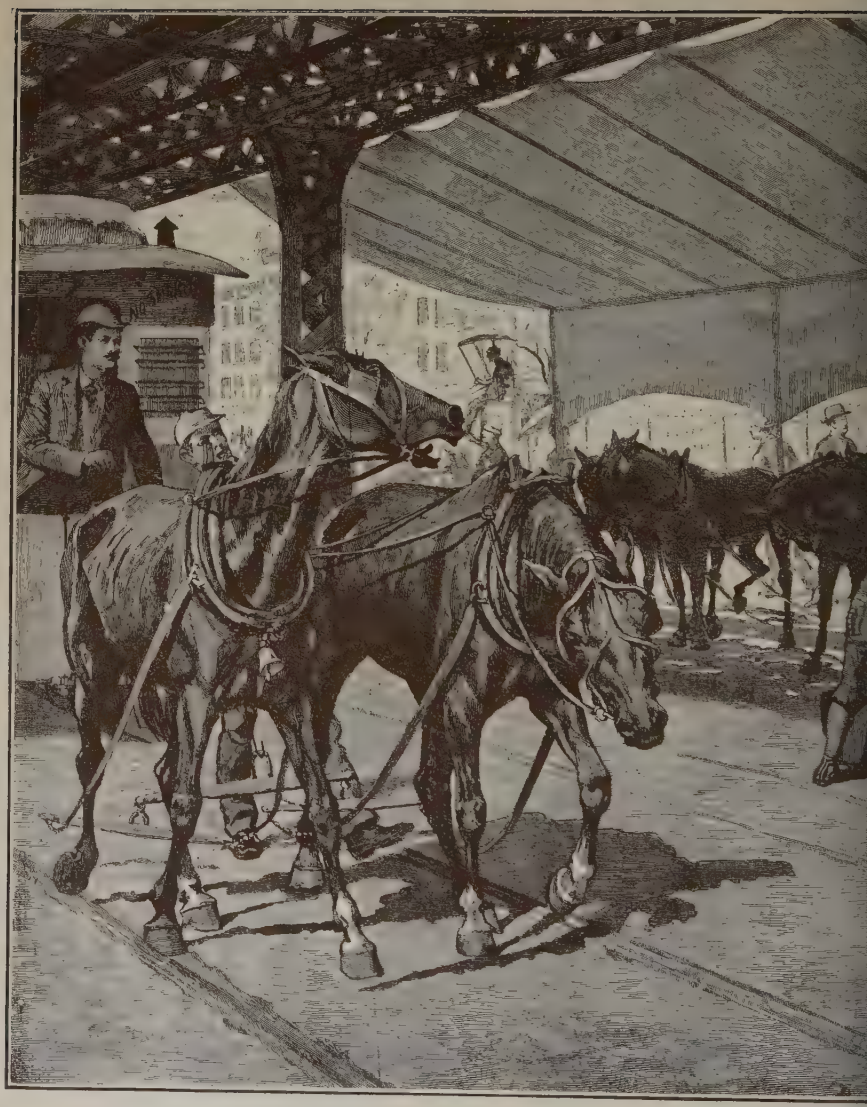
The most famous of all the police court justices of the "Eighties" was undoubtedly Judge Duffy of whom a local parodist of the variety stage sang "I believe it for Judge Duffy told me so." Duffy furnished more copy for reporters in quest of police court humor than all the rest of the Board of Police Justices put together. A great deal of this levity was no doubt ill-timed and ill-placed, directed as it was to the unfortunates at the bar, but it undoubtedly enlivened the pages of the newspapers. As



One of the Animal Ambulances provided by Mr. Bergh's Society.

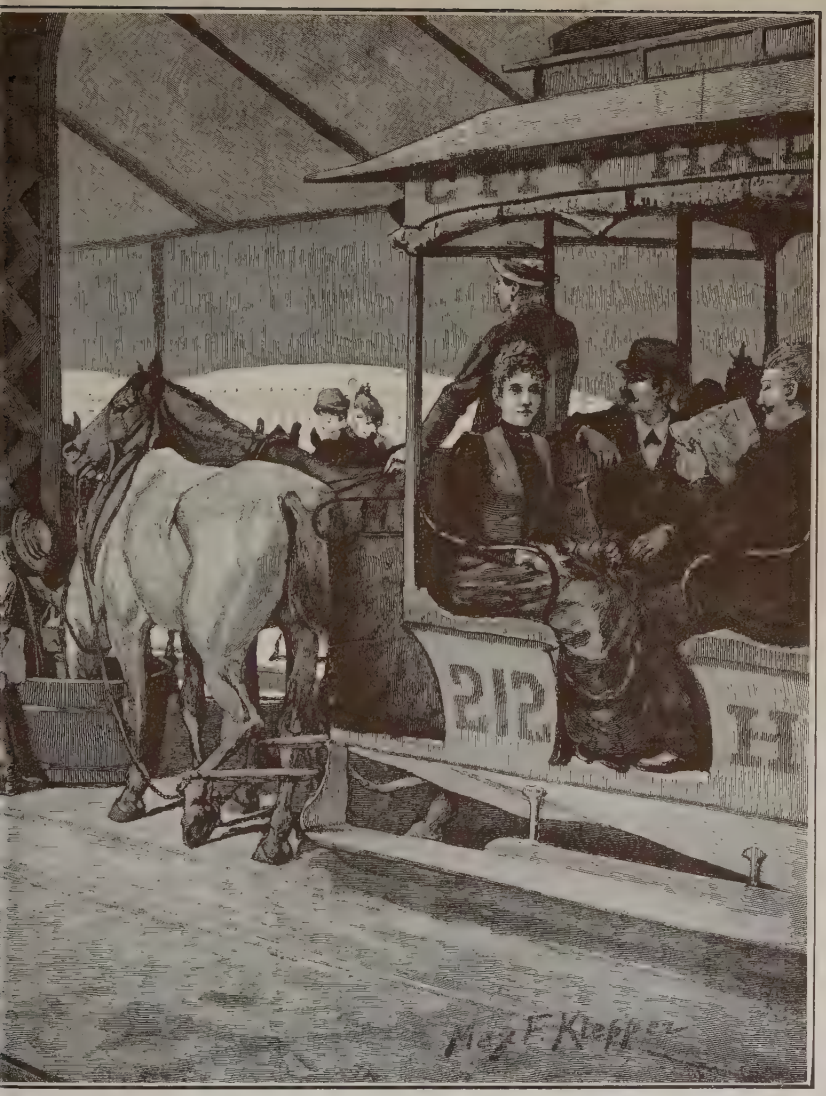


Henry Bergh, Founder of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. A most worthy citizen and who accomplished a great work when the horse was our sole means of vehicle transportation.



"NINETY

One of the Rest Stations provided by Mr. Bergh



HADE"

for the watering and resting of car horses.

an example of Duffy's administration of justice let me quote an instance.

Two youths—room-stewards or other, aboard the *Celtic,* then in port—after quaffing freely of river-front "half and half", had been apprehended by the ever vigilant police, in the heinous act of upsetting ash barrels in the urban paradise known as Eleventh Avenue, and arraigned before Duffy. The Judge glared at the culprit Britons, with the air of a Fenian with a blunderbuss awaiting the coming of an absentee landlord. Here were two of the hated Sassenach brought before him charged with high crime and misdemeanor against the majesty of the sovereign State of New York. He, its duly elected representative in the judiciary, was placed by the avenging fates on the bench to deal out stern and impartial justice to them. All the outrages of Hibernia from the days of Brian Boru to the latest ejection from the House of Commons of an Irish M. P., coupled with the tyrannies of George the Third against the American Colonies; the Alabama Claims, and the Sackville letters, surged in his breast. For a moment he was speechless, as righteous indignation against the miscreants who had befouled the fair face of Eleventh Avenue shook the frame behind the double breasted Prince Albert coat that was his robe of office. Then—to his credit be it known—the judicial temperament rising gloriously above all personal concerns (yet with a beautiful disregard of the comparative rarity of ash barrels on the highways of Great Britain)—he enunciated in icy tones and in that delicious brogue only possible in the finer flights of Irish rhetoric "I cannot allow ye to intr-r-rojooce these English practices to the streets of New York and will fine ye tin dollars or tin days aich."

His so called humor is shown in the following:

On sentencing two young toughs to a term in the penitentiary on February 14th, Duffy, handing the commitment papers to the officer, remarked "Here's a couple of valentines for the b'ys."

"This man got a shave in my shop and he wouldn't pay," said an Italian barber.

"What was it, a foive or a tin cent shave?"

"A five cent one."

"Why do you get shaved in a foive cint shop? You ought to be able to get a tin cent shave. I am going to shave you $10. in the interest of the city."

"You are letting whiskey get the best of you," he remarked to an Irishman. How is it ye know my name? Oh, ye were once before me at the Tombs. For the sake of old acquaintance I'll make it one dollar."

"You bang yet hair like a goat," said the Judge to a young woman whose coiffure was in the prevailing fashion. What would he have had to say to a "bob-haired bandit" today?

We have no such running fire of judicial wit and philosophy to lend glamor to our police courts now. It is all a very grim business indeed, and instead of the "bum's" bon mots that used to furnish abundant copy to the daily papers, we have only the more or less labored lucubrations of the columnists.

In these days of Interstate Commerce Regulation of Railroads, etc., there is no suggestion of the cut throat methods in vogue in the halcyon days of which I write. Passes were as thick as snow flakes in a blizzard and during a scrap between trunk lines, one could travel by rail to Chicago for one dollar—while the fight lasted. This is hardly more than the hobo rate on the trucks—but

fares were then reduced to merely nominal figures. Not only the railroads but the Sound steamers indulged in these ruinous competitions and at one time the rate on the Fall River Line to Boston was also one dollar. When the West Shore Railroad was completed in the '80s a merry war was begun between that road and the New York Central which almost threatened extinction of the former line. A great deal of the business of "knifing" each other was done through the ticket scalpers who existed in great numbers along Broadway from Chambers to Canal Streets: "Frank's," "Lansing's" and others. By the way, the term "ticket scalper" originated among these brokers at that time, and later was extended to the theatre ticket fraternity.

Third-class to Europe which today is one of the most important factors of steamship travel was in 1885 so nearly non-existent that the North German Lloyd Company advertised a rate of $10. to Bremen, and the Hamburg American $9. to Hamburg. Few of the original steerage passengers to America ever went back that way. No inconsiderable part of the meagre East bound passenger list were students, and magazine writers of restricted purse, faring forth with knapsacks, in a spirit of great adventure, intent on walking and bicycle tours abroad. These formed the commodious steerage contingent, vastly different from what they were West bound. Our present one class steamer is a continuation of the same frugal idea, modified to suit our more exalted requirements today.

The organ grinder and street pianist used to be far more numerous than he is today, and at one time became such a nuisance that efforts were made for his suppression. An ordinance was passed by the Aldermen abolish-

ing him and for a time he was the subject of considerable pros and cons. A committee of these itinerant entertainers called on Mayor Grant but their pleas were denied. Eventually some modification of the objectionable edict was obtained as there was considerable public sentiment in favor of the musicians. A bard of the period voiced this in the following stanzas:

"I'm fond of classic music, e'en of the Vogner school
And dearly love to hear it sung by Signor Mike O'Tool
But the music that I love the best, is that I hear each day
Played by a wandering refugee on a sweet street piannay.

He plays "Johnny Get Your Gun, get your Gun" "Down Went McGinty" too
"Where did you get that hat?" and the "Old Red White & Blue"
"Razzle dazzle—Razzle dazzle" even "Old Black Joe"
And the song that always breaks my heart called "Listen to My Tale of Woe."

His runs and his cadenzas in the "Skids are Out Today"
Would make a Patti hide her face, an Abbot faint away,
And when he strikes the dulcet trills of "Kelly's New Spring Pants"
The neighbors shout "Bravo! ongkore!" and to these tunes they dance.

And yet they talk of passing laws to break up strolling bands
The organ grinder with his monk who on the corner stands
The girl with tambourine and bell! the harp and fiddle too,
If they succeed, oh dear, what will we music lovers do?"

These itinerant musicians were quite a feature of our streets in the old days. One of the really funny things was to hear a leetle Cherman Band play the Star Spangled Banner when all the members were full of "suds," liberally bestowed upon them by their friends, the corner saloon keeper.

Crowd in front of a Soup Kitchen, 1880.

A familiar sight all over the city used to be the Cigar Store Indian, who like his prototype in the Far West is another Vanished American. The prices in old masters of painting can hardly show a more amazing advance than those of the cigar store Indian, and other figures that used to ornament the doorway of the old time tobacconist. There used to be an establishment on Canal Street near the Bowery where they were turned out in considerable numbers at from $18. to $25. each. A reporter who investigated the complaints of certain tobacconists regarding their high prices was informed by the proprietor of the "studio" that "I don't think there's more than five of us in the country. There's two here, and one in Chicago. The father of the business is Brooks of Chicago. He left here some years ago. I remember him forty years back. There's only about six men in this city can cut these figgers. Look at this Injun. (It was a figure in Peruvian costume). A man can rough this out in one day. For that he gets $4. Another man for $2. goes over it with a chisel to take out the gouge marks, but doesn't touch the face, which the other man leaves perfect 'cept for the sandpaper. A boy at 75¢ a day does the sandpaperin'. Then it's ready for the painter who can polish it off in a day."

"Are they Italians who do this artistic work?"

"Not a bit of it. Your Eyetalian is good enough in plaster, but he's nowhere in wood. They're all natives, used to make the figureheads on ships. Sometimes a German carver comes along but bless you, he wouldn't earn his salt or his sauerkraut at this. They're all right at home carvin' and that like, but to do a figger, they takes a whole week."

"Why do you always carve Indians?"

"We don't always. We does all sorts of figgers, even

Highlanders. Sometimes the fashion changes and we does Pucks, French sojer-gals, Zouaves, Clowns, Punches, and the like, but the Injun always comes out on top. Just now dudes is the fashion."

"Don't you create anything yourself?"

"Oh, yes, I once created a policeman, but had him loafin' around here for a long time before I could get him off my hands. One day a man comes here from Chicago, and sees him. He was so took with him that he thought a New York policeman would be a fine thing in Chicago, an' I let him go for $40. The New York po-liceman was quite a rage in Chicago for sometime and Brooks had quite a run on him. Female noods? Oh, no! there's one in tights but that's the nearest we can go or Comstock would be down on us pretty quick."

A figure of Sir Walter Raleigh attracted the reporter's attention. "The whilom idol of the Virgin Queen was in the posture of a swordsman delivering a thrust, but the weapon in this instance was in the left hand, which was lowered. His right "dook" was lingering with a bundle of tobacco leaves. The features had the sharp outlines of a man in the last stages of disease while a hectic flush was put on lavishly as if with a broom. The moustache, the imperial, and the hair were of the ravenest. The jaunty hat with its sweeping plume was a study for a Division Street milliner."

"You see, Sir Walter there," said the sculptor, "Well, I sold him once to a Cuban, who paid a deposit on him. Then his partner, another Cuban, came to see him and wouldn't have him because he was English, so they took a Puck instead. The lowest I sell for now is $18., and the prices go all the way up to $100. The figgers is all

complete, with stand and rollers, and are made out of the best pine."

Although these old figures have gone out as Cigar Store Signs they are now much in demand as ornamental figures on Country Estates. The same is true of the old clipper ship figurehead. They are undoubtedly true Americans of their kind and as but few have been preserved, doubtless their price will continue to advance.

There used to be a string of cheap eating houses on Chatham Street (now Park Row) whose incredibly low prices were in curious contradiction to the grandiloquent titles of the establishments themselves. Prominent among these were the "Jim Fisk," "Boss Tweed" and "Jumbo" restaurants, names suggestive of amplitude and generosity. Those of us who found in Horatio Alger the epic of the New York streets will remember "Ragged Dick" and "Tattered Tom" dining in the "Jim Fisk" and "Boss Tweed."

The prices at these taverns were consistent with the prodigal abundance of the New York markets at the time, and the humble status of the customers who came in to eat their fill at the oil cloth covered tables. At the "Jim Fisk" all meats were 8 cts. a portion, potatoes gratis, fish balls were 5 cts., fried eels 10 cts. A "daisy layout" could be had for 13 cts. The most expensive dish was porterhouse steak, 35 cts. All desserts were 5 cts. The "Jim Fisk" had a standardized pie 8 inches in diameter, and ½ inch thick that for time out of mind was divided into four right angles and served at 5 cts. "per." A new manager, fired by zeal in behalf of his employer—his sense of altruism blunted by long contact with the Bowery—committed the unspeakable offense of dividing this pie into five parts, thereby making isosciled triangles of them.

The students of Euclid who patronized the "Jim Fisk" immediately discerned the geometrical error involved in the division, and an insurrection shook the greasy rafters of the hash house that had its echoes for many a long day on Chatham Street, and enforced a salutary lesson on all dividers of pie on that classic thoroughfare.

The "Boss Tweed" sold roast turkey for 18 cts. and the waiters cry of "turk'n Cranbay" was the slogan of a gala occasion. A man who ordered this viand out of season was a special object of reverence to the waiter, who exercised extreme care in selecting an extra clean apron spot whereon to wipe his plate. The waiter always carried a damp towel of a swarthy complexion, but it was more of a badge of office, like a sergeant-at-arms mace, than an article of utility. His voice shattered the atmosphere, and it must have caused the stranger much astonishment to have his order of hash translated as "boned turkey." Sausage was also symbolized as "Three Atlantic Cable Lines," "Irish Turkey" which has survived to this very day was the synonym for corned beef.

Besides his qualifications as a servitor the waiter was always employed with a view to his prowess as a "bouncer," and the pleasant indoor sport known as the "bum's rush" was an incidental recreation to these athletes. I may mention here that the "flying wedge" at Jack's of which so much was made by our journalists at the closing of that renowned institution, was one of the standard tactics of the militant Bowery restaurateur, long before Jack's was on the map—only the East side version called into requisition the cook and the "pot-wrastler"—the latter a euphemism for dish-washer.

In the last issue of the *MANUAL* I gave a full description of the more renowned eating resorts near News-

paper Row like Hitchcock's, Dolan's, Lovejoy's, Nash and Crooks, Smith & McNeils, Noakes, Dorlan's in Fulton Market with Sweets opposite.

While on this subject let me quote a curious line from an old menu card of the La Farge Hotel, then located on Broadway which lies before me as I write. It is dated Feby. 1, 1859.

Breakfast from 7 to 11. Lunch 12 to 2. Dinner 2 to 7. Tea 7 to 8. Supper 8 to 12. Dinner on Sunday at 5 o'clock.

Elsewhere I have mentioned the gradual shortening of the number of meals. Few persons, however, are aware of the fact that five meals were customary in first-class hotels almost as late as the Seventies.

Another marine institution that contributed largely to the gayeties of the Summer holiday-maker was "the last boat" from the Iron Pier at Coney Island. On week-day-nights as shown in my picture, this was pleasant enough. The proletariat did not frequent "the Island" in any large numbers during workdays then, but on Sundays and legal holidays he was out in force and the "last boat" was a spectacle that would have given instruction to the most expert cattle drover in the Chicago Stockvards The boat was generally late in leaving and it was the policy of the Company to pen the waiting passengers within a palisade, for what seemed an interminable period. The capacity of this pen included the legal capacity of the boat and as many more as could be packed against the smoke-stack, walking beam, paddle boxes, pilot house, and in the unoccupied deck space. Distracted mothers with crying babies, miserable fathers with unhappy youngsters, all struggling for the breath of air that filtered through the sweltering throng gave the place a tolerable likeness to the Black Hole of Calcutta. Interspersed was

the normal proportion of alcoholics and roughs. The guardian angels of this assemblage—by grace of a beneficent steamboat company, were ex-bruisers and McKane plug-uglies, recruited from Coney Island's "Bowery" and similar redolent regions. All these were adepts with the black-jack, and any token of rebellion on the part of the last boaters was met with the "Strong Arm." All controversies regarding half-fare children under five, return tickets, etc., were adjudicated on the spot with the bludgeon. This pandemonium was somewhat mitigated by the construction of the New Iron Pier, but it was never wholly abated until land transportation to Coney Island became adequate for the increasing crowds.

Blackwell's Island today, while it is still used for correctional purposes, is hardly more than a legend compared with its functions forty years ago. Its change of name to the silly title of "Welfare Island" (one of our Main Street inspirations) is significant of the changed relations of society toward the minor offender and derelict. There used to be an enormous quota of what were called "ten-day bums," family nuisances whose appearance in police courts was periodical. These were carried off in droves in the Blackwell's Island boat to that smiling haven swept by the aromatic breezes from the soap factories of Hunter's Point. There was no Bellevue "psychopathic wards" no probation officer, no Salvation Army. When a man was "down" he was "out." Very often the "ten day" bum was given a three months "bit" by a paternal magistrate to tide him over the Winter. "That will let you out in the Spring" was a frequent magisterial peroration to a sentence. In fact, many of these proceedings were more in the way of charity than of correction and there

was a peculiar personal relation between the "Island" and many east side homes that is hard to describe today.

The police stations too were linked in this system. Numbers of them offered basement lodgings in Winter to the homeless of both sexes. The Oak Street station —a center of poverty and crime—no doubt sheltered more of these than any other in the city. It is a gratifying feature of local betterment that these charitable functions are now much more intelligently administered.

That unpretentious, but never-the-less potent augmenter of the receipts of subway and "L" stations, the slot machine, was first introduced to public notice in the Eighties—the earliest of these catch-penny devices did not absorb pennies at all, but nickels. "Nickel in the slot" was the slogan of the first machines. One of the earliest of these I remember was a beautiful little model of a railroad locomotive in the Battery Place steamboat landing, which, when a nickel was introduced, turned its wheels, and played a little tune. Similar machines in the way of steamboat models with moving paddle wheels were also on view elsewhere in ferry-houses, etc. I think there was one in the Sea Beach Palace in Coney Island. Later on the "penny in the slot" candy vending machine made its appearance.

It may seem incredible that when these latter machines were first placed in front of shops there were petty shopkeepers so despicable as to tamper with them so that the penny brought forth no reward and the unsuspecting infant was charged with attempting petty larceny and malicious mischief by the unspeakable custodian. I am glad to say, that this was by no means a general practice, but I simply mention it as a phenomena of this early novelty. In fact for a long time after its introduction

the public fought shy of this very unreliable purveyor—and adopted the motto of *caveat emperor* and it was only after larger interests took them up, that the machines regained public confidence.

Although the press of the Eighties had its faults, there was one nuisance rampant today from which it was comparatively free. I allude to the special "writeups" of utterly inconsequential persons, of whom one has never heard, but whose opinions, philosophies, and prophecies, occupy columns that might be conserved in the interest of paper shortage. Another innovation, the "interviewer" was just developing his stride in the Eighties. He was regarded with something like terror by foreign notables who linked him up with the custom house as an inevitable horror of an American landing. But he never bothered—nor was he allowed to—with small fry. Of course there were piquant paragraphs of the near-great but they went something like this: "I met John Squarenob, the affable ticket-chopper of the Rector Street Station the other day, and he gave me some amusing data concerning the habits of the Wall Street magnates who patronize his station. Jay Gould always buys six tickets at a time." "Uncle" Russell Sage buys his with five pennies, Stuyvesant Fish has a pass, etc., etc." Today's Ruths, Janes, and Winifreds would trail poor John to his pleasant little flat on the Grand Concourse and after getting his opinions on theology, the modern flapper, evolution, and the progress of aeronautics, settle down to a two column banality concerning John's real business: ticket chopping.

I think the taste for notoriety has grown enormously since then. The "bally hoo" has become a learned profession. The prototypes of certain people who loom large

in the press today would have shrunk from the verbal caricatures, and libelous photographs that deface the modern journal.

Another picturesque figure in jouralism of that day was a member of the Vanderbilt family—Elliot F. Shepard. He purchased the Mail and Express and owned it for many years. To this day the family can look back upon that period as one of the most hectic in all their experiences.

The genial Elliot was a religious crank, and one of the most annoying of the species. He printed a text from the Bible at the head of his editorial columns every day and one of them referred to the command "Six days shalt thou labor but the seventh is the Lord's." This referred to the Sunday editions of his contemporaries, and immediately brought loud guffaws from his ungodly neighbors as Shepard, or the family owned the Fifth Avenue stages at this time, and to preserve the purchase they were obliged to run them on Sabbath much to the disgust of the church goers who were strongly opposed to the practice. The situation furnished many a pungent paragraph to his colleagues in Newspaper Row.

This inconsistency was bad enough but when he copied the list of Union League Club members who were posted for arrears in house charges, dues, room rent, etc., he raised a storm that was difficult to calm. The Union League was for expelling him instanter and it was all that Chauncey Depew and the influential Vanderbilt connections could do to save his scalp. He certainly was l'enfant terrible while he owned that paper and the family breathed a huge sigh of relief when he was at last prevailed upon to give it up.

I believe he also originated that famous dinner of mil-

lionaires at the Fifth Avenue Hotel during the Blaine campaign, which became known as "Belchazzar's Feast." Blaine always thought this dinner was the main cause of his defeat.

Anthony Comstock comes to mind as one of the most talked of men of his day. Comstock may have been, and doubtless was, considerable of a fanatic but no one ever doubted his honesty, sincerity, or his physical courage. He was a crusader in his way and the fact that his way was frequently the wrong way made little or no difference to him. His prudish ideas were shared by a larger portion of the public than would be the case today. The City of Cincinnati about to give an exhibition of statuary was compelled by public opinion to clothe all undraped figures in "underthings" as we say today in our best Pecksniffian manner. And that was merely a reflex of Comstock's influence in New York. Power's Greek Slave, on exhibition at Stewarts at the time, brought forth a flood of heated controversy and was the cause of much embarrassment to females unaware of its nudity.

But Comstock kept right on. He appeared in person to prosecute his cases and, to give the old fellow his due, he rarely failed to secure a conviction. He was not only President of the Society for the Suppression of Vice but he was the Society itself.

I often wonder what the old fellow would do were he alive today. He was responsible for the law which limited the exact length beyond which in pictures, a raised skirt must not go. And I can assure my readers that it was *much* lower than you see on the streets today. His great specialty was the nude in art. He could see nothing in it but vulgarity and obscenity. His approach was the signal for wild scurrying on the part of art dealers to

Rev. Dr. W. R. Huntington, of Grace Church, a beloved minister whose memory has been preserved in the Huntington Outdoor Chapel, 1883.

remove all questionable pictures from display. And his attacks on books, theatres, etc., were endless.

There was never in my mind any doubt but that his work on the whole was good. I heard him speak at several churches and no one could fail to be impressed with his absolute devotion to the cause which he espoused.

Possibly he erred in his zeal at times. Yet he spoke of some phases of his work that were not generally known and you then realized the necessity for the existence of some such self constituted censor, fanatic or no fanatic. There were an immense amount of dirty trash in circulation which would have escaped public notice but for the work of this man. It was a serious matter to be brought to book by Comstock. While he had his enemies, he was nevertheless approved by a very large and very substantial portion of the community and his influence was far reaching. His organization still functions but with none of its old time spectacularism. As I remarked before, it would be fun to see him back again and to get his reaction to the styles and customs of the world as we know it today.

CHAPTER IV

Sinking in the Soft Asphalt – "Loose Chewin's" – "The Ball's up at the Park" – "Medicated" Red Flannel a Panacea for Everything – Wristlets – Cardigan Jackets – Ear Muffs.

CONCERNING the physical construction of the streets of our city at this time, I chant a pæan of glory to the "Belgian block" the "Telford" and the cobblestone. A fig for your rock bound coasts of Maine beloved of the spread eagle orator. "Bah!" to your "rocky road to Dublin," and several other superb gestures of contempt for classic metaphors. The New York roadway of our period presented as rough, as toilsome, and as rugged a surface as any of these. The "400" bounced and tossed about in their carriages on the way to the Twin Palaces, Chateaux, etc. of the Vanderbilts, as if those show places were built in a rocky fastness, instead of on the chief residential highway of the Western Hemisphere. The only smooth highways in the city were the macadam-

ized roads of upper Seventh Avenue and Lenox Avenues for the benefit of the fast drivers. The first asphalt pavement in New York was an experimental couple of blocks on lower Fifth Avenue. The first long stretch of asphalt pavement was on Eighth Avenue, built under the usual political contract, beautifully smooth at first, but not long in developing a series of hills and hummocks, and in wet weather countless pools and puddles. It had also the delightful property of softening in hot weather and the imprint of the traffic was everywhere in evidence. The modern woodblock pavement did not come until many years later.

As for the famous "sidewalks of New York" as I remember them, they served the purposes of a cuspidor for a large proportion of the City's population. This proportion was actively engaged in chewing "Virgin Leaf," and "Climax", the former particularly. Our well-known "red-blooded men" (by the way, blue blood was then in higher regard) revelled in "loose chewin's" of which the flavorous extract garnished the corners of their lips. Most "parlors" contained a pair of porcelain cuspidors for the accommodation of these ruminents and the sidewalks served the same purpose when they were taking a constitutional. The present local ordinance against spitting was only achieved after a desperate struggle by the Board of Health and is not such an ancient statute as we would like to believe. It was at first regarded as a frightful blow at personal liberty. Many banks and offices singled out the cigarette by name and prohibited its use while permitting cigars. Cigars were the universal adult smoke. Cigarettes were only for the exotic. Few smoked pipes except the Irish laborer with his "duhdeen," or the German spending a few idle years coloring a meers-

chaum. And speaking of cigars I know of nothing so effective in combatting socialistic theories as Mr. Marshall's celebrated panacea, a good Five Cent Cigar. The Five Cent Cigar of the Eighties could always be identified by the amount of gold on the lid of the box, and also by the portrait of the celebrity that the proletariat of the day most delighted to honor. Among these were Terence V. Powderly, the intrepid leader of the Knights of Labor; Pauline Markham, equally intrepid leader of the "British Blondes," Louise Montague, Barnum's $10,000 Beauty, "Henry George," "Samuel J. Tilden," "Mary Anderson" ("Our Mary" long before the present screen usurper of the title.) No second-rater ever decorated the lid of a Five Cent Cigar Box, and I cannot remember that any baseball "star" ever shone there, not even $10,000 Kelly or the famous "Empire" of the same name, or "Pop" Anson, or "Buck Ewing," although perhaps some archaeologist may refute me.

Forty years ago there was still some wildness left in the Wild West. General Miles was chasing Gerominos across Arizona. Sitting Bull refused to remain seated, and what the newspapers called "Uneasiness among the Indians" was causing great concern to the Department of the Interior. All this, however, did not interfere with the frontier drama in the second and third class theatres in New York. There the histrionic ancestors of Bill Hart and Tom Mix held forth at wages that must make these worthies chuckle that they were not then born. They enacted the drama of the "wild and woolly" to the readers of Beadle's Dime Novels who had yet an extra dime for a greasy pasteboard to the celestial benches of the Windsor, The People's, The Third Avenue—yes, and tell it not in Gath—some playhouses further West.

Five Cent Cigars were named after popular heroes of the day—Terence V. Powderly, Henry George, Mary Anderson, Samuel J. Tilden, Lillian Russell, Pauline Markham being so honored. No second rater has ever decorated the lid of a Five Cent Cigar Box.

Here were heard the "blood curdling yells of the savages," the "crack of the trusty rifle," "the bark of the unerring six shooter" and the glorious crescendo "the hoof beats of the approaching U. S. Cavalry." Here "another savage bit the dust" and "a scowl darkened the brow of Black Bill as his hand moved toward his holster." All the dear old hokum of "Beadle's," "The Boys of New York" and "Young America" set to appropriate music, that has its modern instance in the "movies."

These frontier shows often had special features of collateral interest. "During Act II, Mr. Jack Dalton will present his great bowie knife act, in which "Baby Bessie, the Pet of the Gulch" will be pinned to a board by bowie knives. This act has been performed without mishap by Mr. Dilton for over 1550 times, and is universally conceded the most hazardous act on the stage."

"Baby Bessie" by the way, was exceedingly hard to look at, whereupon one excited auditor on seeing the first knife bury itself harmlessly alongside, shouted disgustedly, "By Jove, he missed her!"

Another feat of a similar character that resulted in a homicide was that of Frank Frayne, who was wont to surround his living target with a halo of real bullets. The catastrophe that inevitably resulted marked the end of this form of "entertainment."

Many of these shows carried real Indians in their companies and frequently a little side line of Indian remedies were on sale in the lobby of the theatre. "Pawnee Herb Tea," "Rattle Snake Oil" and similar panaceas were dispensed by a long haired medico, in a sombrero, a dirty white shirt, embellished by a glass stud, and with finger nails showing no evidence of a recent acquaintance with soap.

Nor must I forget the troupe of trained dogs, that were far from subordinate members of some of these shows. Today we have trained fleas, doubtless a heritage from these dogs. How well I remember the bulldog that sprang through the window of the lonely log cabin, at the throat of the villain who had the beautiful daughter of the ranch owner in his devilish clutch. How the boys would yell, and whistle and stamp until Towser was produced to take a curtain call. There is a sad decline in the drama since those days. The decorous Boy Scouts at the movies, where they play Bach's Etude in A minor, between the acts, can never know the delight of munching peanuts to the tune of "Wait till the Clouds Roll by, Jennie" played with all the gusto of six robust Germans in the orchestra.

A Japanese visitor to New York, in Winter, two score years ago, might be excused for believing himself the recipient of special honor, on beholding his national emblem fluttering on the roofs of horse-cars. But the little white flags, with the red ball on them, were only the replica of the flag in Central Park, which gave notice that the ice was strong enough for skating on the lakes there. Of course the car lines profited by this in the increased patronage of the skaters but sometimes a sudden shift in temperature would result in disappointment to many, especially to those who had made trips from the "lower wards" as they were called by those leisurely arks—the horse cars—most of which were quite innocent of any heating qualities except the language of the passengers. A long trip in one of these cars in Winter would change a normally mild and non-pugnacious citizen into a dangerous and ferocious animal. One of the frequent contributions to this result was the genial and airy habit of cer-

tain departing passengers to make their exit by the front door, leaving it open. It was the driver's business to close the door, but sometimes being a man of a studious turn of mind, or enjoying a passage at arms with a recalcitrant truckman, this duty was overlooked and the well-known icy blasts of Winter made the car an agreeable habitat for a polar bear but scarcely comfortable for humans.

The average New Yorker, acquainted with these conditions, was a strong advocate of "winter clothing." This consisted of cork soled shoes, lamb's wool or camel's hair underwear, ditto socks, "Winter suit," wind-proof overcoat and oft times a fur cap and ear-muffs. Of course the great amount of driving in open, or when closed, unheated vehicles, made this costume seasonable. In certain cases it was augmented by chest protectors, liver pads, mufflers, abdominal bandages, wristlets (are wristlets still extant?) and I must not forget that precursor of today's "sweater"—the Cardigan jacket.

There was also a superstitious reverence for red flannel. Every Irish blacksmith, hod carrier, and brick layer wore red flannel and didn't care who knew it, and there was a special garment of this material known as "medicated" which purported to be an invulnerable shield, not alone against the ills of Winter, but also against the Asiastic Cholera and kindred exotic visitations which occasionally slipped in through the bars of Castle Garden.

Cough medic nes, with the average ingredient of opium in their composition, were extensively advertised. Open windows in sleeping rooms were just beginning as a practice of the "intelligentsia" who also were taking up a novel eccentricity known as a cold "sponge bath." The renown of the English "tub" accounted somewhat for this latter.

"Buck" Ewing, popular Captain of the New Yorks.

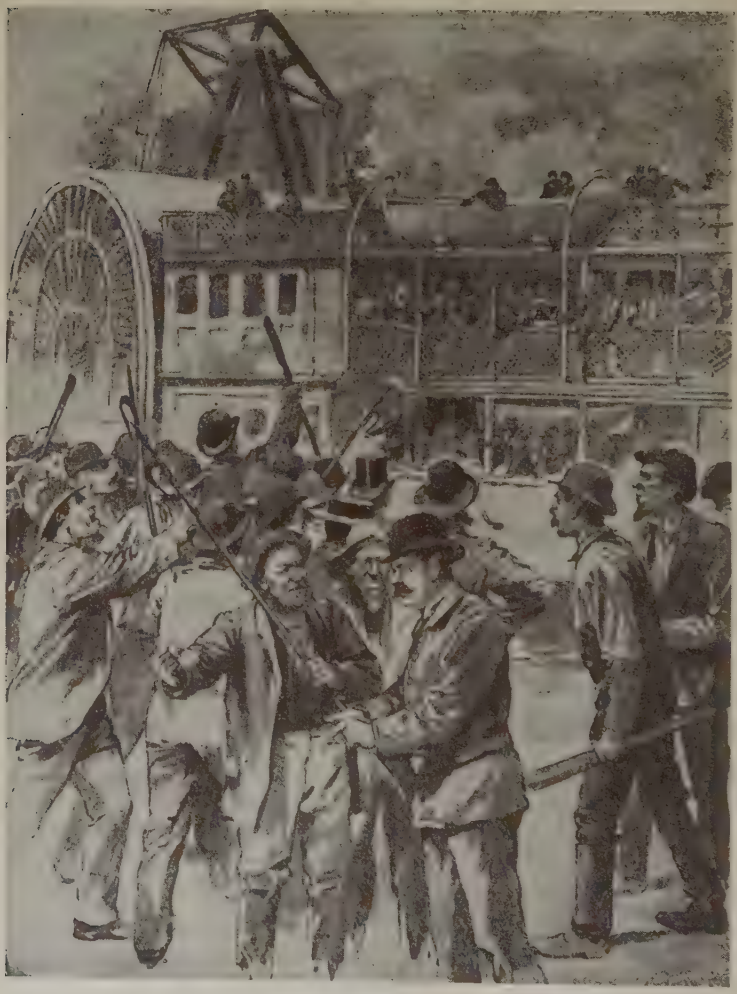
In fact bathing was somewhat of a luxury in the '80's, that is on week days.—The Saturday night ablution was a rite. Cold "sponge bathers" were regarded as rugged if not reckless individuals.

With the passing of the buffalo, too, went one of the great comforts of the old trotting horse era, the buffalo robe, which still existed in large numbers long after the original bones they protected were left bleaching on the plains. These robes together with bear skins and kindred domestic hides were found in the equipment of every well appointed stable. As they passed through the various degrees of decrepitude they were gradually handed down until finally they were found on the "box" and over the dusty cushions of the public "hack." Drivers and other vehicular workers were a great deal more exposed to the elements than they are today. Car-drivers. conductors, etc., did not stand in vestibules but on exposed platforms. The Brooklyn trolley lines were the first to enclose car platforms in Winter. The Manhattan companies were loath to do this, as it interfered with passengers clinging to the dashboards and otherwise enjoying "open air" riding. Hackmen and coachmen too did not have the comfort of a radiator. The best they could do was in the way of a hot water footwarmer, or perhaps the humbler hot brick that was sometimes employed. Perhaps all these things are reasons for the proverbial saying "There were real Winters in those days." It was no joke to handle a car or truck in the face of a driving snowstorm in zero weather but that was the conditions that then prevailed.

In 1885 the city was much alarmed by a threatened invasion of Asiastic cholera and the Legislature passed an act appropriating $150,000. for street cleaning in New

York. There was special apprehension felt among the dwellers in "Shantytown" since it was there that the first victim of the scourge of 1866 was stricken. This was in a shanty on the rocks of 93rd Street and 3rd Avenue. Therefore, according to a newspaper account, "Great excitement" prevailed in the shanty district in the neighborhood of 5th Avenue, below Mount Morris Park. Yesterday Patrick Reilly, 40, living in a shanty at 119th Street and Fifth Avenue, had been taken violently sick on Wednesday. Doctors had been called and decided that the case presented all the symptoms of Asiastic Cholera. This news soon leaked out and the whole neighborhood was soon seized with a panic, even the goats and dogs showing signs of fear." It transpired however that Patrick was merely suffering from cholera morbus due to a little light refreshment in the way of pork and cabbage indulged in the evening before with the thermometer around 90. The newspaper states also "All that portion of Fifth Avenue above the Polo Grounds is covered with shanties. The streets have been blasted through, leaving the center of the blocks immense masses of stone, sometimes as much as 15 feet above the level of the streets. The inhabitants are mostly Irish laborers and as is the custom in the "old country" men, women, and children live in the same apartments with goats, geese and dogs."

Every now and then some special newspaper writer, who has been in New York ever since the Woolworth Building was completed, waxes sentimental over the old time hackmen of the city and a quantity of crocodile tears is shed by a number of old ladies who deem it the right time to shed them but whose experience with hackmen is limited. The truth is, the ancient chanter of "Keb, Sir, Want a Keb?" around the railroad stations and in other

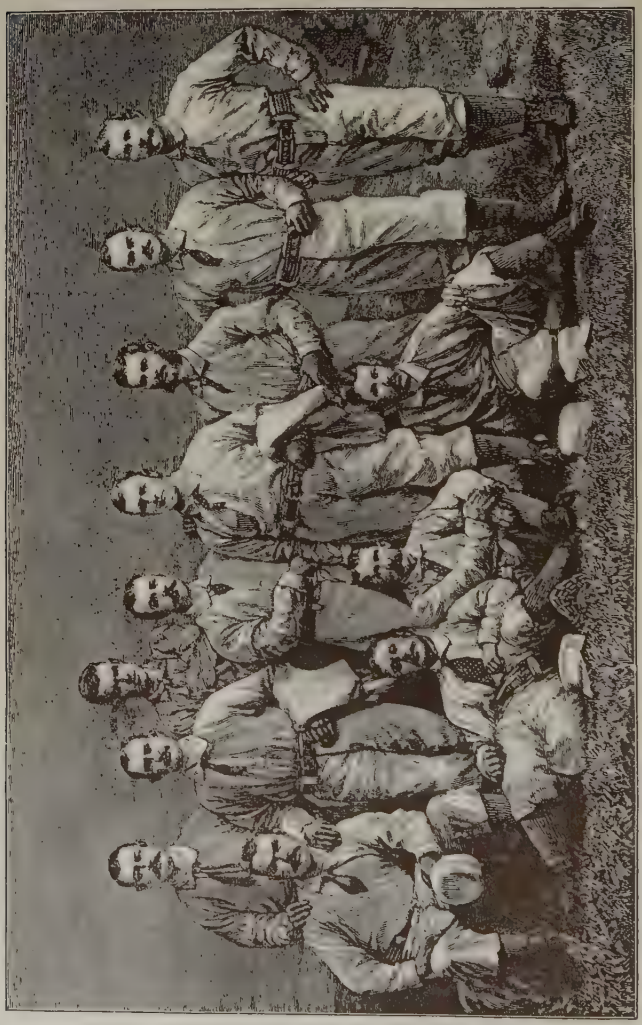


Excited denizens of Fire Island forcibly prevent landing of cabin passengers from the "Normania" on account of supposed cholera aboard in steerage. This was kept up almost a week.

public places, was as arrant a knave (generally speaking) as the streets of New York contained. There was no such thing as a taximeter in the '80s, and consequently disputes over distances were matters of commonplace. However, no one of local experience ever engaged a hack without making a bargain in advance unless he was out of his mind. Every old guide book to the city contains a warning against the extortions of cabmen. To dispute with one of this gentry over the fare meant either a personal encounter or a trip to the station house, and the judgment of a not over sympathetic sergeant on "desk duty." The casual policeman on beat had no authority to decide the delicate question as to whether a thousand yards made a mile, or not.

The fact is, cabs were not a popular means of locomotion. They were patronized mainly by the "fast" crowd —the sports demi-monde, etc., except on those special occasions when an evening toilette necessitated their use by others, and on rainy nights to the theatre. The bulk of the population rarely made use of them. Lost property was hardly ever seen again. The legal requirements of a number were technically complied with by a small stencilled transparency on dim and flickering cab lamps or in faded numerals on a badge pinned to the driver's coat. "Night hawks" were in more or less demand by seekers for questionable resorts, and always "stood in" with their keepers. All in all, the "man on the box" if he was picturesque was one to whom is applicable the poet's words distance lends enchantment to the view.

The coming of the Elevated gave great impetus to the growth of the new "French flat idea." That was the early title bestowed on our modern "apartments." It may not be generally known that all of this class of dwellings come



The Metropolitan Base Ball Nine. The popular base ball champions in 1882.

under the legal caption of "tenement houses"—so that even the finest of our Park Avenue palaces, housing more than two (or perhaps three) families—is under the law a "tenement." The earliest form of this type of domicile in New York was the private house sublet in floors to different tenants. Mechanical door openers were not then invented and visitors were instructed to ring "once for the first floor," "twice for the second," etc. Then somebody hit upon the idea of separate bell pulls for each floor, but visitors not knowing the floor of their intended call, pulled the bells at haphazard. Then a massive intellect hit upon the idea of labeling the bells and that was the beginning of the present system in our already "old-fashioned" flats. The bells were usually of the fire alarm pattern, setting up a terrific clamor, it being necessary for the top floor, under this system—to hear the number of strokes. It was also necessary for the dwellers in these eagle-crags to run downstairs to answer these calls. The inconvenience of this system being apparent, a mechanical engineer, philosopher, and benevolently minded inventor rolled into one, conceived the idea of attaching a wire to the door lock, the other end connected with a lever on the order of a railroad switch. This was considered a marvel of convenience, prior to the invention of the electric door opener rendering it only necessary for the dwellers in the upper regions to descend a few flights to carry up coal, answer the postman, the milkman, and a few other errands.

Excepting a few of the more expensive types the earliest "French Flats" were not steam-heated. Warmth was introduced by the kitchen range, sometimes augmented by a parlor stove. This latter was an ornate affair generally surmounted by a nickle-plated knight in armor.

It was a very efficient warming agent with a slow fire, but with the "damper" open and a draught introduced, its capacity for consuming anthracite was about equivalent to that of a sixty ton Baldwin locomotive. This was not regarded with undue alarm in those happy days when "white ash" or "red ash" hovered about $3.50 per ton. Gas stoves were hardly known then, nor were oil stoves. There was a great deal of wood gathered up by the poor in the streets, especially in the neighborhood of demolished buildings. The present system of careful salvage was not in vogue, and many a fine specimen of ancient woodwork —much sound timber, and other highly prized objects today,—fed the flames of a hovel fireplace. Almost every grocery store sold kindling wood in short sturdy bundles tied together by resined twine to start fires at 5¢ a bundle, six for a quarter. Early morning fires were sometimes accelerated by newly landed Irish domestics, by the addition of kerosene oil. This naive practice furnished unending "copy" for the comic papers. This item and "Farmer Corntassel" blowing out the gas, ran neck and neck for first place in our humorous journals.

"Furnished Rooms" as a money-making speculation were unknown. Accommodations of this description were generally the upper quarters of private houses, which were unused by the families resident therein, and returned a convenient modicum of the rent, instead of being regarded as independent commercial transactions. What are known as "hall rooms" originated here. They meant rooms opening on the hall having no connection with the family quarters. These were usually servants' rooms when there were no lodgers. Boarding houses served the needs of what at present is a large class of furnished room and restaurant patrons.

There was also a relatively much larger number of second-class hotels than there is today. Places like Lovejoy's, French's, Earle's, The Putnam House, The Ashland, The Sinclair House, Bancroft House, Smith and McNell's, etc., accommodated many permanent guests of limited means. Some of these houses had rooms for fifty cents a day, while the best of them had a minimum rate of one dollar.

There were also quite a number of hotels of the third-grade scattered about town. One of these, the Columbia Hotel, stood on Broadway above 46th Street in what is now the center of the Great White Way until about twenty years ago. The Mills Hotels when first opened took considerable patronage from these houses, but many thus alienated found the restrictions of the new houses irksome, and returned to their earlier domiciles. A large number of corner saloons bore the legend "Rooms for Gentlemen only" where a good many not unworthy members of the community found shelter.

Many of the clergy of the Eighties fulminated against the theatre. Fire and brimstone was a far more frequent theme of pulpit oratory than today and the theatre was looked upon askance in many homes the equivalent of those that send thousands to the movies today. Dr. Talmage of Brooklyn drew the wrath of the entire theatrical profession by his wholesale denunciation of the stage, but Dr. Robert Collyer, one of the most beloved and genial of the City's clerics was more tolerant and during one of these attacks sent the following letter to A. M. Palmer of the Union Square Theatre concerning a play which will no doubt be pleasantly recalled by many of my readers.

"Dear Mr. Palmer:

We greatly enjoyed *David Rochat.* It has a noble purpose and is beautifully done. If such dramas could take possession of the modern stage, and find such perfect and touching interpretation, one might expect some such thing to come to pass as we heard of in the last century, when a Presbyterian Synod in Edinburgh adjourned that "the brethren" might go and see Mrs. Siddons. The Church has had fair reason for girding at the theatre in the interest of good morals and a pure life. She would cease from her antagonism if plays like yours became the staple of the stage. Such plays are fine sermons with the "preaching" left out. I have not cried until the other evening, in a theatre since Forrest's time. I thought I had got past such a weakness and could smile when I saw it in my wife and children, but I gave in and was the better for it."

Dr. Collyer known as the "blacksmith preacher" because of his early calling was a man of varied interests. He was a familiar figure along Broadway where his rugged frame, silver hair and kindly countenance attracted more than ordinary notice.

It has become a kind of legend to class the Eden Museè with Bedloe's Island, the Museum of Art, Chinatown, and a few other places as resorts maintained for the exclusive edification of out of town visitors. Of course the fact is that being static institutions, the New Yorker felt that they would "stay put" and that some day when time was heavy on his hands he would take them in. Many of them did so, but those that failed going to the Museè missed a very amusing and interesting entertainment notwithstanding its repute as a resort of the unsophisticated.

The quality of the Museè was at once evident in its

Wax figures at the entrance of the Eden Musee. These represented a country couple having their pockets picked, as you see, by the gent at right. The life-like appearance of the group was so real as to greatly excite the visitor before he realized the deception. "The Chamber of Horrors" downstairs completed his day of thrills.

outer lobby. A wax effigy of a handsome New York policeman stood guard over the ticket-taker, with a watchful eye on the box office. So life like was the "cop" that the catalogue of exhibits, issued by the Musee, declared that not even the most hardened "flim-flammer" would attempt to "short change" the box office, under that stern and immovable gaze. But sad to relate, the moral effect of all this was lost in a scene a few feet away, where a gentleman engaged in scrutinizing a placard reading "Beware of Pickpockets," and accompanied by a lady of rural aspect, was having his pocket neatly picked by an ironical individual, who appeared quite conscious of the humor of the situation.

Among the charms of the Eden Musee were the little apparently extemporaneous scenes that the visitor encountered. A rustic is seen ruefully examining his light trousers that have just removed a section of green paint from a bench bearing a card marked "Paint!" For a moment one was inclined to approach the unfortunate with words of sympathy. But he continues to stare at the damaged garments, and it suddenly dawns on the beholder that he has been spoofed by the management, and that the figure in the trousers is a dummy; so he turns away rapidly to see if he is getting the laugh.

It was this atmosphere of the real and the unreal mingling that was most amusing. You could not be certain that the pretty young woman reading a novel on a bench nearby was flirtable or only another green paint episode, and the place abounded with these amusing traps.

The "Chamber of Horrors" below stairs, was the flesh-creeping department of the establishment. As you descended you first found yourself looking into a concave mirror and were startled to discover that you were a

mere dressed up skeleton. Scarcely had you recovered your equanimity, when in a recess on the landing below, you encountered a hideous old hag with outstretched palm. Your surprise at finding a beggar there, was only momentary when you recognized in the leering features, our old friend, *Mere Frochard* of the "Two Orphans."

The *piece de resistance* in the gloom of the Chamber was a series of four scenes, called "The History of a Crime." The first showed a burglar kneeling before a safe, in the light of a dark lantern, while stretched on the floor of an alcove lay the dead body of the householder. The second was "The Capture." The police have seized the culprit in the parlor of a demi-mondaine. He is cowering before the pistols of the officers. She is rising frightened from a table on which overturned champagne glasses and scattered playing cards show how the night has been spent. The third picture was "The Trial," taking place in a somewhat meagrely attended court room but extremely realistic, nevertheless; and the fourth "The Penalty" showed the close of this grim history, with the condemned taking a last farewell of a broken-hearted old mother and the jailor waiting in the doorway.

The moral effect of this series was not evident in "An Execution in Morocco" which appeared a mere butchery although highly gratifying to those who were "a wee bit bloodthirsty," while the only homily to be extracted from "The Death of the Prince Imperial" was that young French Bourbons were much safer on the Boulevards of Paris than in the jungles of Zululand. Ajeeb, an automatic chess player, probably headed the show in point of interest and popularity. He played a remarkable game and ever remained a mystery.

"Those were also the days of real sport," yes, indeed—

and one of the real sports was cock fighting, and any number of these contests were pulled off before the S. P. C. A. put a ban on them. There was intense rivalry between different localities in the matter of breeding "game" chickens and cocks. An example of this was a "chicken main" between Kings and Queens Counties that took place in a neutral suburb on a New Year's Eve, and was reported in extenso in next day's papers. "From ten o'clock on New Year's Eve until nine o'clock on New Year's morning the progress of a chicken dispute was watched by 300 wideawake individuals." To give an idea of the quality of this entertainment let us quote the description of the sixth fight: "Even money on the main. The weights were 4 lbs. 7 oz. A grander battle between chickens was never seen in the North. Kings sent in a black-red with black hackle, and Queens was of the same color with white hackle. Like a pistol crack they went together two or three times and then stopped a second to take account of damages. They were knocked stupid. Recovering they went at it again and cut deep at every blow. Kings at last sent a cracker across Queens back and he dropped like a stone with his backbone seriously damaged. Queens shook off the effects of the blow in good time and again faced his enemy. He got all he wanted—throat cut, body in ribbons, neck twisted, until with the whole top of his head cut off the Queens bird stretched himself out to die. "A murderer and a ready thief" were the pet terms with which the winner was greeted. Time 19m. 18s."

This edifying opening of the New Year was only a sample of hundreds of similar "sporting" events throughout the year. Rat pits and dog pits were also the arenas of innumerable sanguinary battles. Taste in sports to-

day is infinitely less barbaric, and public sentiment would no longer tolerate such atrocious entertainments (?) as I have just described.

New York, famous for its palatial skyscrapers, is equally infamous to those who know its old time tenement houses. It is said that when the city requires more homes for the poor, it creates new slums. The abandoned homes of the prosperous serve the needs of the poor. In the sanitary arrangements of the modern barracks there is indeed a vast improvement over the horrible conditions in the tenements of forty years ago. That New York escaped pestilence then is only due to its unrivalled natural advantages of situation, and the vigilance of its even then admirable Board of Health. The tenement house of today is the "French Flat" of the Eighties gone to seed. In one respect it exceeds in horror its predecessor—that is its height. If the squalor of a small tenement dismays, that of a large one terrifies. The old tenement was fouler inwardly but its exterior was less forbidding.

The poor found their most congested quarters as they do today, in the lower East Side where thousands of them lived in alleys, and purlieus amid a squalor that defies description. "Bottle Alley" was one of the most notorious of these slums. "Gin Mills" abounded, as did stale beer cellars. A peculiarly villainous decoction that was vended in this region was a portion of grain alcohol diluted with water, at the price of five cents a pint. The name of "Bottle Alley" was ascribed to the amazing number of flagons containing this inflammatory beverage that passed in transit there.

The habitations in those regions were old houses, abandoned decades before by their original owners, and now

given over to the lowest type of immigrant. Many of them were ramshackle wooden structures, built in a very early period of the city's progress. A few still persisted in the lower part of our city within the proverbial stones throw of the wealthiest section of the town—in Rector Street, Cedar, Washington, etc. I have reproduced a specimen of these buildings and to the artist's drawing I can add my own personal recollection. These congeries were reproduced in a more extemporaneous form in the freer and more rural atmosphere of "Corcoran's Roost," "Mackerelville" and on the rocks of upper Manhattan in general. Cherry Street, a thoroughfare of the gentry during the Revolution, was at this time, a synonym for all that was rough and tough. The adjacent regions shone in its reflected glory, besides producing a potent ruffianism of its own, as a by product. Mulberry Bend had also a high flavor, but of a more exotic type. Sicilian blackmailers (later called Blackhanders) beggars, rag pickers, and padrones abounded on the site of what is now Mulberry Bend Park. This I may mention in passing was the noted "Five Points" of malodorous memory.

From all of these slums came the notorious gangs that were thorns to the police which I have mentioned before. The Whyos—perhaps the most noted—The Knuckle Dusters, The Gas House Gang, The Dry Docks, The Hook Gang, The Slaughter House Gang, and others, comprising one of the most ferocious rabbles in the world. These gangs, however, were only local eruptions, usually confining their felonious practices to their own bailiwicks, preying on small shopkeepers, holding up passersby for beer money, waging war between their different clans, and as remote from central Manhattan as an Italian mountain brigand is from Rome. Very infrequently did an audacious

member sally forth into the "silk stocking" districts with predacious purposes. Most high crimes—burglary, bank robbery, and the like were committed by "Western crooks," which comprehensive term included all those from out of town.

Among the primary lessons in crime among the gangsters was "till tapping." A grocer, butcher, or other small tradesman would be enticed from his store by urchins employed to do mischief outside, and while so distracted the "tapper" would swiftly rob the cash drawer. This led to the invention of a drawer that only opened by the proper manipulations of a kind of clutch controlled by a set of wires; this device had a large sale, and preceded the invention of the cash register.

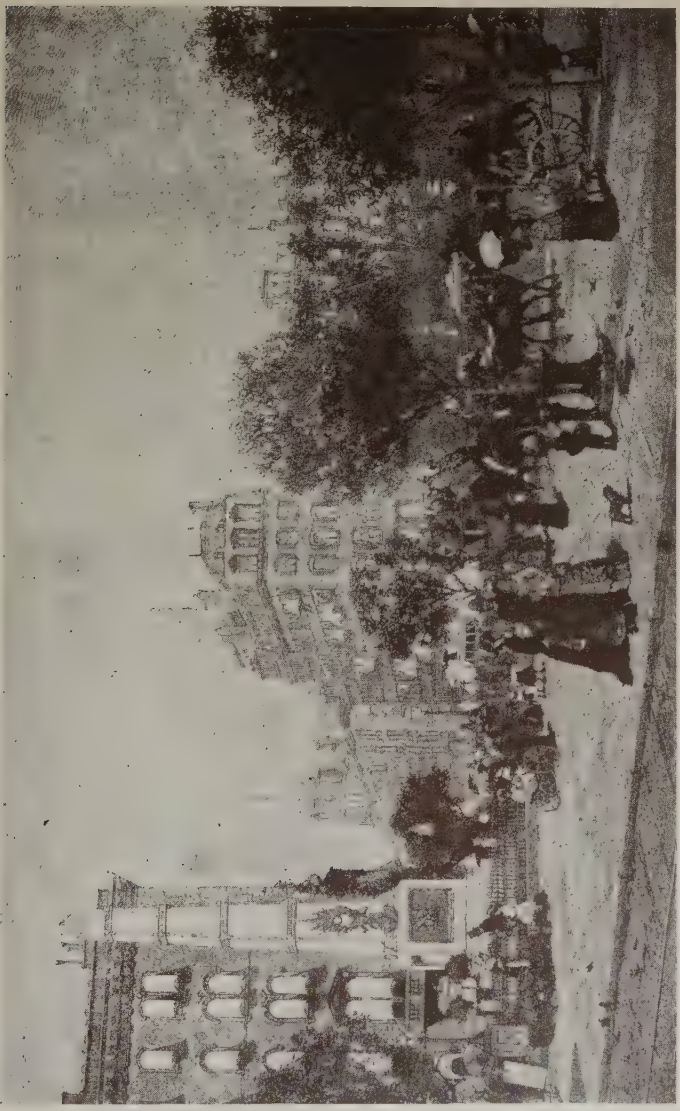
Another trick practiced by the more advanced school of larceny on the solitary storekeeper was worked in pairs. One of these pretending to be an inspector of gas or water meters, backed up by a tin badge, usually unintelligible to the "Dutch" proprietor, would request him to point out the location of the meter to be examined. As this was usually in the cellar, it left the field open for a confederate to clean out the unguarded premises.

The price of peace for many of these small storekeepers was the periodical purchase of tickets, for the "Helping Hands Social Club," "The Gentlemen's Sons' Coterie," "The Blush Roses" and "The Jolly Owls," "Entertainment and Ball". "Tickets" including hat check, 25 cts. Ladies Free." "Dere's a couple of de boys in de jug, and we're raising de brads to stake de jawslinger for dem" was a common appeal. I have one of these "functions" in mind that took place in a hall over a saloon. There was a sign at the foot of the stairway "Take an Elevator at the Bar." A gentleman of large frame and

determined aspect at the top exacted another unanticipated quarter for a "hat check." There being no hat room this was an ingenious fiction. The hall was a dismal apartment decorated at the height of the human head with a band of grease—an evidence that "patent leather hair" was even then in vogue in our best circles. A wooden bench ran along two sides of it; at one end was a platform and at the other, a bar. The stairway was in a strategic position to afford admirable facilities for the sudden ejection of obnoxious parties.

The "entertainment" began with the announcement by the master of ceremonies—a replica of Bill Sykes—that the celebrated gas-house champions, Skelly and Cronin, would box four rounds "Markis o' Queensberry" for "our friends." He further announced that the "dicer" would be passed around after every act and said "When it comes to you, you ort to do your best, for who knows when you'll want it yourselves." This sentiment was rapturously applauded. Following the gas-house artists, came Sadie Smith and Hattie O'Brien, "champeen lady boxers." Perhaps I ought to mention that between the bouts a drunken piper played a jig, and when requested to give way to the next number, defied the assembled company to single combat, and had to be beaten with a stool-leg and thrown downstairs before order could be restored. Dancing followed, each number ending with a can-can. The dancers resorted frequently to the bar—a half dozen fights (which I did not witness) resulted, all of them quelled by the combatants being thrown downstairs, and I was later informed that the affair had wound up in a small sized riot.

Our period marked the end of the horse-hair era of parlor furniture. This inhuman fabric was as comfortable

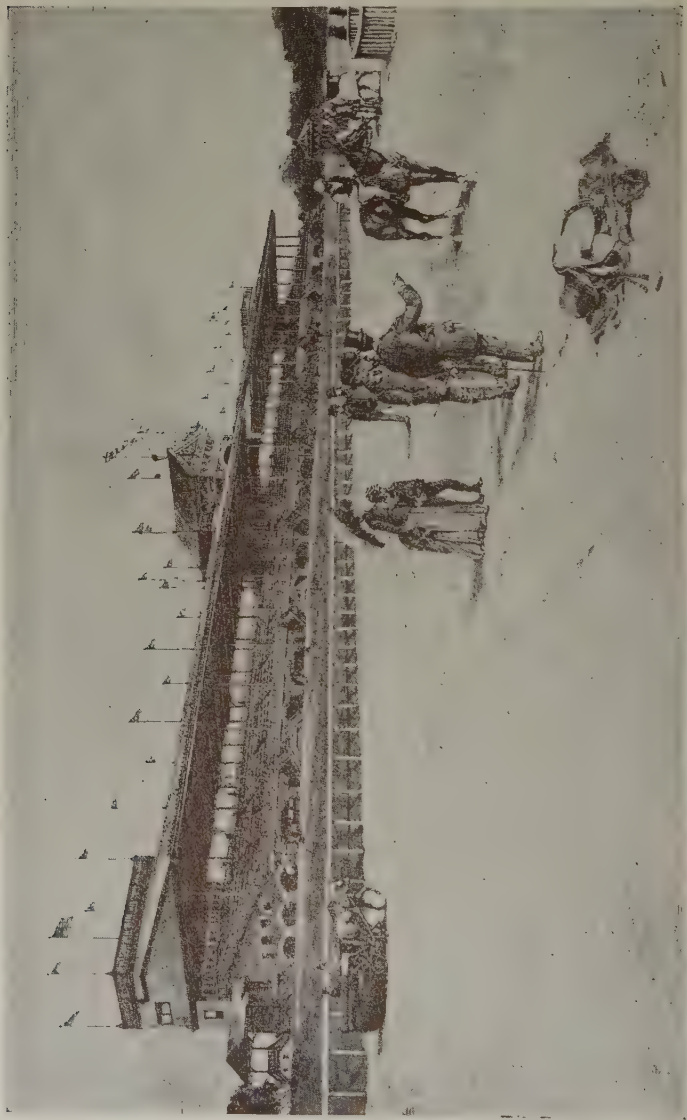


Madison Square showing the old Brunswick Hotel at right and Worth Monument at left. Painted by Wordsworth Thompson and exhibited at National Academy of Design 1880.

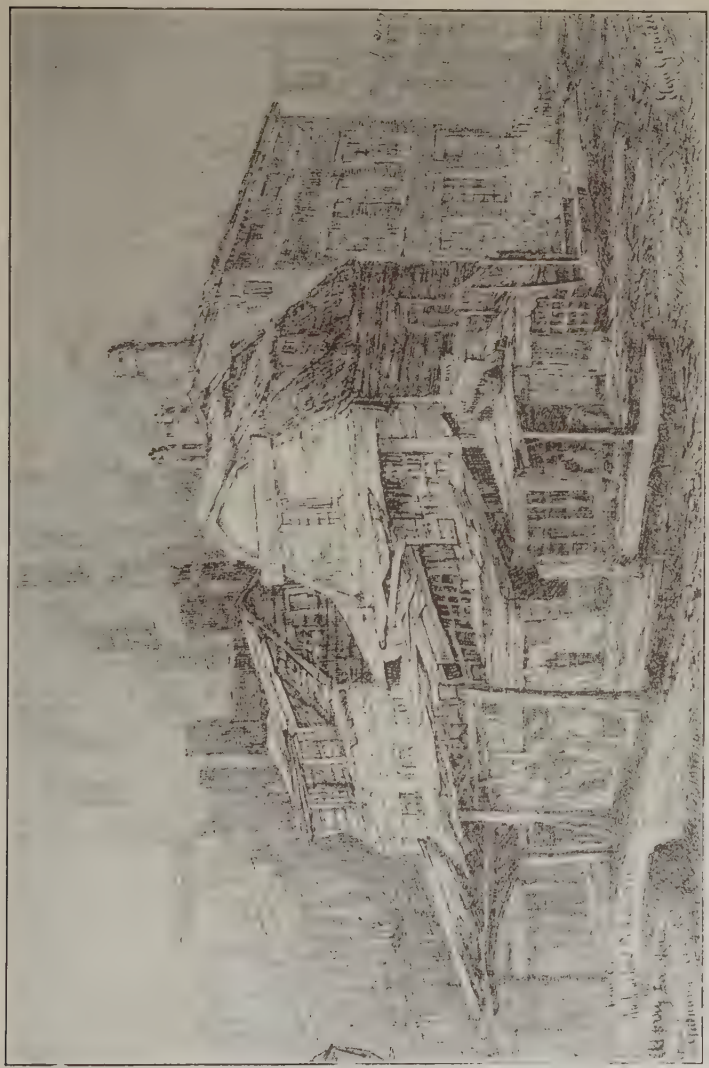
in upholstery as a concrete park bench, and twice as slippery. It expressed more potently than any other household appurtenance the Puritanical doctrine of the mortification of the flesh. The drawing rooms of the Age of Innocence still contained examples of this justification of arson. It was usually framed in rosewood sufficient to withstand the assaults of generations of housemaids. The drawing room itself was a bleak and cheerless apartment, its floor covered with a carpet having a design of roses about the size of large cabbages. An enormous marble mantlepiece over a mysterious cavity known as a fireplace, that was always cold, supported an alabaster clock, flanked by alabaster vases containing muslin flowers. This mantlepiece also provided a convenient support for the elbow of the bewhiskered gallant of the Fanny Fern School of fiction. A marble top centre table with legs of an amazing power, and contortion, supported a plush bound photograph album, about the size of the city directory and sometimes, as a filip to the exhausted visitor, who has been examining the portraits, a volume of "Battles and Heroes of the Civil War" of a bulk and weight of one of the sandbags of Fort Sumpter. Pendant from the ceiling was a prodigious chandelier of French crystals, or colored gas globes.

There arose a revolt against this school of decoration that had its sources in England among the Pre-Raphaelites and Aesthetes, the Burne-Jones', Rosettis, Whistlers, Wildes, and Wm. Morrises who began a crusade against British Philistinism. At once there was a reaction that was almost as terrible as the curse it had supplanted. Whistler, commissioned to do a wall decoration in a nobleman's house took a pot of blue paint there and after smearing his background with it, superimposed a flock of

golden peacocks thereon—storks, cranes, herons, pelicans, and other strange fowl soonafter appeared on the walls of heretofore gloomy drawing rooms. Wm. Morris started his handcraft shops and a craze developed for "cobwebby gray velvet, with a tender bloom like cold gravy," that spread to America. Hither came Oscar Wilde to exhort the people to "be Early English ere it is too late," and New York houses began to thaw before the sign of the sunflower. Gradually the horsehair furniture retreated to the second floors of cheap boarding houses and plush reigned, instead of the mane and tail of the defunct steed. Oriental draperies and porcelains, rugs and inlaid woods displaced the Occidental carpets. Bric a brac of the unenlightened Japanese arose in the East and although Bunthorne sang "I am not fond of all one sees that's Japanese" most people were, and shiploads of wares from Nippon flooded the shops. Every house had a Japanese screen. Advertisements were printed on Japanese fans and spread broadcast. They were handed out in theatres, some of which had their programmes printed on them. Storekeepers gave them for the asking A good many firms started in the Japanese trading business at this time, who later failed to realize the promise of their beginnings. Fretwork of an Oriental type appeared in the new "French flats." Fantastic wall papers troubled the homecoming reveller as did the brass griffin that did duty as a hall lamp. A decorative craze was in motion. Instruction was given in the magazines and papers, on "how to make an Oriental couch out of a soap box" and similar magical transformations. "Cosy corners" were invented, made cosier by panoplys of obsolete weapons, Turkish scimitars, Malay creases, horse pistols and other soothing reminiscences of ancient slaughter. "Dutch rooms" lined

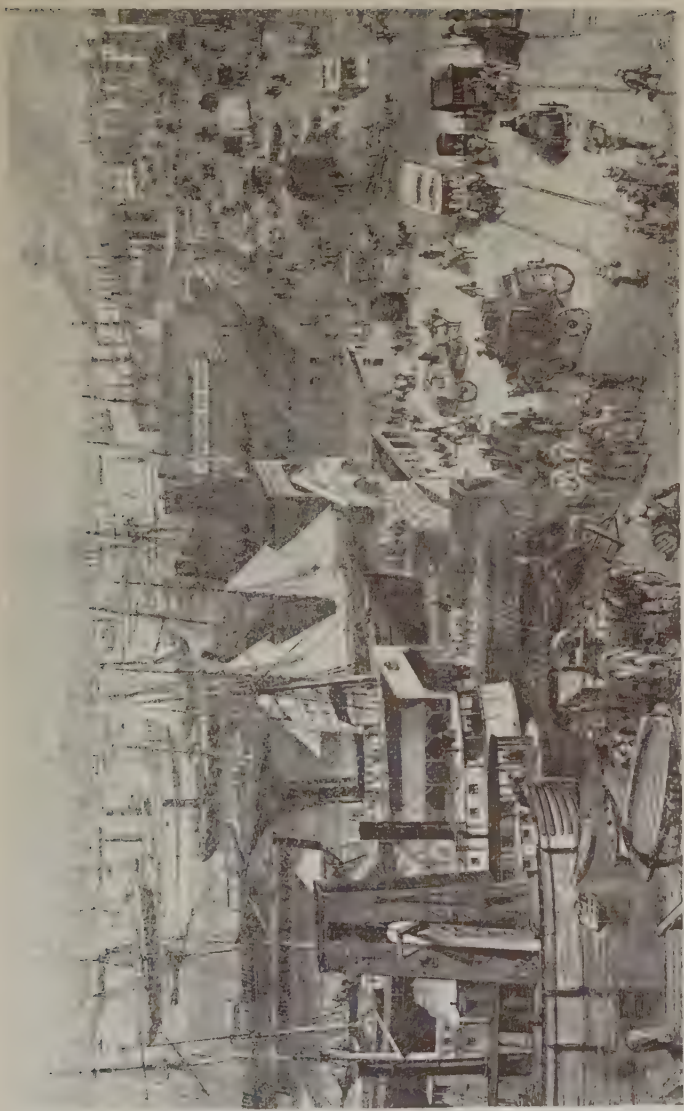


The Grand Stand at Jerome Park Site now covered with Apartment Houses.



Extraordinarily decrepit old wooden houses that resisted the march of improvement many years although situated very close to the financial district. This view is of the corner of Washington and Cedar Streets in 1885.

"Fog on the river." Besides the Harlem Boats an immense population crossed from Brooklyn and Jersey City on ferry boats. Fog meant exasperating delay. No matter what made you late at the office, it was quite proper to enquire sarcastically, "Fog on the River?" A bell ringer stationed at the end of the ferry slip helped to guide the boats to their proper berth. Our picture is drawn by no less an important personage than Edwin A. Abbey, the eminent artist, at that time on *Harper's Weekly*.



A view on West Street looking North from below Rector St. in the early 80's. This gives a good idea of the crowded condition of the waterfront and of the various types of street transportation. Traffic congestion is nothing new. It seems to have been with us always.

THE BATHING HOUR AT CONEY.

This now popular resort was not considered respectable till late in the Seventies. It was largely frequented by toughs. No conductor on the Smith Street cars dared to collect fares till his car stopped in front of the police station. Backed by a platoon of reserves, the attempt could then be made. The Culver Road and Smith Street cars were the only lines of communication and both involved a tedious trip to Brooklyn. Mayor Gunther first opened the Island to a better patronage by constructing the Sea Beach and Prospect Park Railroad.

with Delft plates; smoking "dens" with pipe collections were among the decorative eccentricities of the age.

This era also ushered in the beginnings of the fad for "period furniture." These were principally the schools of the Louis. Little was known of Chippendale, Heppelwhite and Sheraton except by antiquarians, but Louis 14th, 15th and 16th were a commonplace in the furniture trade, to such an extent that there was a current joke concerning Louis 14th Street furniture. Of course these ornate styles were only for the opulent, humbler folk being content with plush from Grand Rapids—just then appearing on the industrial map—instead of damask from the *Grand Monarque.*

The interest in periods was much heightened and carried back for centuries by the arrival in New York of the Obelisk which shared with the Brooklyn Bridge and the Statue of Liberty the distinction of the Guide-book cover. Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt presented it to the city, and there was a great ado when it was set up in Central Park. The papers published translations of its hieroglyphics each column of which began with an invocation to *Horus,* the Sacred Bull; but as "bull" had at that time no significance outside the animal kingdom, the jokesmiths lost a great chance to make merry at the expense of the contemporaries of Rameses.

Recognizing an old figure-head.

CHAPTER V

THE "TAILOR MADE" GOWN APPEARS – THE TAM O' SHANTER AND THE FORM FITTING "JERSEY" – GREY "PLUG" HATS – "DICERS" – "WHERE DID YOU GET THAT HAT?" – SLOUCH HATS – PHOTOGRAPHS OF CELEBRITIES, PACH, HEGGER, RITZMAN

THE Elegant Eighties saw the introduction of the "tailor-made" gown, and a correspondingly new industry, "Ladies Tailoring." Before that ladies had only known the "modiste" as a professional constructor of apparel. Ladies tailoring originated in England and so

important did it become on this side that the firm of Redfern & Co. of London conducted a branch establishment adjoining Delmonico's at 26th Street for many years. The tailor-made gown marked the first break in the stilted attire that had been indispensable to femininity for ages. Its introduction marked the passing of the "bustle," the street trail and certain other sartorial embellishments that I must leave to more qualified historians. It was the first step towards women's sport clothes of today, and while it undoubtedly was a rational tendency it served to displace some rather agreeable earlier fashions. The ginghams, linens and calicoes that looked so fresh and cool in the summer suffered a partial eclipse under its influence. The "Dolly Varden" type of girl in her dainty laundered dimities and cambrics passed into the background in favor of the "mannish woman" and the male of the period no longer asked us to

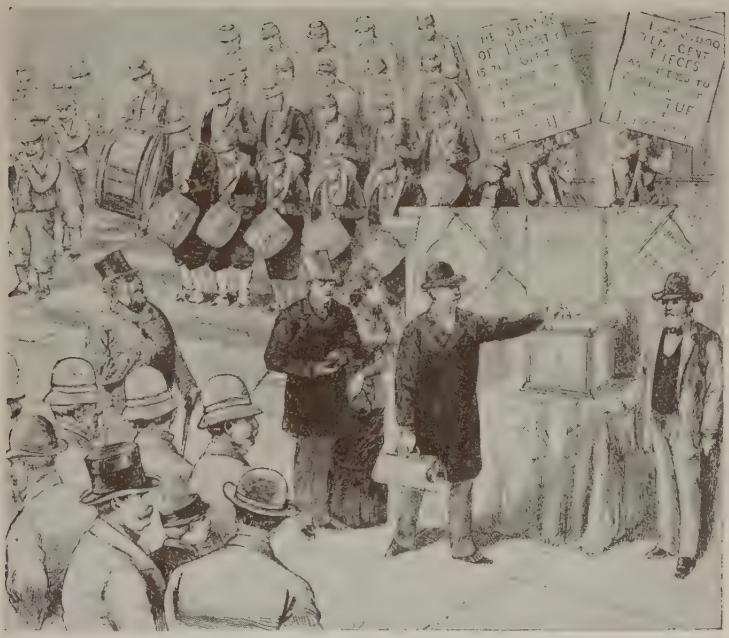
> "Observe the magnanimity
> We display to lace and dimity."

Tailor-made costumes led to the "shirt waist" of the Nineties, but there was a garment of the same general purpose very popular among women long before that. I refer to the "jersey"—an elastic, form fitting waist, calculated to render a buxom figure not hard to look at. The jersey undoubtedly did justice to all the curves of beauteous womanhood. When worn by a boyish figure it was quite permissible to add various devices that supplied some deficiencies which nature had omitted to provide.

Nor must I forget the "Tam O' Shanter" that was a favorite in combination with the jersey. And there was that jaunty device. a glazed leather sailor hat that en-

hanced a pretty face and did no injustice to a plain one. Bonnets with big ribbons tied under the chin were all the go. Shawls were beginning to go out and I may add that this was the commencement of the great cloak and suit industry so important a factor in the city's business today. Ladies all wore high buttoned shoes and got a free buttonhook with every purchase. Pumps or sandals were unthinkable for street wear, being only worn for dancing. There were no goloshes for women, rubbers being the only concessions. In those days the sight of a female figure in a short skirt, silk stockings and perforated pumps, wading through a snow bank would have been the signal for an ambulance call and a few days of observation by an alienist.

A good many tailor's terms seem to have gone out of existence, and I venture to say that were you to step into a tailor's or clothier's shop today and ask for some of the immensely popular weaves of the past—a blank expression would be the reply. Is there such a cloth as "tricot", or "bird's eye worsted", or "diagonal" on sale nowadays? Is there such a term as "wide wale" and "narrow wale" used by the fraternity of the shears and thread? What of "Melton" known to all coach drivers—that Boreas defying fabric, worn with huge pearl buttons, as big as saucers, so common on the road up Jerome Avenue. What of the smart covert coats worn first by the "hunting set" and then shown in base imitations in Bowery windows labelled "nobby". Beaver and Kersey are likewise only found in glossaries. And while I am rambling through my ancient wardrobe, let me recur fondly to the tailors' cards affixed to the effigies that bore—oh so meekly—their handiwork. It was delightful to read on a card fastened to a check suit that howled through



The Government had a sorry time raising money for the Pedestal for France's beautiful gift. The pennies of school children finally accomplished the purpose. Above shows the Sons of the Revolution aiding in the work by a special meeting at the foot of the Sub-Treasury Building.

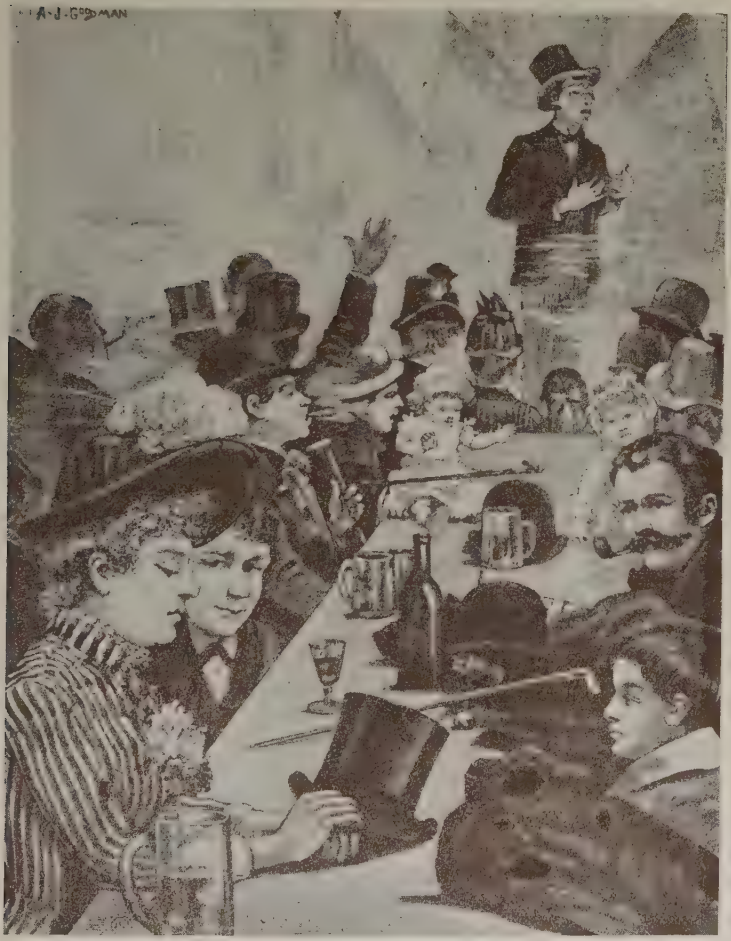
Illumination of the Harbor when the Statue of Liberty was completed.

the plate glass, the legend "Neat". A pair of trousers that a marooned sailor on a desert isle would have disdained, was marked "High-toned". Skin-tight "pants" of the Chimmie Fadden variety proclaimed an affinity to "Fifth Avenue". A purple ulster with green stripes traced a pedigree to the "Prince of Wales", while a plum color cutaway with satin lapels rejoiced exotically as "Piccadilly". Where are the inspired authors of these tailors' tickets? Gone, I fear, with the glorious penmen.

There is an old Irish song that refers with a pardonable degree of Celtic pride to the paternal headgear, "That was the hat me father wore," and a famous lyric inquiry of old was "Where did you get that hat?" Perhaps a few words about the "lids" of the Elegant Eighties —those happy days of the $3 "derby" and the $6 "plug" and other dome drapings pro rata. In those days the lining of a hat often decided its selection. There were wonderful red, blue, orange, green and pink satin linings with the hatter's name stamped thereon in gold, and every purchaser likewise was entitled to his initials in gold paper, gummed inside.

A very popular hat then was the pearl gray "plug" worn in the summer time. This was originally the swagger thing at Ascot, Goodwood, and Newmarket, worn with a gray frock coat, and was seen here first in some numbers at Jerome Park or in the four-in-hand parade. It very early seized the fancy of our local politicians and sundry "sports" and began to appear in public sheltering numerous noble brows from the torrid sun, in conjunction with sack coats and baseball shoes. The white plug was greatly in favor at chowder parties and the tally-ho excursions of the political clubs. Some less intrepid spirits satisfied themselves with derbies of the

Thousands of birds were nightly attracted by the gleaming torchlight in the Statue of Liberty when it was first erected. Thirteen hundred and seventy-five perished in a single night by dashing blindly against the iron structure. This seems now to have entirely disappeared.



In the French Quarter. This was formerly a distinct section of New York on the West Side in the Thirties. A Café Chantant.

same hue. Brown derbies reigned numerously in different shades from a soft fawn to a rich and sumptuous cinnamon color. Soft hats were little worn and were known as "slouch hats". Silk hats were principally sported by elderly men and by bankers and brokers in business hours.

Straw hats were mostly of the "Mackinaw" type and, for "sailor" hats the split Milan straw. The popular Sennett of today was not known. Late in the Eighties black straws appeared in some force but failed to take permanent hold. Perhaps the fact that the period knew nothing of the colossal humbug the "straw hat cleaning establishment" may account for their introduction.

The introduction of the "cabinet photo" also belongs to our debonair period. Previous photographic portraits had been mainly of the "carte de visite" size, but as whiskers and elaborate head-dress declined in size, that of photographs increased and the small pictures went to the lumber room with the red plush album.

With this evolution in photography came the era of the professional beauty, and mantelpieces began to bloom with the pulchritudinous femininity of the stage and European nobility. It was regarded as an enormous advertising stunt for a photographer to obtain the exclusive rights to "take" such a celebrity. It was thus that names like Pach, Sarony, Falk, Mora and Rockwood became household words to the natives. The arrival of a celebrity like Mrs. Langtry, Sara Bernhardt, Patti, or Ellen Terry, to mention only top notchers, would find the photographers with the ship news reporters, not as today taking snapshots against the rail, but soliciting a "sitting" by the fair new comer.

Many old New Yorkers will remember Ritzman's famous shop window on Broadway near Madison Square

Mrs. James Brown Potter's photo was prominent among the celebrities in the days of "Ostler Joe."

filled with photographs of the notables of the day. This was a photographic "Who's Who" of the world. Here the Prince of Wales and John L. Sullivan, both good sports, hung on the line together. Here the Dutchess of Leincester turned her Psyche's knot haughtily towards Lillian Russell, and Mrs. Cleveland smiled benignly at P. T. Barnum, who in turn cast an appraising eye at Louisa Montague, his celebrated "Ten Thousand Dollar Beauty", who in after time appeared with Dixey in "Adonis" whom we also find in his famous skintight breeches, as we did in the little plaster statuettes that used to advertise that famous burlesque. The late Queen Alexandra was always admired by the crowd around the window and Joe Jefferson was never without friends.

The great American beauty of the early part of the decade was "Our Mary" Anderson, and we see her portrait as the statuesque heroine of Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" in all its impeccable charm, while nearby the Sultan of Turkey in a fez and Piccadilly collar looks for all the world like a prosperous rug merchant who has just made a good sale. And while we are discussing statuary let us not forget the alert countenance of Bartholdi, the designer of the Statue of Liberty, whose colossal emblem was so shabbily received by the government that the New York "World" had to pass around the hat to provide it a pedestal.

Among those present we discern Herbert Kelcey, leading man of the old Lyceum Theatre and Georgia Cayvan, the leading lady, while not far off is Kyrle Bellew, handsome, and a fine actor to boot. Mrs. James Brown Potter also holds a place nearby and John Drew, slender and swaggering, points the commanding forefinger of "Petruchio" at the massive figure of "Billy Muldoon", who

as "Charles, the Wrestler" in "As You Like It", was not unknown to the Shakespearean drama. He stands with folded arms, like a defiant Hercules, perhaps a bit envious of "Ten Thousand Dollar Kelly", the ball player, and hero of "Slide, Kelly, Slide!" who shares the honors of the diamond with Buck Ewing and Pop Anson. "Buffalo Bill" Cody in flowing mane, moustache and Imperial seems quite oblivious of the fierce mustachios of Humbert, King of Italy, who looks like an operatic brigand. Lettie Lind, Nellie Farren, Florence St. John and other Gaiety Girls help to crowd the window and afford the passersby a fascinating glimpse of the world's most talked about persons.

Our elegant era was lavish in that curious biped known as a "parlor entertainer". Instead of poring over books of the "Can You Address a Board of Directors?", or "Who Is That Brilliant Young Man Thas Has Just Left Us?" variety, thousands of otherwise excellent young men burned the midnight gas over "Standard Recitations", with a picture of John McCullogh as Spartacus on the cover, or "One Thousand and One Tricks of Magic". "How to Become a Ventriloquist" was also responsible for strange noises heard at unseasonable hours behind closed doors, while "Tricks With Cards" has been the first false step for many a career in Wall Street.

Then there were any number of misguided young men who were "vocalists". In those days songs were written primarily to be sung, not danced, as at present, and there were voices galore to set the echoes ringing wildly, oh! so wildly, with them. It was at this time that the joke became prevalent of the proud father asking his crusty old friend, who has been listening to the host's daughter

vocalizing at the piano, "What do you think of her execution?" "I am in favor of it," is the grim reply.

Among the male of the species amateur vocalism was perhaps most virulent among tenors, but I rather fancy that basso profundos were most admired. Now basso profundo voices are not always confined to 48-inch chests, and many an anaemic looking cuss, who might have invited a coat of plaster in mistake for a lath, stood up in a parlor and bellowed forth that gorgeous old submarine standby, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" with an intensity that almost produced seasickness in his audience. The great moment was at the last word "Deep" which was the grand test of how base a bass-singer could be. How the parlor waited for that final growl from the diaphragm —and then the applause and the appeals for "Down in a Coal Mine" or other masterpieces of subterranean melody.

Another elegant accomplishment of the Eighties that ranked with the high arts, was penmanship. A copperplate hand was highly valued in bookkeeping, correspondence, and other commercial manuscripts before the days of the universal typewriter. I do not know whether the schools emphasize this feature of education today, but it was then an important element. Many a perfect dub held a fine clerical position simply because he wrote a good hand. Small boys with grimy, baseball fingers bent painfuly over a copybook and scratched laboriously in endless repetition, the time honored admonitions "There is no royal road to learning," "Knowledge is power," "No wealth without labor" and other wholesome if ambiguous warnings, only in the end to forsake the clerkship at nine hundred a year and become a big leaguer at ten thousand to the great disgust of the family.

I suppose the skill acquired at these tasks accounted for the large number of professional itinerant penmen whose little tables were occasionally encountered in the streets and parks. Here one could have a little package of visiting cards written by hand for a dime. The artist's signboard was usually a bird executed in a series of ornate flourishes in pen and ink, bearing in its bill a ribbon with the artist's name and the scale of prices. Many penmen were employed in writing legal documents, and not a few found a good living in engrossing resolutions and other eulogistic documents for lodges, associations, etc.

Another obsolete traffic is the business of "misfit clothing" which attained to considerable dimensions in our "Elegant Eighties" period. True, there are still "Misfit Clothing" parlors around town but they are only euphemisms for the sale of factory clothing. The old time "misfit" clothier handled the despised and rejected of the merchant tailors, which he bought and sold at a considerable discount from original prices. At that time he was able to obtain a sufficient supply of these wares with which to do business as the city abounded with merchant tailors. Ready-made clothing was then looked down upon by the well-dressed, and came under the expressive designation of "hand-me-downs." "Made to order" was the only correct thing not only in clothing but also in boots and shoes; tailors' and cobblers' shops were everywhere in evidence. Some of the smaller of the former craft catered to cleaning and repairing, and as the ready-made clothiers waxed great and merchant tailoring declined, the Knight of the Needle became a baron of the benzine bottle and the present great system of "valet service" came into being.

Shoe repairing was all done by hand. It was a very

The marriage of Miss Caroline Astor to Mr. Orme Wilson at the old Astor Mansion, Fifth Avenue and 34th Street. One of the great society events of the time. A contemporary drawing.

general practice. There were some very atrocious fashions in men's shoes at that time. The purpose of the popular shoemaker was to get away as far as possible from the shape of the human foot. To this period belongs the "toothpick" toe, father of corns and bunions. A reaction against this was the hideous "square toe," having the beautiful lines of a cigar box, effected by "solid men." The elastic "Congress gaiter" was also a great favorite with them. Patent leather was in great demand for all footwear. I am glad to say that today's fashions in shoes, as a rule, are much more sensible, although I still see large numbers of them, "fearfully and wonderfully made."

New York's trade migrations have always been startling and capricious. Great business houses are ever on the move. There are certain neighborhoods now fallen into shabby desuetude that forty years ago were crowded and bustling centers of trade. It is almost incredible to think that Grand Street, east of the Bowery, was one of these, when E. Ridley's & Sons and Lord & Taylor had great shops there, catering largely to patrons from the "Eastern District," (as Brooklyn and its adjacent settlements were known) who came over on the Grand Street Ferry. There was Jewell's famous Butter Scotch candy shop; Brummal's Celebrated Cough Drops the forerunner of the famous Brothers Smith; famous Walhalla Hall where all the "swell" balls were held; the Hamberger Garden; one of the first A. & P. stores where only tea and coffee were sold and you got a handsome chromo with each pound of tea; Skelly's fruit stand, Silver Dollar Smith's Saloon with two hundred silver dollars in the floor. Augers Zweibach factory.

In fact all the ferry streets were thoroughfares of the

When Grand Street was *the* Shopping District. E. Ridley & Sons, Lord & Taylor, Brummel's Cough Drops, Jewell's Butter Scotch, and other noted firms made this a popular retail section. Ridley advertised "five acres of floor space," 1880.

Shop Girls Shopping on Division Street, the Fifth Ave. of the East Side.

"Sweat Shop" workers bringing home garments made in East Side tenements. This practice was finally stopped and our great clothing trade took on a new lease of life.

Russian and Jewish section, Mulberry St., East Side, 1884.

The famous "Ladies Mile," Broadway from 23rd to 14th St. From 1880 to 1900 the great retail shopping centre.

The great Second Hand Clothing Market on the East Side.

The Bowery in its heyday.

Macy's Christmas Window drew great crowds on 14th St. This observance has been a feature of Macy's for over half a century.

first importance before bridges and tunnels began to be built. Fulton Street was one of the foremost of these. Cortlandt Street too was relatively a more important street than it is today, to say nothing of Chambers Street, Catherine, and Grand Streets.

But the great exodus of retail business has been that which used to bristle on Broadway between 14th Street and 23rd Street. Quite as enormous a jam as any the city can now show, came into being during the holiday season in this section. It was known as the Ladies' Mile and was the retail shopping section par excellence. All the present prominent firms on Fifth Ave. were then located here and its carriage trade gave the section a gala appearance all through the year. With the Fifth Ave. Hotel as its Northern boundary its many distinguished visitors added to the gayety of the throngs.

The Macy Shop windows on 14th Street with their wonderful moving fairyland of toys were a perennial enchantment to the children of that day. This annual feature drew children—not to mention their elders—from the uttermost parts of the city and distant suburbs, who came to see it just as they come to the Hippodrome today. It was the most important branch of the whole Macy Holiday business, and their toy department became thereby incomparably the greatest in the city.

The night clubs and cabarets that are such prominent features of our hectic night life are in the main euphemistic terms for what the Elegant Eighties knew as "dives." The old Tenderloin of Captain Williams's regime was plentifully endowed with glorified replicas of Billy McGlory's Armory Hall on Hester Street, and Owney Geohagen's "Slide" on the Bowery. Perhaps the most notorious of the uptown joints was The Haymarket at

Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street which used to figure in the amusement columns as a "Bijou of Terpsichore", "Soiree Dansante". "The Haymarket" used to be raided periodically by the police. There were no patrol wagons then, but as it was in immediate proximity to the Thirtieth Street Station House it required no great vigilance for a squad of bluecoats to escort a company of bedraggled roysterers to the hospitable shelter of Captain Williams's caravansary.

Then there was "Buckingham Palace" not far away on Twenty-seventh Street. "The Only American Mabille—The Vortex of Beauty and Fashion—Elite Sociables Nightly, Shadow Dances." Another resort in the neighborhood with a resounding British title was "The Star and Garter."

On Thirty-second Street just west of Sixth Avenue stood the "Cremorne Gardens," another name redolent of old London pleasure haunts. Here was the "Grand Orchestrion," the "75 Pretty Barmaids" and the "Grand Concert by the Original Spanish Students." The present night club is merely these old dives in newer and richer apparel. They are not one whit more moral.

There was sufficient picturesque, if perhaps unrefined, crime to provide the papers with "front page" news. Absconding bank cashiers were perhaps the most elegant culprits of the period. This form of embezzlement was the direct result of the lack of a treaty with Canada providing for extradition for this crime. A trusted official who could time a "getaway" across the northern border, might clean out a bank with impunity, and then enjoy the bracing climate of our "Lady of the Snows". If that proved monotonous, negotiations could be opened for a return southward, in consideration of a restoration of

Jake Sharp, who created a tremendous sensation by securing a franchise to operate street cars on Broadway, superseding the old stages, 1884. He bribed many of the Aldermen and the term "Boodle Alderman" arose from this occurrence. Jake did not long survive his achievement, the worry proving too much.

part of the swag. As many small banks were brought to the verge of ruin by such peculations some of these negotiations were successful in permitting the errant financiers to return to the happy homeland, with sufficient capital to engage in "high finance" on their own account. Some of the "Boodle Aldermen" found a haven with our hospitable neighbor, and the phrase "Skipped to Canada" became one of the most significant colloquialisms of the language.

While there were any quantity of "Napoleons of Finance" exploited by the press, there was no such being as a "superman" in crime. "Master minds" in criminality were also unknown, these being journalistic "cliches" of a much later time. Even such bold and enterprising burglars as Jimmy and Johnny Hope and their gang, who "cracked" the Manhattan Savings Bank at Broadway and Bleecker Street for over two millions in cash and securities, had to be content with the designation of "bank burglars" this being the highest title in the aristocracy of crime. That peculiar form of pandering to the vanity of the vicious—the photographic daily paper—was unknown and only the most renowned lawbreaker might hope to find his portrait when its news value had depreciated, in the delicate pink pages of the "Police Gazette". With all the faults of the sensational newspaper of that day it never put a fake glamor over a moron who adopted a pistol as his chief implement of industry. "Patent leather" hair and polished finger nails did not confer the accolade of "gentleman burglar". Such an one might rejoice in the sobriquet of "Barber-shop Mike" or "Clean-collar Con," but the absurd fanfar of today's press in relation to this gentry was something that pop and his forebears were happily spared.

I think the modern vogue for this sort of thing began in fiction as long ago as Stevenson's "Deacon Brodie." The drama also contributed, in the form of "Jim, the Penman," "Captain Swift" and others of its genre. But perhaps the most potent stimulus was the later "Raffles" —perhaps the first professional burglar who ever worked in a dress suit. All these were imported types. The American field of galvanic fiction did not go in for such complex characters. Here was a clean demarcation of the sheep and the goats. It still had its righteous frontiersmen and its ferocious red savages—children of darkness, still selling buffalo hides for 75 cts. each—or a bottle of whiskey. Cocktails might be mixed in the U. S., but deacons and burglars, bandits and bankers were each viewed as separate entities.

Besides trotting, horseback riding was largely indulged in. The ancient motto "The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man" was an article of faith with the liver brigades of the clubs, and also with many hundreds of ladies of all ages, whose expanding waists were defying the blandishments of whalebone. The costume for afternoon riding was much more ceremonious than the present slap-dash style. Top hats, tail coats, and stripped trousers were worn by the men, while the equestrienne appeared in a snug fitting habit, top boots, silk hat and rode a side saddle. Riding astride was unknown and its later adoption vigorously opposed.

The streets to the South of Central Park west of 6th Avenue abounded in livery stables, riding academies and allied institutions. Hay and grain dealers were also present in large numbers. When the elevated railroad was first opened on 53rd Street a petition was presented by the horsemen of the neighborhood to the company, that

Warning equestriennes of the approach of Elevated Trains on 6th Ave. Man in rear with flag.

a flagman be stationed at Broadway to signal the approach of trains. With characteristic economy the company declined, but the flagman was thereupon provided by the petitioners with a fund created for the purpose. Here he performed the functions of a grade crossing keeper for several years and we see him in the background of our contemporary picture hastening to the aid of a typical equestrienne of the period and her groom frightened by the Elevated.

Among the old landmarks of the early city that were still standing intact in the Eighties was "Steamship Row" on Battery Place facing Bowling Green on the site of the present Customs House. It was called this because all the old mansions of the former aristocracy facing the historic little park, were now given over to Steamship Offices. These houses on the original site of old Fort Amsterdam were built under the provisions of an odd contract. The rich old New Yorkers who selected this section as the choicest spot on all the Island for their homes agreed one with another in a sort of perpetual contract that the houses should be located after a fashion that should be unchangeable except by the unanimous consent of every one on the block. The fronts of the houses were to be kept some 40 or 50 feet back from the street line, and upon the back were to have an alley or driveway, the common property of all, for communication with their stables. These provisions were honestly observed and no matter what influence might be brought to bear upon any of the owners he could make no change except with the consent of each of his neighbors. Great office buildings rose and surrounded this little row of houses, but the provisions of the contract stood as a bar to the alteration of this particular site and it was not

until the Government bought the land that "Steamship Row" came to its end. But for this saving restriction the old site of Fort Amsterdam would never again have come into the possession of the general government.

While a few of the old Trans-Atlantic lines still sail under their time honored titles, the majority of them are now only names in the city's marine history. Such lines as the Guion, the State, the National, the Inman, and the Monarch, were on the lips of thousands of travelers forty years ago, and there were notable vessels in their fleets. The Guion Line ran the "Alaska" and the "Arizona"—two of the earliest boats that made the passage in less than seven days. It also owned the celebrated "Oregon", sunk off Long Island, before it was sold to the Cunard Line. The Inman Line ran the "City of Rome," the largest ship afloat when launched, which was later sold to the Anchor Line. The State Line named its ships after the various States of the Union, and did a large steerage business. The National Line steamer "America" was one of the crack boats of her time. I believe she was sold to one of the European navies, after a short period in service on the line. The Monarch Line did a large live stock carrying business. It was the "Assyrian Monarch" that brought "Jumbo" the big elephant to this country, and a special deck house had to be built for the huge beast as the highest 'tween decks' would not accommodate him.

A great many stranded foreigners found opportunity to regain their native shores, by shipping on these cattle boats as stock tenders. They were given free passage and a few dollars besides, and more than one scion of the nobility and gentry of Great Britain who had failed to make good in the "States" was found on these cattle

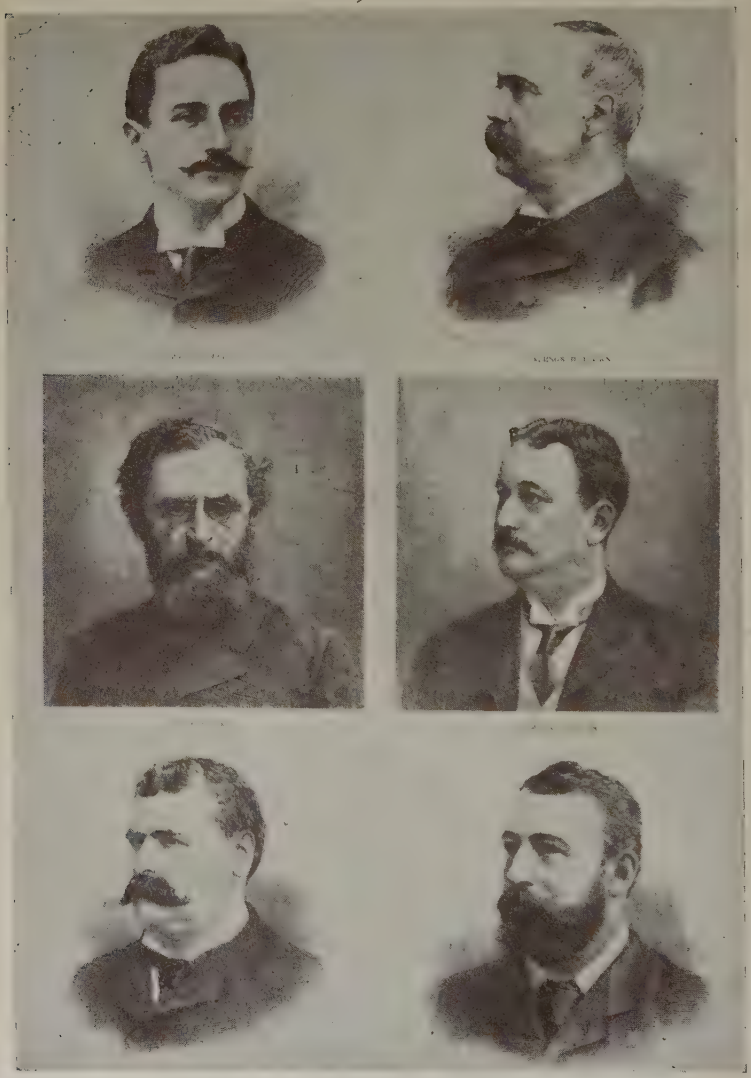
Not only did Castle Garden furnish servants but wives as well. First meeting of a farmer and newly chosen emigrant bride.

boats rubbing elbows with a Texas cow-puncher on his way to see "them there Kings and Queens."

All the crack steamers until the late "Eighties" were single screw vessels. When the Cunarder "Umbria" broke her crank shaft in mid-ocean she drifted about helplessly, for I think nearly two weeks to the great anxiety of her friends ashore. The chief engineer effected some temporary repairs and the newspapers all printed drawings, after the ship made port, of the jacket or some similar device—that the resourceful mariner had extemporized. The twin screw propeller was invented I believe by Ericsson of Monitor and Merrimac fame.

The first twin screw vessels among the liners were the Inman's "City of Paris" and "City of New York." The White Star's "Teutonic" and "Majestic" followed. Then came the Hamburg steamers "Augusta Victoria" and "Columbia." There was a great deal of rivalry between the "City of Paris" and the "Teutonic," and a good deal of unacknowledged racing was rife, with the honors resting, if I am not mistaken, with the Paris.

As late as the Eighties and after, there still remained in the British mind the impression that the whoop of the redskin might yet be heard in the wilds of Westchester County. Cooper's "Leatherstocking Tales" had always been immense favorites overseas, as was Longfellow's "Hiawatha", and somehow or other, a great many guileless persons far removed from the scenes of their description and perhaps influenced by stories of the "wigwam" of Tammany Hall and other local metaphors, still held romantic notions concerning the prevalence of the Ojibways along the banks of the Hudson, and in the thickets behind Hoboken. Of course the average Briton's idea of American geography was



NOTABLE STEAMSHIP MEN IN THE 80s

The men who controlled the great steamship lines in those days were much in the public eye. Here are some of the most prominent: J. Bruce Ismay, Vernon H. Brown, Carl Schurz, Herman Oelrichs, Clement A. Griscom, Augustus Forget. They were big figures in the business world.

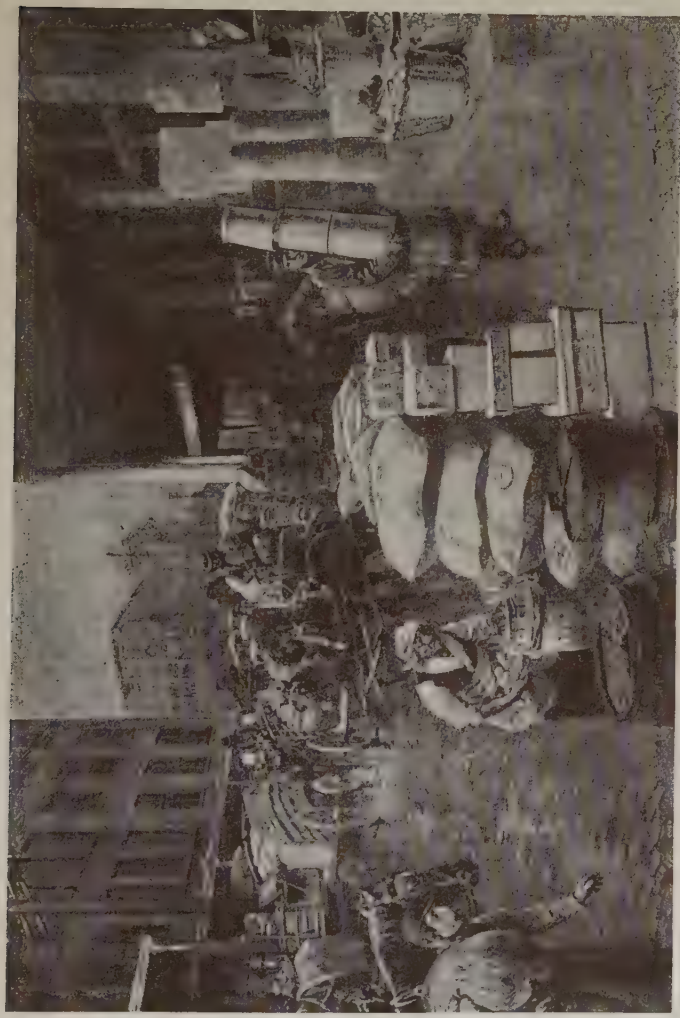
exemplified in the nigger minstrel songs of the 'alls such as "Those Dear Old Cotton Fields of Hackensack" and other metrical anachronisms. All this was regarded with huge delight by the home folks and when Matthew Arnold first came up the bay and commented on the verdant shores of Staten Island, he added, with his tongue in his cheek, that "there was not a single Mohican running about." This observation was taken seriously by the reporters and of course added to the standard jokes on the subject.

There was one titled sportsman, however, who arrived in New York one morning on his way to the Rocky Mountains for big game. He had a formidable outfit of sporting guns, etc., and he inquired anxiously of some friends who had come to meet him, if there was any chance of knocking over a moose or two before nightfall. He was greatly disappointed to learn that the game laws of the State prohibited moose hunting below 42nd Street in New York County at that season of the year.

Sixth Avenue around Twenty-third Street revelled at this time in the possession of a large number of astrologists, fortune tellers, palmists, and second-sight readers. Curiously enough, while these Seers and Seeresses could unerringly divine the future for their half dollar and dollar customers, they possessed not the slightest knowledge of any impending catastrophe threatening their own affairs. Even when plain clothes men from headquarters, and clever young women from the newspapers, sought their priceless services, these simple people gabbled volubly away, serenely unconscious of the fact that they were providing the minions of the law with the evidence needed for their undoing. Screams of laughter would subsequently rock the courtroom when "the dark young

man" "the Prince Charming" (who was always a large figure in the horoscopes of the lady reporters and who was about to endow her with great wealth) turned out to be the crabbed old gray haired city editor of some newspaper. True, he had benevolently allowed her an extra $5. for the special good story for which he was roundly cursed by the aforesaid young lady because it wasn't the ten spot she fondly hoped for. These gentry were finally dispersed to the great relief of the community.

A powerful, if diminutive, competitor of the chattering barber of old, was the canary bird whose song relieved the tedium of many a weary sojourner in the carpet covered chair of the "tonsorial parlor." Nearly every German barber shop had one or two of these little songsters chirping an accompaniment to the scraping razor or the resounding strop. Indeed the old time barber shop was far more social than the modern denatured, dehumanized, listerated, pasteurized, antiseptic chamber of extortion that now passes under that denomination. What has become of its black walnut fixtures, with the regular customer's cups labeled in old English letters, and sometimes the symbols of their trades, on the shelves? What has become of the aforesaid carpet upholstered chairs that retained the heat of the body of the previous incumbent and provided an impromptu Turkish bath, in warm weather, for his successor? Where are the porcelain bottles embellished with the pictures of pretty ladies that used to contain bay rum and "auxiliator?" Where is the open vaselike jar that provided ointment for those early "patent leather" locks? And what of the brilliantine, that final touch to the "Galways", the "Burnsides," the "Van Dykes," the "County Downs," the "Victor Emanuels," and the "Sluggers" of the Elegant Eight-



The Wholesale Produce and Commission District on Washington Street—the headquarters of the Butter & Egg men, farm produce, etc.

ies? And let me not erase from memory's tablet that gregarious, jovial, if perhaps somewhat exaggerated, facial embellishment, the "barber's itch"—that provided early propaganda for the safety razor.

Almost all of the barber shops in residential neighborhoods served as a kind of club room after business hours. Here penny-ante and pinochle, euchre, and casino, then held sway—not to mention raffles for turkeys, gold watches, and what-not. Almost any kind of white elephant could be disposed of in this manner and some very queer objects found new owners under the arbitrament of the dice-box, which was the usual dispenser of fortune's favors.

An unquestioned evidence of our increasing culture is revealed in the gradual refinement of names by which various industries had been known for many years. The erstwhile barber-shop rejoices in the new found appellation "tonsorial parlor." The gentlemen who performed the last rites of our common community were known as "undertakers." They progress through "funeral directors" until they have reached the somewhat superior refinement "mortuarists." Those who dealt in buying and selling of houses and lots were content to be known as "real estate agents," but now they are rejoicing in the awesome title of "realtors," defined by one clever writer, "real" from earth and "tor" meaning bull. In similar fashion we have "beauty parlors" and "artistes", "coutiers", etc.

The modern arm chair joint is likewise developing a nomenclature of its own. It appears to be modeled after the manner of the watch on the ocean liners. The lookout on the cro'nest sees something on the horizon and sings out "Sail on the port side, sir." The watch on the forward

deck relays the cry to the quartermaster "Sail on the port side, sir" and the quartermaster in turn cries out to the bridge, "Sail on the port side, sir". And the bridge says, "Ay, ay, sir."

Ham and eggs with eggs fried on one side and buttered toast, is known as "Ham and Country". Should you desire the eggs done on both sides the order than calls for "Ham and Country, Over." Should the order be given for Ham and Country and you wish to correct it, the servitor yells out—

"He says Over."

The man behind the slit in the wall. "He says Over."

Back in the kitchen. "He says Over".

The Cook. "Ay, ay, sir."

This is delivered in a peculiar intonation that seems to be part of the ritual. As a rule the modern practice is merely to abbreviate the words. "Poach one"; "poach two" is naturally poached eggs. There is no such picturesque transposition as in the old days when an innocent order like this would become "Adam and Eve on a Raft" for poached, or "Adam and Eve on a Raft, wreck 'em", for scrambled.

I don't know whether the original Manhattan Indians moved off the Island when it was sold for $24 on the first of May, but ever since that time and until the present century that date was set for the universal hegira of tenants, and I am sometimes puzzled to think that the British did not wait until then to evacuate the City. Prior to the Eighties all household moving was accomplished in open carts and wagons. The elegant period, however, introduced the "moving van", then only the privilege of the opulent. These early vans were painted in brilliant hues, and nearly all had gorgeous "mural decorations"

to provide moving pictures for pedestrians. "Washington Crossing the Delaware," "The Landing of Columbus," "Signing the Declaration of Independence," "The Battle of Lake Erie," and other celebrated masterpieces were translated to the van walls by no inexpert hands. It may be that some of our incipient Innesses, Blashfields, etc., such as were said to have painted the vignettes on the old omnibuses, tried their prentice hands in the adornment of these modified freight cars.

Despite the vigorous protests of a large number of public spirited citizens, about four acres was shorn from our beautiful City Hall Park to make room for a new Federal Post Office, in place of the one in the madeover Dutch Church edifice on Liberty and Nassau Streets. At one full sweep we ruined the approach to our Chief Magistrate House, robbed the people of a much needed breathing spot in the most crowded part of the town, and have repented of it ever since in sackcloth and ashes.

The original idea was to be helpful to the Washington Government at a time when Federal finances were at a low ebb. The Civil War had just ended and the saving of a large sum was of prime importance. And New York with characteristic generosity proceeded to do its bit.

The Government agreed to vacate the land whenever it ceased to use the building as the General Post Office. That came to pass years ago. The old building costs the Government over two millions a year that could be saved in a modern structure. Yet Coolidge with all his boasted economy, in spite of all efforts to remove it, continues to hold on to this moth-eaten structure.

The restoration of the Park to its original dimensions would be an improvement of the greatest public value. It would give us additional breathing space in one of the

most congested districts of the city and restore to the community a section of land that was owned by the City as far back as the Dutch Days.

The "Common" as it was called in Colonial times was the scene of many public gatherings during the dark days preceding the Revolution. The Declaration of Independence was read to the troops assembled under Washington here in 1776. No less than six Liberty Poles erected by the people in protest against the acts of George III were cut down by British troops. Recently the *Manual* aided by the Sons of the Revolution and the New York Historical Society presented the City with a new Liberty Pole and today it stands on the site of the last pole destroyed during the Revolution. The *Manual* has also headed the fight to restore old City Hall Park.

One of the most peculiar institutions of its kind that ever existed around New York was the old Guttenberg Race Track. It was opened in August, 1885, for what was by a severe stretch of the imagination called by the sport writers of that day "Trotting Races." It was run by Gus Walbarum known as "Dutch Fred" a Chatham Street divekeeper in cahoots with some Jersey politicians. The horses entered were the most miserable hacks ever collected in one place and the scandals connected with their performances made the track a byword. A Guttenberg "plug" became the synonym for all that was wretched and ignoble in horseflesh. In brazen defiance of the law, the track was open every day regardless of weather. Sometimes races were run in mud a foot deep; other days the track was as hard as flint. Many days the track was covered with snow and races run in blinding storms. Often the horses were lost in fog when the word was given by the starter. The spectators who shivered in the

Society Ladies and the Phonograph. Exhibition of this then Curious Instrument at "St. Valentine's Market" on 5th Avenue.

grandstand were a small percentage of the gamblers who found in the six daily races, six opportunities to bet. Pool rooms all over the country laid odds on these races for stakes from 25¢ up, thus accommodating every one from office boy up.

The crowd leaving the foot of Jay Street on the one o'clock boat was one of the toughest assemblages in the city. It was augmented on the Jersey City side by a similar aggregation made up of pilgrims from that place and the surrounding towns, including even women and children.

"They're off at the Gut" became the rallying cry for thousands of bettors in the pool rooms, and passed into current slang, not only in New York, but wherever the Western Union Telegraph Company race reports were received. The crowd in these rooms consisted of probably the most heterogeneous mass of human beings ever collected in one enclosure. As the clerk yelled out the progress of the race, excitement mounted higher and higher. "They're off! was the signal for sudden silence. "They're at the quarter"—"the half"—"three quarters" —"they're coming in" and all waited with bated breath for the next sentence.—"Blitzen wins by a lip"! This was greeted by tremendous cheers, followed by no less noisy curses, according to the fate of the bettors. The "Blitzen" here referred to was probably one of the most remarkable animals ever seen on any track; known far and wide as "The Iron Horse" this phenomenal animal was raced week in and week out for years, with a percentage of winnings probably never equalled on the American turf. Weather conditions were no obstacles to "Blitzen's" uncanny faculty of showing up would-be contenders. Blizzards, slabs of mud, bogs, and ice tracks were all in the

Our streets were continually torn up, blown up and dug up in the Eighties. Broadway looking North from 29th Street.

day's work for this conscientious equine, and the announcement "Blitzen wins!" became a commonplace to the thousands in the pool rooms who had put down their "sure thing" bets. "Blitzen" not only ran races, but he waded, swam, skated, and slid them, all with an equal indifference to the means employed to bring home the bacon. If the canine heroes of Alaskan dog sleds are entitled to monuments, surely this indomitable *Pegasus* of the Jersey hinterland should have an iron effigy to commemorate him to the old timers who braved the blasts of the Palisades and the floes of the North River to gather in a little easy money at the "Gut."

I think that the interest in horse racing was much keener than it is now. That is, popular interest. Only those whose intellectual activities are preoccupied by tipster's charts know one horse from another nowadays. But in the days of Hanover, Firenzi, Salvator, The Bard, Tenny, Hindoo, Kingston, Parole, Pontiac, Proctor Knott, Tremont and many others, these were familiar names to thousands who never laid a bet.

A great fillip was given local racing when Pierre Lorillard's Iroquois won the Derby at Epsom and Parole and Foxhall achieved approximate honors on the British turf. The lawns at Jerome Park, Sheepshead Bay and Monmouth Park were filled with the drags and coaches of the fashionables supremely interested in horseflesh. Many old horsemen are of opinion that Salvator owned by J. B. Haggin was the greatest horse of his time. There was so much general knowledge of equine matters abroad then that arguments concerning the kings and queens of the turf were commonplace and the space now given over in the papers to tennis players and swimmers was then taken up by portraits of blooded quadrupeds.

Long before the Great White Way blazed before New Yorkers, there was considerable skyline advertising with the stereopticon reflections thrown on screens on the roofs of buildings. All the old magic lantern tricks like the bucking donkey, etc., were worked, to keep the crowd amused between the advertising matter. Another form of forgotten publicity was the advertising on the sails of sloops and schooners that moved along the coast during the Summer resort season. Appropriately enough, many of the legends on the sails lauded the qualities of certain soaps and cleansers to the thousands of bathers who viewed the scene. One of the best known was the famous picture of the black whale with a large white spot on his side, on which was written "Soapine Did It,"—to the evident satisfaction of the half dozen men with scrubbing brushes, who had just completed the job.

There were great numbers of handbills and "dodgers," distributed throughout the town, most of them wasted and thrown aside, until they became so great a nuisance that the authorities put a stop to them. They literally covered the ground like a snow storm. Brilliant calendars and picture cards were lavishly distributed, and every drug store had any quantity of farmers almanacs on its counters for all and sundry to enjoy beneath (at that time) the well known evening lamp.

In last year's *Manual* I wrote at length on the craze for picture cards. These were business announcements, which were lithographed in many colors and ran the whole gamut of human desire for design. They were distributed by millions and used by everyone. They finally became a veritable nuisance to the retailer, much of his time being claimed by children who entered constantly: "Say Mister, will you give us some chromo cards?"

Iroquois with the Lorillard colors, winner of the Derby and St. Leger, and his famous jockey, Fred Archer. This was a momentous event in the annals of American racing and was the first time an American horse had ever captured this English honor. Below—Salvatore—perhaps the most famous horse of his day and the best beloved by horsemen.

Scenes at the Sheepshead Bay Race Track in the height of its glory. Now all built over with two family houses and apartments.

The New York Coaching Club parade, 1883, leaving Hotel Brunswick.

Some notable frequenters of the drive in Central Park. Col. Cockerill, Ex-Senator Hearst, Mrs. Burke-Roche, William Dean Howells, Mayor Grant, Fremont Cole, Mrs. George Gould, James H. Breslin are shown in the picture above.

Sleighing in Central Park, 1884.

Blasting on the "Bouleward," now Broadway. A popular but somewhat reckless pastime among contractors

The Fifth Avenue stages in Central Park when they were largely patronized by the stay-at-homes in the summer.

This craze greatly stimulated the art of lithography in this country and throughout the world. The old Clipper Ships however were the first to use this colored card idea in advertising and a fine collection of sailing announcements for which these cards were used can now be seen in the rooms of the "India House" in Hanover Square.

Whether it be due to the Malthusian theory or birth control propaganda or what not, there has been as marked a decline in baby songs in the nation's balladry as there has in the birth rate of Park Avenue. Perhaps it is due to the fact that cradle songs and lullabys do not jazz easily, that this once immensely popular form of melody has become obsolete. But two score years ago or less the baby song was amongst the best sellers. Of course, such a classic as "Rockabye Baby, on the tree top" is still potent as a nursery sedative, but where is today's equivalent of Billy Scanlon's "Peek a boo", which has become a part of the vernacular as applied to certain mysteries of feminine apparel and of Harrigan's "Babies on our Block" and "The Bogey-man"? Then there was a national epidemic called "Baby Mine" which title was promptly made use of by mine owners as an appropriate name for their incipient tunnelings. As for sentimental songs, by far the most arresting was "Empty is the Cradle," which had an enormous vogue, and was the forerunner of the usual horde of less successful imitators. Of course in those days of a prodigious infant mortality, with cholera infantum, croup, diphtheria, convulsions, etc., held in control by "home remedies" with no neighborhood nurseries, no prize babies, no pasteurized milk, no scales, except the butcher's, no "New Law" tenements, with Summer vacations on fire escapes and roofs—such ballads had an ap-

palling significance, now happily far less poignant—and were it not for our modern juggernaut the motor car, almost archaic.

The Coon song of the Eighties had still some suggestion of the "hallelujah" spirit of the slavery-day melodies and among the most renowned of late post-bellum songs was "Climbin' up de Golden Stairs".

Come all you little niggers, now catch your cues and figures
Climbin' up the golden stairs;
If they think you are a dude, they will treat you rather rude
When you're climbin' up the golden stairs.

Chorus

Den hear dem bells aringin', 'tis sweet, I do declare;
Oh hear dem darkies singin', climbin' up de golden stairs.

Go tell the Jersey Lily that the sights would knock her silly
Climbin' up the golden stairs
And tell John L. Sullivan, he'll have to be a better man,
If he wants to climb de golden stairs.

Chorus

Bob Ingersoll's respected, but I think he'll be rejected
Climbin' up de golden stairs
Oh won't he kick and yell, when dey fire him into—well,
He won't climb up de golden stairs.

A very popular song for "close harmony" was "As we Sang in the Evening by the Moonlight."

"How the old folks would enjoy it, they would sit all night and listen
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight."

This song held its own as a quartette number with such old favorites as "Tenting Tonight" and "On the Bridge

at Midnight". These nocturnal ballads were very much in vogue for ensemble singing.

The labor movement had its first great impetus in the Eighties when the Knights of Labor were organized and men like Powderly, Chief Arthur, Henry George and Gompers were coming to the front.

Of course with the rising power of Labor there was the concomitant bard who sang of the nobility of toil and in the fervor of the hour composed what may be regarded as its official ode.

"Oh, the great Knights, the noble Knights of Labor!
The true Knights, the honest Knights of Labor!
Like the good old knights of old
They can't be bought or sold
The great Knights, the noble Knights of Labor.

"U. S. Stevens was the man
This great order first began—
The great Knights, the noble Knights of Labor!
And he started what they say
Is the strongest band today—
The great Knights, the noble Knights of Labor!

"Bless the men that gave them birth,
They're the finest men on earth,
And they're building up a mountain high of power—
Men with hearts and records each,
Men who practice what they preach
And the men we need in Congress every hour."

The eight-hour day had its inception then, and it is reflected in the following popular ballad:

"Have ye yeard the rule, me boys, the latest rule me boys?
Ye mustn't work more than eight hours any day or else you're fired
Eight hours work a day, then eight hours to play
Ye must work no more d'ye mind?
Pat had a hod of bricks, the clock was striking six
The top of the ladder he was on but wouldn't lave thim thin
He wouldn't work overtime for that would be a crime
Says he, 'I'll carry thim down agin'."

Chorus

For I've worked eight hours this day
And I think I've earned me pay;
Whin the clock struck six he took down the bricks,
He wouldn't work a half a minute longer.

Johnny Hooligan's been made a fool again
He went to the barber's just to get a dacent ten-cent shave
He'd lovely whiskers on, Donegal whiskers on
But bad that barber did behave.
He scraped and lathered, then he jawed and blathered
He scraped wan side of Johnny's face so nice and clean all over
He went to the other jaw, then the clock he saw
Says he 'tomorrow I'll finish your shave.'

Chorus

For I've worked eight hours this day
And I think I've earned me pay
Lave your whiskers on till the mornin', John,
I won't work a half a minute longer."

Park Ave. at Ninetieth Street, 1884.

CHAPTER VI

Clarence McFadden – He Wanted to Dance – Down Went McGinty – Drill Ye Tarriers, Drill – Campaign Songs – Pat Gilmore's Band – Torchlight Parades

IN those primitive times the mechanical lift for raising brick and mortar in building operations was unknown. The usual instrument for this necessary process was a stolid Milesian in a red shirt, overalls and brogans, all liberally encrusted in lime, and gripping between his teeth an inevitable, black abbreviated clay pipe. The skill with which the ascent and descent were accomplished became a matter of pride with the workers and gave rise to the famous "McGinty" song.

Sunday morning, just at nine, Dan McGinty dressed so fine
Stood looking up at a very high stone wall

When his friend, young Pat McCann, says 'I'll bet five dollars, Dan,"
I can carry you to the top without a fall.'
So on his shoulders he took Dan, to climb the ladder he began
And he soon commenced to reach up near the top,
When McGinty, cute old rogue, to win the five he did let go,
Never thinking of how far he'd have to drop.

Chorus

Down went McGinty to the bottom of the wall
And though he won the five, he was more dead than alive
Sure his ribs, and nose and back were broke from getting such a fall
Dressed in his best suit of clothes.

Of all of our foreign population, the Irish were the most lyrical. The variety theatres abounded with singers of Irish descent and the amount of Celtic sentiment that ensued was commensurate. "Remember Boy You're Irish", "Give an Honest Irish Boy a Chance", "The Gallant Sixty-Ninth", "Why Paddy's Always Poor", "The Land of the Shamrock" and hundreds of others of the same persuasion were sung in the days when Parnell was the hero of old Erin. Few of them had the merit of the early Irish ballads. One of the most preposterous was the lyric request of a dying exile in Australia to

"Lay me on the hillside, with my face turned toward the West,
Toward the Emerald Isle, toward the land that I love best."

The hardy Hibernian who was employed on the building operations and other forms of unskilled labor of our period was known as a "tarrier"—probably a corruption

of terrier. He was celebrated by a famous epic called "Drill ye tarriers, drill" which had an enormous vogue in the variety theatres as it showed a profound technical knowledge of the professional workings of those engaged in reducing the ligneous foundations of Manhattan Island to a fine powder.

"Oh, every morn at seven o'clock
There's twenty tarriors on the rock
The boss comes along and says, "Be still,
And put all your power in the cast-steel drill."

Spoken—Stand out there with the flag—Sullivan, Stand back there! Blast! Fire! All over!

Chorus

Then drill, ye tarriors, drill; drill ye tarriors drill,
Oh, it's work all day, without sugar in your tay
When you work beyant on the railway
And drill ye tarriors drill.

The boss was a fine man all around
But he married a great big fat Far-down
She baked good bread, and baked it well
And baked it as hard as the hobs of hell

Spoken—Stand out forninst the fence, with the flag McCarthy Stand back etc.

The new foreman is Dan McCann
I'll tell ye, sure, he's a blame mean man
Last week a premature blast wint off
And a mile in the air wint big Jim Goff

Spoken—Where's the fuse, McGinty? What! he lit his pipe with it! Stop the Belt Line car coming down. Stand back, etc.

When pay day next came around
Poor Jim's pay a dollar short he found;
"What for?" says he, then came this reply,
"You're docked for the time you were up in the sky!"

Spoken—More oatmeal in the bucket McCue, What's that you're readin', Duffy, the Staats Zeitung? Get out there with the flag, etc."

Although people still danced the old quadrilles and lanciers the waltz was undoubtedly the favorite terpsichorean exercise and a very famous variety hall song made popular by Harry Kernell at Tony Pastor's Theatre related the troubles of an aspirant to the graces of the dance.

"Clarence McFadden he wanted to waltz,
But his feet weren't gaited that way;
So he saw a professor and stated his case,
And said he was willing to pay.
The professor looked down in alarm at his feet
As he viewed their enormous expanse
And he tacked on a five to his regular price
For learning McFadden to dance.

Chorus

One—two—three—balance like me
You're quite a fairy, but you have your faults;
While your left foot is lazy, your right foot is crazy
But don't be uneasy, I'll learn you to waltz.

When Clarence had practised the step for a while
Sure, he thought that he had it down fine;
He went to a girl and he asked her to dance,
And he wheeled her out into the line.
He walked on her feet and he fractured her toes,
And he said that her movement was false.
Sure the poor girl went round for two weeks on a crutch
For learning McFadden to waltz."

Some of our old pleasure grounds were celebrated in song by the poets that did not smite the bloomin' lyre but thumbed the festive accordion, to wit:

"You may talk about your picnics that go so far away
Off to Coney Island or else to Rockaway.
There is nothing suits me better when the breeze would do you good,
Than to spend a moonlight evening up at Jones's Wood.

Chorus

It's there the pretty girls you'll see waltzing all around
Oh take my lovely Sally, I'll never leave this town.
I'll take you in the evening when the breeze will do you good
And I'll hug you and I'll kiss you up at Jones's Wood."

Then that quite forgotten resort "Dudley's Grove" also had its minstrel:

"The Young Men's Social Club, they gave a grand excursion
We had a band from Manahan, two barges and a boat
The lads were titivated, yes fit for sweet diversion
I'd Kitty McGlinn away from home, in a linen overcoat.

Chorus

She played the concertina, as through the woods we'd rove
I was all alone with Kitty McGlinn up at Dudley's Grove.

You ought to hear her sing like a barber-shop canary
I hate to tell, just like a bell, she'd reach the upper C
Ballads are her style—like my own my bonny Mary;
She's a duck and I'm in luck—she's the lass that's captured me."

The age was prolific of lyric addresses to saloon keepers. "Don't Sell My Papa Any More Rum" was typical of

the "Ten Nights in a Barroom" school of song. "The Drunkard's Child" followed in father's footsteps until "The Drunkard's Dream" served as a salutary warning to dad to stay away from the gang and comfort himself on the hard cider in the cellar. The only effect of these melancholy verses was to cause a greater demand for alcoholic beverages to cheer up the depressed listeners. Of course there was any amount of scoffing verse like "The Old Man's Drunk Again" and "Brannigan's On a Toot Again" to afford vocal relaxation from the grimmer school. Of Bacchanalian verse perhaps the best known was—

> "Razzle-dazzle, razzle-dazzle
> Hic—how full I am—hic—don't give a dam
> Razzle-dazzle, razzle-dazzle
> Come have another with me."

and then there was that jocund product of the English 'alls:

> "We've both been there before—many a time;
> We've both been there before—many a time;
> And many a bottle of Pommery Sec
> Has colored his nose and mine;
> We've both been there before—many a time—many a time!"

It used to be considered an excruciatingly funny thing to see a "souse" on the stage. Of course there were some good actors who could simulate a man slightly "under the influence" with considerable skill, but most of these scenes were done by low comedy buffoons whose stock in trade was a drunken reel, and an idiotic expression of countenance.

Among the diversions of political battles were the cam-

paign songs to which the marchers in the big parades kept time. These new battle hymns of the Republic so to speak, were quite tuneful and were generally sung by male quartettes. In the campaign of '88 when Cleveland was defeated for a second term, one of the most popular of these was

"The train is coming around the bend—Goodbye Old Grover, goodbye!
It's loaded down with Harrison men—Goodbye Old Grover, goodbye!

Chorus

By, free trade baby! Rock it Grover tenderly
By, free trade baby! We'll smash the cradle, goodby!
Free trade is busted, protection we say—Goodbye, Old Grover, goodbye!
Roast beef to eat, two dollars a day! Goodbye, Old Grover, goodbye!

Chorus

The time has come for loyal men, Goodbye, Old Grover. goodbye!
To shoot the bandana and vote for Ben—Goodbye, Old Grover, goodbye!

Tippecanoe and Morton too! Goodbye, Old Grover, goodbye,
If you can't remember you will in November, Goodbye, Old Grover, goodbye!

The allusion to the bandana referred to the handkerchief of that description carried by the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, of Indiana, which became the party emblem of the campaign. Tippecanoe referred to Harrison's descent from Wm. Henry Harrison, the original of Tippecanoe and Tyler too, of the campaign of forty years before.

Another of these ballads of a more acidulous character sung to the tune of "The Old Oaken Bucket," was

"How dear to my heart is the Democrat Party
When fond recollection presents it to view
The free trade, the State's rights, the Copperhead's hearty
And all the reform tricks the demagogues knew
The widespreading Grover, the Mills that stood by him
The mock "Civil Service", the broad axe that fell
The brack of the slave ship when "War was a failure"
And e'en the bandana we all loved so well.

Chorus

The snuff stained bandana the barred and stained banner
Palmetto bandana we all loved so well.

Lest my Democratic friends should feel an unintended slight against the party of Jefferson in the recollections of campaign songs, may I add this one as a reflection of the exciting election tide of 1884 sung to the tune of "Maryland" or the still older tune of "Tannebaum."

"Our Grover Cleveland is the man—
Democrats, brave Democrats!
To whip the whole Blaine-Logan Clan
Democrats, brave Democrats!
He is a statesman brave and true
He'll get the gray, he'll get the blue.
He's just the man for me and you—
Democrats, brave Democrats!

Yes, Cleveland is of all the best—
Democrats, brave Democrats!
He'll win the East, he'll win the West,
Democrats, brave Democrats!
No treason stains fair Cleveland's skirt,
No rings have soiled his robes with dirt,
They'll wave no more the bloody shirt,
Democrats, brave Democrats!

An allusion to "Tenting Tonight" brings to mind the fact that it took a long time for the smoke of the Civil War to blow away. They were still singing its melodies twenty years after Appomattox. The children of the schools were singing "Rally Round the Flag Boys" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic". The political campaigners marched to "We'll Hang Jeff Davis to a Sour Apple-tree" and "When Johnny Comes Marching Home". As for "Marching Through Georgia", there is not the least doubt that had martial law been in effect in the Elegant Eighties its author would have been shot at sunrise at the command of that gallant officer and First Citizen—Gen. W. T. Sherman. This composition was the bane of Sherman's post-bellum career. It followed him about like an avenging angel from the South bent on retribution. Nothing that an aggrieved victim of Sherman's "Bummers" on their march to the sea, could conceive, equalled the subtle vengeance of this song. Sherman was a great theatre-goer, but the minute the old warrior appeared in a box, the orchestra would strike up the vengeful ditty and then Sherman felt that war was hell. Of course the poor old chap was pursued by his Nemesis at banquets where his digestion was disturbed by well meaning but misguided bandmasters. In fact, he was as much bound to "Marching Through Georgia" as King George is to "God Save the King", and there is a legend of an organ grinder who stopped in front of the General's house near Sherman Square and after grinding out a few bars of the dreadful jingle received a fabulous bribe from a panic stricken servant on condition of instant removal and non-appearance on that particular street forevermore.

By far the most famous bandmaster of our period was

"Pat" Gilmore, who as leader of the Twenty-second Regiment Band brought it the reputation of being one of the best military bands in the world. For many seasons Gilmore used to play at Manhattan Beach in the summer, and in winter in Gilmore's Garden, afterwards the old Madison Square Garden. His star performer was a cornetist, Jules Levy and he used to play, with tremendous triple-tonguing and incredible variations, "Sally in Our Alley."

Gilmore's Band was originally that of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts Volunteers, with which it went to the front and many a time the rebel picket rested on his arms to catch the strains of "Yankee Doodle" or "Dixie" floating on the night air from the Union Camp. Service in the Cause found Gilmore at New Orleans in 1864, where all the bands in the military department were placed under his charge. Here he projected the plan of having a chorus of ten thousand school children and five hundred musicians, with infantry and artillery accompaniments, in a grand national concert to aid in the inauguration of Michael Hahn, the first Governor of Louisiana, elected under the Union Administration just before the close of the war. The difficulty of inducing the children of New Orleans, whose parents were so opposed to the course of events, to take part in such a concert required much tact and perseverance. The day appointed, the 4th of March, 1864, came and amid the salvos of artillery and the grand chorus of ten thousand young voices and five hundred instruments, Michael Hahn was installed Governor, and the reins of power passed from Military into Civic hands. Gilmore said that throughout his career he never experienced such a thrill of pleasure as on this occasion when

he drew out of ten thousand young rebel throats the inspiring National song:

"And the Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
"O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The rewards of literature were not very munificent in our period. There were no hecatombs of "Snappy Stories", Thursday Evening Posts, Libertys, or Colliers, to employ the pens of "short story" carpenters who talk owlishly of "an insight into life." Ephemeral literature was turned out by traditional hacks of Grub Street. Other books were solid and formidable tomes of the *opus major* type. The following contemporary squib sums up the situation:

"Papa, said the little boy, "how long did it take you to write this book?"

"Nearly a year, my boy."

"Did you work very hard at it?"

"Every page has my heart's blood in it."

"Ain't that queer? I don't see any."

"No, you don't see it. Nobody else seemed to either."

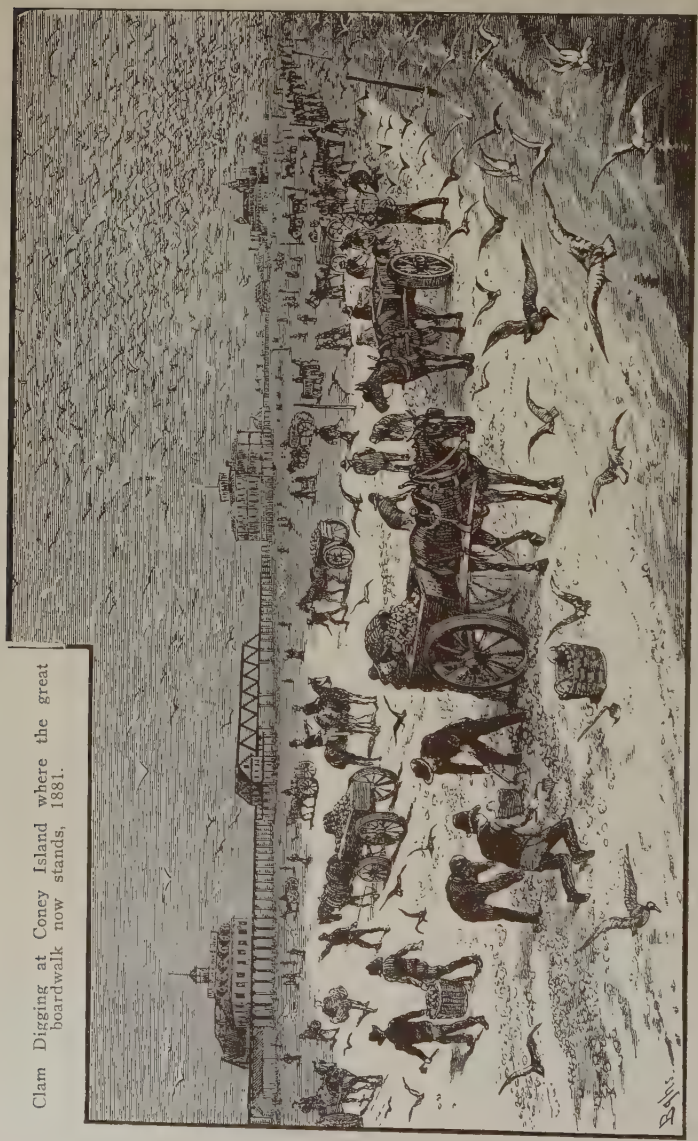
"Did you make any money out of it, papa?"

"Oh, yes (drearily), I made about $250."

"Is that all. Why, this paper says "John L. Sullivan made ten times that much in one night by knocking a man down a few times. Why didn't you learn to be a fighter? Or why don't you keep a saloon? The saloon-keeper's boy dresses betterin' I do."

The learned author of the work "The World's Onward March" as "Proved by Retrospective Glances and Assured by Infallible Signs" made no reply. He merely emptied another coal scuttle full of the precious volumes into the stove for fuel, went out into the raging storm,

There were two Madison Square Gardens at 26th St. and Madison Square. This shows the first after it was converted from a Railroad Depot to house Barnum's Museum. Then Gilmore had it for a while and it was known as Gilmore's Garden. Then Stanford White erected the one which has just been demolished to make room for the New York Life Insurance Offices.



Clam Digging at Coney Island where the great boardwalk now stands, 1881.

How the Bathing Hour at Brighton Beach looked in the '80s.
The building in the centre is the old Surf Hotel.

Paine's Fireworks at Coney Island. "The Fall of Sebastopol." One of the great attractions in the 80s of this resort when it first gave promise of its coming importance. Gilmore's Band drew a great crowd to Manhattan Beach. At the extreme easterly end of Manhattan Beach was the Oriental Hotel, particularly noted as the seaside retreat of the celebrated Tom Platt, "The Easy Boss" of the Republican party, and originator of the Amen corner in the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

The Last Boat at Coney Island.

Early attractions of Coney and the modes of transportation.

and walked up and down the lonely streets for an hour, talking earnestly and volubly to himself in Sanscrit.

Perhaps items like the foregoing, account not a little for our present crop of cultured prize-fighters, literary cowboys, real estate reconteurs, who are spreading erudition by means of the highly colored catalogues, called magazines and weeklies, by kind permission of the second-class mail privilege and a lively stretch of imagination on the part of the dear public.

Political campaigns of today are tame affairs compared with the rousing events they were when Cleveland and Blaine, and Harrison and McKinley were candidates for the Presidential office. The campaigners then would get under way right after the conventions and continue with unabated excitement until election day. Great banners would be hung in the most conspicuous positions in the city and pictures of the candidates were seen in saloon windows, barber shops, hotel lobbies and public places generally, in great profusion. Mud-slinging and vituperation were prominent elements in the campaigns to a degree unthinkable in these decorous times. Cartoons of the crudest personal description appeared in the press, most of them grossly slanderous. Indeed the assassination of McKinley was laid at the very door of a newspaper to which was applied at the time the original epithet of "the Yellow Press."

Large numbers of men would congregate at various political headquarters, don funny looking water proof hats and oilskin capes, grab an ill smelling kerosene lamp suspended on a swinging staff, and trudge valiantly through the principal streets of his neighborhood for hours at a time. For this heroic service he received nothing except a bad cold if the night was raining and the contumely of

his family. By some occult form of reasoning it was confidently believed that the more men you could get in line, the more votes you would draw from the opposing forces. This weird yet innocent fantasy persisted for many years.

Now were parades confined solely to the evening. At night their blazing torches and fireworks were a more picturesque spectacle, but no end of solid business men neglected their work to march up Broadway in a Business Man's Parade or A Sound Money Parade or whatever the campaign managers chose to call it, during a heated struggle. Large banners stretched from one side of the street to the other, bearing portraits of the candidates and the Party Emblem, were also highly esteemed. The less said about these portraits the better. They were fearfully and wonderfully made.

The ceremony of hanging one of these banners was a solemn and awesome occasion. Some shining light in the neighborhood (who incidently paid all the expenses) and who secretly cherished the notion that he was a great after dinner speaker, made the principal address. As a rule he was no different than the average business man in the role of after-dinner orator, and if there is anything more excruciatingly funny than one of these exhibitions I have yet to see it. He would get up, clear his throat, say "Mr. Chairman, and Fellow Citizens—there was an Irishman, a nigger and a Jew—perhaps you have heard this story," etc., or he would pull out a long winded article, which he explained "so remarkably expressed his own views that he would read it" and bore everybody to death for the next half hour. I remember one occasion where the inattention and chatter made so much noise that the chairman rapped violently to restore order. In the

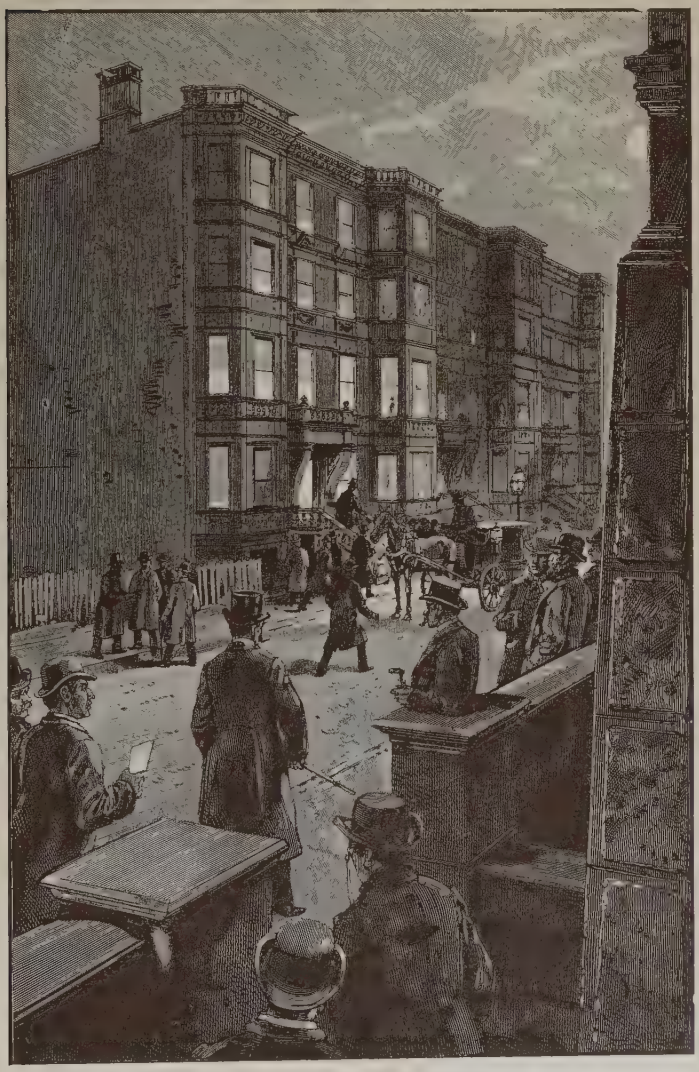
fierceness of his pounding, the head of the gavel flew off, knocking one of the spectators senseless. When he came to, the first thing he said was "hit me again; I can still hear him."

Looking back upon these unsophisticated days I must confess to a feeling of gratitude that the destines of this great nation were so successfully guided by such primitive and simple methods, albeit they were less impressive and spectacular than World Courts, Hague Tribunals, Leagues of Nations, and such.

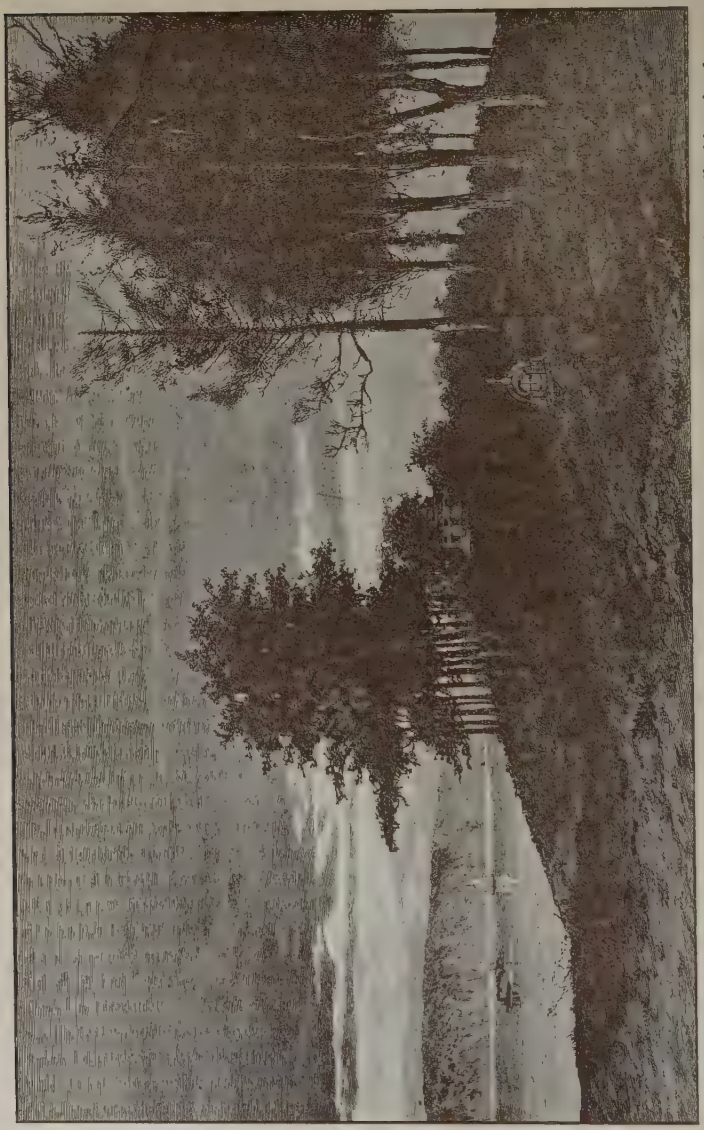
Our Irish fellow citizens—ardent politicians always—came out strong for "Grover" in '84 and were a large factor in carrying New York State for him. The Irish in those days had a kind of proprietary interest in the city. Indeed, old Erin Isle was deemed by them a rather inaccessible suburb to Manhattan Island. Cork Harbor was regarded as a marine annex to New York Bay joined by an inconsequential stretch of Atlantic Ocean. It was a standing joke of the period that New York policemen got measured for their uniforms in Ireland, before they emigrated.

One of the city's Mayors, however, Abram S. Hewitt, acquired a certain unpopularity among his Hibernian constituency by forbidding the raising of the green flag on St. Patrick's Day above the cupola of the City Hall. It had been a time honored custom to curry favor with the city's naturalized voters by hoisting the banners of all and sundry over the local seat of government—with one conspicuous exception—the fiery cross of St. George. Mr. Hewitt adopted a policy that restricted this dignity to the Stars and Stripes, and brought down no little wrath on his benign head. "They're hangin' men in Ireland for Wearin' of the Green" once more became a war cry,

Central Park was first selected as the site of the World's Fair, afterwards held in Chicago. General Grant backed the plan but even he could not overcome the opposition to the invasion of the Park. It was the first time he could not face the enemy. Ten years later the prize went to Chicago.



The Passing of General Grant. Night scene at his house, No. 3 East Sixty-sixth Street, 1885, with reporters anxiously awaiting the end.



Grant's Tomb near Riverside Drive as it looked in 1885 and for several years after. It is the small object in the centre of the picture.

transferred to the realm of John Kelly, Dick Croker, Paddy Divver *et omnes.* Considerable acrid feeling was aroused among the old line irreconcilables, fomented, no doubt, by political intrigue, but public sentiment upheld Hewitt, and the rule laid down by him has been in force ever since.

Hewitt was elected to office in the Campaign of '86 when his two distinguished opponents were Henry George and young Theodore Roosevelt. Henry George's political doctrines were regarded with such apprehension by many Black Republicans that rather than risk the possible election of George to the Mayoralty, they threw the weight of their ballots in favor of Hewitt, the strongest candidate, despite his Tammany affiliations, thereby insuring his election.

I wonder if the cod still swims in the waters adjacent to New York Harbor. Forty years ago he did so in large numbers and the fishing steamboats made special cruises to angle for him at what were known as the "Cholera Banks." A good deal of perplexity has been caused by this name, but its genesis dates back to 1832 when Captain Lyman Bebe, Commander of the fishing smack *Mary* of New York discovered a most notable fishing bank about twenty miles to the eastward of Sandy Hook, toward Fire Island. As 1832 was the year of the great cholera, and as the disease and its progress was the one topic of conversation in everybody's mouth, Captain Bebe, following the beat of his own melancholy thoughts, named his newfound fishing grounds the *Cholera Banks,* and curiously enough the name has retained popular favor ever since, a curiosity of nomenclature that I leave the philologists to expound.

Steamboat fishing is nothing near so popular as it

was when there was no oil in our surrounding waters. Hundreds used to go down to the sea in the *Angler,* the *Al Foster,* and others, to try their fisherman's luck. The pilot took range of the banks by the familiar landmarks in sight. If, however, the day was overcast, the objects on land could not be discovered, and their chances of finding the banks were very dubious, and many a boatload returned to New York fishless and disgusted. When lady luck smiled, however, blackfish, seabass, flukes, rock cod, weakfish and porgies were abundant. Pools were made on the first catch—the largest catch—and the catch of the heaviest single fish.

Simeon Ford, erstwhile owner of the Grand Union Hotel, a famous caraansary in those days, once uttered a plaintive protest against the undesired popularity of the old Grand Union by what is known in hotel circles as the Suicide Trade. Simeon had good cause for resenting this misuse of hospitality, for there were abundant means of performing the happy dispatch otherwise than by using up five dollars worth of gas in a room that cost only two. For instance, one could go to any drug store (which in those days were not disguised as lunch rooms and delicatessen shops) and buy ten cents worth of laudanum as a home remedy for a minor ache or pain. The clerk took the nominal precaution of inquiring the use of the drug, or refusing to sell to a minor. On the same terms one could acquire a whole catalogue of poisons from Prussic acid to arsenic by declaring a purpose of ridding a house of rats, or removing the rust from the bathroom pipes. There used to be laudanum addicts in considerable numbers and even paregoric fiends found solace in that common infantile decoction, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. This benevolent old lady was a prime favorite

A Day's Fishing at the Cholera Banks.

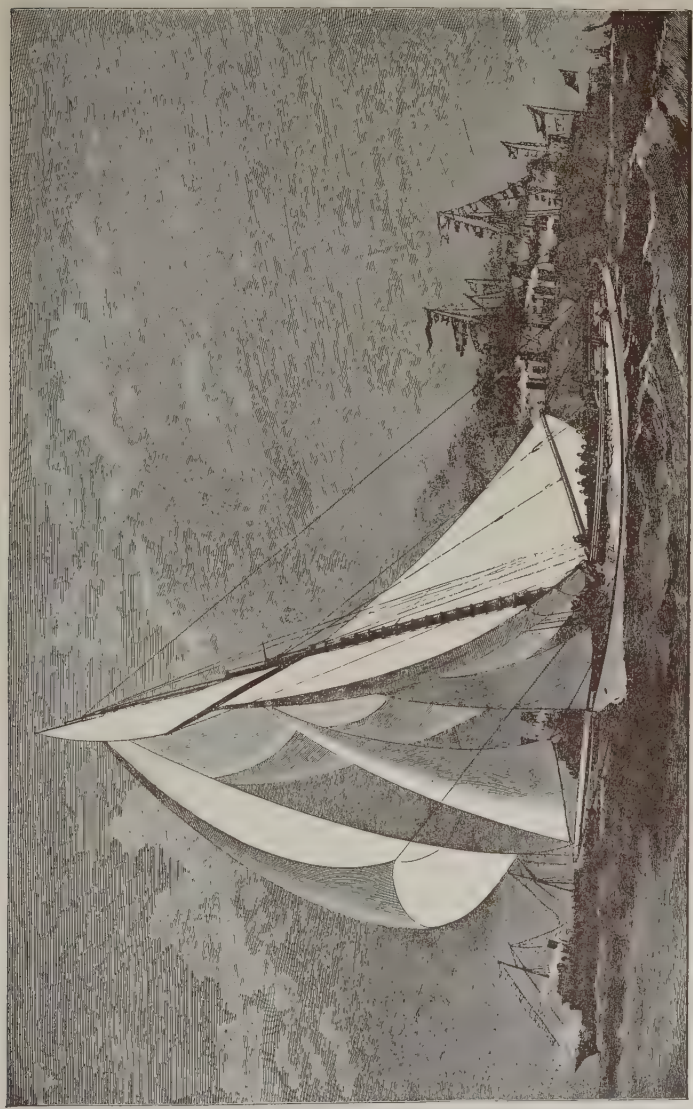
of nurse girls, especially when they took their little charges out for an airing. A crying child seriously interfered with sweet converse with the bluecoat on the beat, and was always given a liberal dose of the Soother.

The slipshod methods of handling poisons was the cause of more than a few mistakes of pharmacists in filling prescriptions, and certain dreadful errors were the ruination of druggists making them. "A Druggist's Fatal Mistake" finally became such a familiar headline that the Legislature was moved to enact more drastic regulations controlling the situation in the little back room of the apothecary, and our present more stringent laws were the result.

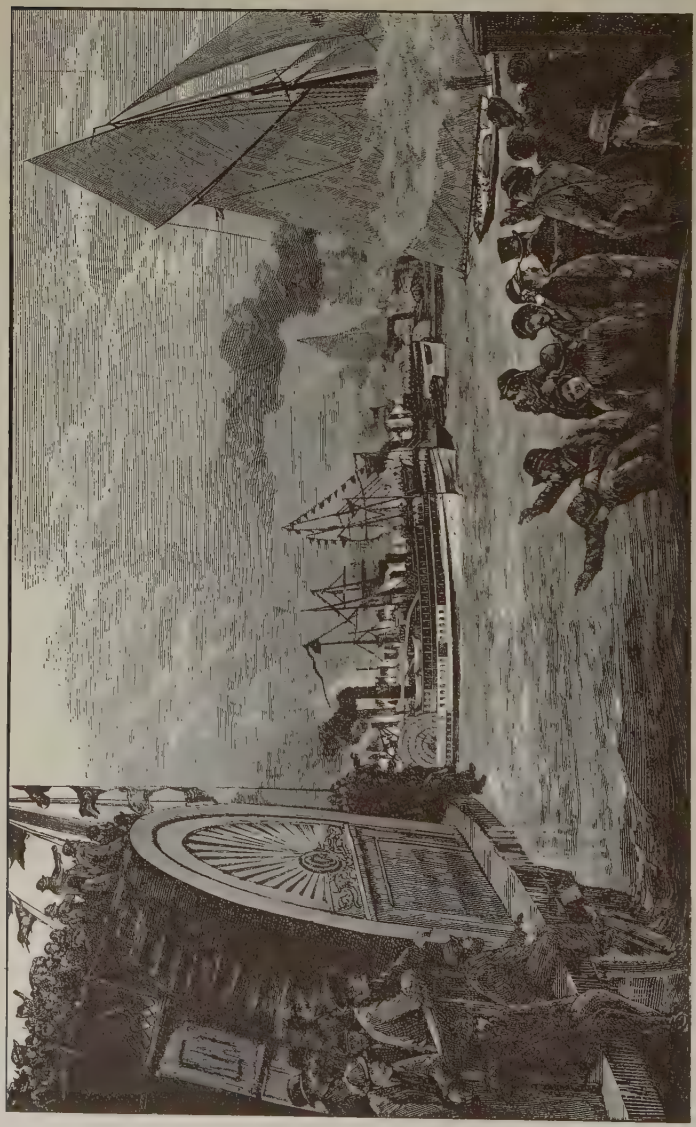
The astounding cost of coal these days is to me one of the great mysteries of the times. We are supposed to have immensely improved in every direction that would seem to cheapen cost of production. The transportation routes have been vastly improved physically. Machinery has greatly supplanted hand labor. Streets in the city are better paved, making haulage cheaper, huge motor trucks now supplant horses, and if there is any merit at all in our boasted advance in civilization, every evidence would seem to point to a reduction instead of an increase in the cost of this prime necessity of life. Nevertheless, anthracite and other hard coal that sold in the early Eighties from $3.50 to $4.50 per ton now costs almost five times as much and it certainly doesn't all go to the miner in the way of wages.

Of course the corner grocer no longer deals in coal and we are spared the sight of children—much too small—staggering along under the weight of a pail full. Aside from that, the situation is distinctly worse.

History repeats itself. This year's big coal strike re-



The "Volunteer" running in from Sandy Hook in the race for the America's Cup, 1887.



How the Excursion Steamers crowded the yachts during the American Cup Races before the Government put a stop to it.

minds me of the strike in 1887 when coal went to the unheard of price of $9. a ton. It also recalls the wooden coal bin with a lid opening upwards that every small grocery store had at the side of his store for the accommodation of the small buyer of the tenements. The strike of '87 caused great hardship for the poor of the city, for coal advanced from five cents the half pail to nine and ten cents. Here is a picture from the papers of that time giving us a little slice of life from this almost forgotten era.

"Little Delia Gerry picked her way carefully among the pools of slush that filled even the high part of Cherry Street that runs under the piers. It took her a full minute to open the door of Muller's grocery store at No. 16. The big yellow pail with its wide black mouth swallowed up nearly all there was of her small right arm, and the latch on the heavy door was hard to lift. When she got inside the store she dropped the pail with a loud bang, and said: "Fred, me mudder says how much is coal a half pail?" "It is ten cents," said Fred sadly, as he gazed out through one window and one strong wire netting, at a bin on the sidewalk. "Gimme half a pail, then," piped the thin voice, "and me mudder says you needn't be so stingy with your measure." "I have no more coal," said Fred Muller. It was true. He had sold his last pail at 8 o'clock, and when he went down to Fitzgerald's yard to order another ton, he found out he couldn't buy a load for any amount of money. But did Cherry Hill lose heart? Not a bit of it. Hadn't every smart boy on the Hill a fine sled with a box on top of it? Was there any better sport for a growing youngster than to hustle along the docks and grab up a bit of kindling wood here and there? Nothing came

amiss, from a sugar hogshead to a barrel-hoop. Every tenement had wood piled up in the queerest places. Closets, cellars, and spare nooks everywhere were jammed full of it. The neighborhood of the docks and lumber yards, always a happy hunting ground for these juvenile salvagers, now found swarms of poor children watching their opportunity to steal pieces of board and scantling, and if successful, bearing the timber away in triumph and rejoicing.

And this kind of woodcraft brings back to mind the forays of the slum gangs in all parts of the city to obtain fuel for the immense election day bon fires that used to light up the heavens in the days when an election was a revolution. Nothing was safe from these marauders. The tobacconists would take in their wooden Indians. These hardy heroes bore unflinchingly the brunt of the climate, all the rest of the year, but rarely survived an election night without this protection. Cellar doors were wrenched from their very hinges by gangs of young desperadoes turned for the moment into pyromaniacs. Only carefully guarded fences survived the day. Who can tell me the origin of this peculiar custom?

Of all the aliens that have found New York a haven of refuge or a field of endeavor none has ever discovered less hospitality than John Chinaman. Of course John's remarkably rational costume, its easy blouse and trousers and too profoundly sensible shoes were too eccentric for the Bowery—not to mention a pigtail only a little longer than that worn by American patriots in the 18th Century. John, I say, was sadly maltreated by the highly civilized youth of our period, who were brought up on the legend that John's menu consisted principally of stewed rats and puppy dogs. Chop Suey restaurants

were in the celestial future—"Chow Mein" was an unknown delicacy, and the general attitude toward the "Heathen Chinee" was expressed in the following ballad:

"Now one night in winter a murder occurred
And a blacksmith was charged with the crime
They caught him red handed, and though he had two trials
The verdict was guilty each time.
But he was the only blacksmith in the town
And they hated to take his dear life
So Duffy rose up on the bench like a lord
In a few words he settled the strife.

Chorus

I move we discharge him, we need him in town
Then he spoke out the words which gained his renown
We have two Chinee laundrymen every one knows
So we'll save the poor blacksmith and hang one of those."

Of course John's audacious presumption in competing with Caucasian laundrymen for the privilege of destroying linen was not the least of his sins. Weird tales used to be circulated regarding Oriental chemicals in Chinese wash tubs. The white laundrymen loftily repudiated any responsibility for this form of publicity, but it was a curious coincidence that a reduction of a half cent by the Mongolians in the price of clean collars was usually accompanied by a corresponding increase of fatalities in Chinese window-glass.

Going to the theatre was a far less strenuous enterprise in those happy days than now. There were hardly more than a dozen first-class playhouses in town and many playgoers lived within walking distance of them. Of course the street cars and L trains would be more or less crowded at theatre time, and Broadway thronged; but there was nothing like the present inhuman jam in the neighborhood of the theatres.

Captain Hank Haff of the "Volunteer"—Defender of the America's Cup, and the most popular performer in this role we ever had.

CHAPTER VII

America Cup Races – Rise of Ed Burgess – Sir Richard Sutton and "Genesta" – Lieut. Henn and "Galatea" – James Bell and "Thistle" – The Puritan, Volunteer and Mayflower – Crowding of Excursion Boats – Dime Museums – Melodrama, Etc.

As the motor car has superseded the horse, so has the sailboat given way to the motor craft. The hundreds of sails of sloops, catboats, and knockabouts that used to dot the bays and rivers around New York have almost disappeared and the amateur sailor has become an amateur engineer and mechanic. Yachting in the Elegant Eighties was one of the major sports and recreations of the metropolis—sharing with sculling the interest of the

aquatically minded. Indeed from very early days New York had been the center of the sport in this country and the scene of many of its classic contests.

It was in the middle Eighties that this already flourishing sport was quickened by the revived fervor of British yachtsmen endeavoring to recapture the America's Cup. For three successive years, 1885-86-87, contests were waged in the Lower Bay that not alone excited international interest but still further stimulated the sport of yachting in all American waters.

The first of the challenges of this series was that of the *Genesta* owned by Sir Richard Sutton, an English sportsman of the first rank. There was a great deal of apprehension felt for the fate of the Cup and a syndicate of Boston yachtsmen, headed by General Paine and J. Malcolm Forbes, determined to construct a possible defender to try conclusions with the New York Yacht Club's candidate for that momentous task. The designer of the Boston boat was Edward Burgess, then only locally known, who was commissioned largely through the desire of the syndicate to afford him some pecuniary relief in his business reverses. The *Puritan* was the result and she came to New York to enter in the preliminary races to select the defender.

There was a great deal of scorn levelled by the New York sophisticates at the Down East Challengers and she was, owing to her somewhat dumpy appearance, dubbed "brick-boat" and "bean-boat" by the local wise-acres." But she beat the field in the trial races and shortly after showed her heels to the *Genesta,* in the Cup contests. Burgess became famous overnight and was inundated with orders to construct every sort of nautical craft from a ship's dinghy to a millionaire's steam-yacht. Sir Richard

Sutton was wined and dined and sent home with all the honors of sport except the Cup.

The following year the *Galatea* appeared to lift the famous trophy. She was owned and sailed by an Irishman, Lieutenant Henn, accompanied by his charming wife as co-skipper. The couple were exceedingly popular during their visit, and only the patriotic satisfaction in retaining the Cup overbalanced the regret that they had failed to carry it off. Again the Bostonians showed their mettle in another of Burgess's "white wings" and the *Mayflower* was the successful defender.

The next year James Bell, a Scot, challenged, and the *Thistle,* by the noted designer George Watson, was built for the job. There was a great deal of melodramatic secrecy in her construction, her hull being concealed from observation in canvas, and wonderful stories were retailed by the press of her "rakish" lines and other evidences of great speed. By the time she reached New York Bay she was almost as dreaded as a pirate ship and it would not have astonished many to see the skull and crossbones break forth on her mast. Much anxiety was expressed for the trophy owing to the formidable legends which had grown up around the black-hulled stranger and once more the Boston syndicate played knight errant with Burgess's *Volunteer.* She won the series handily and the name of Burgess became celebrated in regions that had known nothing more nautical than a prairie schooner.

All the challenging yachtsmen inveighed bitterly against the interference of the huge fleet of excursion boats that, notwithstanding the appeals of the yacht club officials, persisted in crowding in upon the course. The fouling of the *Genesta* by the *Puritan* in one race was laid to this

Spring Fashions, Fall of 1886

cause. Thousands of landlubbers who didn't know a jib topsail from a marlin-spike crowded dozens of steamboats to the rails to watch the races and to discourse learnedly of "beating to windward," "luffing," "tacking," and other marine mysteries. The prices on these steamboats ranged from $1.00 to $5.00 with a minimum slump on off days to 50 cents. The $5.00 rate was exacted on the big seagoing coast liners, which carried many gay champagne parties, who celebrated each day's victory in copious libations.

These sightseeing boats finally became such a nuisance that the national government was appealed to and in later Cup races revenue cutters patrolled the course with some degree of efficiency. Even then there were many trespassers among the accompanying fleet. At one time it was proposed to hold the races off Newport, much to the satisfaction of the visitors, who found in its less populous waters a greater likeness to their own Solent, but the contests brought a great deal of money to New York besides being regarded as a national institution which by right should be witnessed by the largest audience available.

I wonder how many people ever consider the most important and most indispensable single facility to playgoing today—a facility non-existent in the Eighties. I refer to the electric carriage call that flashes the number of the vehicle wanted. The precursor of this silent system was the employment of stentorian porters who used to shout the numbers in demand, above the roar of the traffic, the clanging of car bells and the banging of carriage doors. The Metropolitan Opera House had three gigantic Senegambians, brass buttoned and cockaded, whose terrific bellowings could be heard for blocks as they summoned the coaches and cabs of the departing

operagoers. A number of unauthorized gamins used to pick up a considerable sum in tips acting as auxiliary nightingales, and pandemonium reigned. Complaints began to be made by nearby residents, and various devices were tried without success to do away with their vocal exercises, before the adoption of the present system.

And while on the subject of after-theatre affairs, I must not forget to mention "Matches Mary" an old woman in a shawl and wearing blue goggles, who was known to every confirmed theatregoer in town. Mary used to make a good living selling matches on the street, between the acts and after the play, to the smokers. The street boys used to tease Mary in various ways, but she generally managed to hold her own, and to ply her trade regardless of them.

In the list of "amusements" the Dime Museums still held a position that gave them space in the dramatic columns of the newspapers of the growing metropolis. On a parallel column with a notice that Edwin Booth would play "Hamlet" the coming week was another that "The Human Anvil" would permit a certain number of rocks to be broken over his chest for the delectation of the patrons of Huber's Museum on 14th Street. Other attractions at this temple of amusement was "The "Human Griddle Cake" and "The Iron Jawed Lady."

While the original habitat of the Dime Museum was the Bowery, that thoroughfare began during the Eighties to show signs of deterioration. When Charley Hoyt wrote his famous song of "The Bowery" it had long since passed its maturest bloom. Most of the Bowery Museums were mere cloaks for other nefarious practices, ranging from faro and three-card monte to the sale of nostrums by fake medicos of every complexion. As the cultural

centre moved uptown Dime Museums were established in unwonted locations. Huber's was directly opposite the renowned Academy of Music, whose walls still echoed the *bel canto* of Patti and Campannini; Worth's Museum occupied the classic premises of the erstwhile Haymarket a step from Wallack's Theatre, and in later years Doris opened on Eighth Avenue near the Grand Opera House and there were similar resorts even in Harlem.

Worth's was perhaps a bit more scientific than the others. He announced "Scholarly Lectures" on the exhibits which included at various seasons Albinos, "Freckle Mermaids" and other aberrations of nature. His walls were decorated with a large number of ghastly souvenirs, such as bits of rope used in hanging notorious murderers, jars of alcohol containing alleged medical specimens in various stages, and other alluring items for the scientific investigator.

Other Museums were more frankly devoid of scholarship. Here the "Elastic Lady" permitted the casual visitor to test the flexibility of her skin with a tentative thumb and forefinger. Here the "Human Pincushion" clogged his pores with pins, and the "Sword Swallower" astonished even the most hardened disdainer of the fork in Bowery restaurants. "Tattooed Families" knew nothing of birth control and one in particular even had a spotted coach dog to complete the dazzling ensemble. "Freckled Mermaids" disported in tanks of warm water as a variation to the swordfish and captive "whales" nearby. Snake charmers dallied with torpid reptiles, and "contortionists" in tinselled costume defied the human vertebrae in their sinuous twistings.

Nor did the Dime Museum lack press agents and "publicity stunts". Announcements were broadcast of the

public wedding of the "Skeleton Dude" and the "Fat Lady" who had decided to assist wise nature's effort to preserve a balance in the propagation of the species. Feuds were revealed due to the rival affections of the gentleman from the South Sea Islands who danced on broken glass in his bare feet, and the "Patagonian Fire Eater" for the "Circassian Lady", and an occasional attack by "The Numidian Lion" on the "Dog Face Boy" or the "What-is-It" was fine copy, regardless of the fact that the lion had for years been on a milk diet owing to pyorrhea which it is said affects four out of every five lions in captivity.

Some of these resorts had stages for theatrical performances and many stage stars of later years found a humble beginning on their boards—Weber and Fields among them. There was one extraordinary performer who clung to them almost until the last tattered oilcloth decoration marked the passing of their day and that was Fanny Herring—renowned since the palmy days of the old Bowery Theatre. Fanny had played with Booth and other famed Shakespeareans before the Civil War and with J. B. Studley and "Wake Me Up" Kirby had been a prime favorite with the cat-calling-peanut eating gentry of the old Bowery pit and gallery. A list of her roles would read like the catalogue of Beadle and Adams Dime Novel Series. The drama moved away from Fanny but she refused, like Mrs. Micawber, to leave the drama although she had accumulated a competence and owned a pleasant farm out on Long Island. Way up into the Nineties Fanny's name might have been seen emblazoned on Dime Museum canvas as the heroine—or peradventure, the hero of "The Red Avenger" or "The Demon of the Gulch". Many old timers refused to believe that the

name thus trumpeted was not that of an imposter trading on Fanny's ancient renown, but for the "small sum of a dime—ten cents" it was possible to set all doubts aside and view the veritable Fanny in the flesh—albeit now somewhat corrugated by an incredible weight of years. She was the last of the Mohicans—figuratively and literally—and her only possible happy hunting grounds were in the glare of the footlights and the flare of the calcium.

One of the pleasure of old time theatre going was speculating on the chances of being incinerated before the close of the performance. The catastrophe of the Brooklyn Theatre fire, for a long time created a prejudice against theatregoing, yet it seemed to have no effect on theatre builders and the fire department, for dangerous fire traps continued to be erected for theatrical purposes. From the time of the burning of the Old Bowery Theatre, until the present era of strict supervision, New York had a glorious record of theatre fires. To mention those of the Eighties only, one has to include the Park Theatre, the Union Square, the Theatre Comique, the Standard, the Fifth Avenue—these are the most important that come to mind.

Certain of these houses, and others, were veritable fire traps, being built between other structures, and having no side exits as required today, besides being constructed of inflammable material. I think it was at the time of the burning of the Fifth Avenue Theatre that a clamor arose for better protection and the fire department ordered all theatres equipped with asbestos curtains. The theatres in their efforts to restore confidence exploited this to the limit, and at some houses, the asbestos curtain would be ostentatiously lowered just before the beginning of the

play, and bore the legend in huge letters "Fire-proof Asbestos Curtain."

Excepting the "Metropolitan Opera House" there was no New York theatre in the "Eighties" built of fire-proof material until the Broadway Theatre at 41st Street was put up, and this was advertised at the time as "the handsomest and safest theatre in the world." There used to be great numbers of "standees" in those days, and many of these blocked the aisles in violation of the City ordinances, whenever the S. R. O. sign was in requisition.

I have often wondered why more of the old melodramas are not produced on the screen, instead of the stupefying banalities of the "Scenario schools." Of course the old time hero of the drama was a bit of a superman, but with all the tricks of the stage he never went beyond physical possibilities. The tricks of the camera that allow the annihilation of a regiment of pirates or bullies or whatnot, by a slightly anaemic film hero, are not exactly calculated to convince the old timer that the stage has "advanced" in inch in plausibility. He still prefers the "chee-ild is in London" school to that of the "Came the dawn" variety, and maintains that the practised hands of Bartley Campbell, Grok Sims, Henry Pettit, and such masters of limelight dramas, had our modern "crook" dramatists lashed to the mast.

Many old timers will remember with pleasure Bartley Campbell's "My Partner" with Charles Parsloe as the Chinaman. This was a mining camp melodrama on the Bret Harte order and made a great hit at the old Union Square Theatre. Annie Pixley's "M'liss," is recalled when speaking of Bret Harte and also his "Salomey Jane." It was in the Eighties that the old stock system began to give way to the long runs that are now so com-

mon. The first of these was "Hazel Kirke" which had an unheard run of about six hundred nights at the Madison Square Theatre. This was the beginning of a series of successes that gave the little playhouse in the rear of the Fifth Avenue Hotel the title of "the miracle theatre."

Among New York's old stage favorites there were none more laugh provoking than the famous firm of Harrigan and Hart—and none so peculiarly native in their fun. Their songs were whistled by every street boy and ground out by every hand organ. "Paddy Duffy's Cart", "Maggie Murphy's Home", "Mulligan Guard's Parade", "Little Widow Dunn", "Where Poverty's Tears Ebb and Flow" were the names of some of them. Their farces were hilarious in the extreme. Perhaps one of the most typical was "The Mulligan Guard's Ball" in which an East Side Hall is rented for the same night, by mistake, to The Mulligan Guards, an Irish target company, and also to their darky rivals, The Skidmore Guards. The Mulligans are first in possession and are jigging and having a rare old jamboree, when the Skidmores, fully equipped, march in. This black cloud on the festivities of the evening enrages the Hibernians and as they are spitting on their palms the Skidmores are nonchalantly producing their recently whetted razors. The landlord, fearful for the integrity of his premises, steps in and pacifies both parties by offering the use of the floor above free, to the Skidmores. The mollified darkies march off and commence their buck and wing gyrations upstairs, while the Mulligans with renewed vigor resume the dance on their own floor boards. The upper ball room is not proof against the pedal assaults of the lusty darkies and the floor gives way, casting them, in a shower of plaster, broken chandeliers, and general debris, in the midst of the

doubly enraged Hibernians who proceed to wreak vengeance on the ancient enemy.

Although Tony Pastor "discovered" Lillian Russell, it was not until she appeared at the Casino, that she really "arrived". And this reminds me that the brilliant Moorish palace at 39th Street, built and managed by Rudolph Aronson gave prestige to any number of variety "performers", who might have remained in the dingy shadows of Pastor's, Miner's, the London, and other classic temples of the "xylophone solo", the "buck and wing", the "clog" etc. were it not for the opportunity thus presented. A first night at the Casino found all the celebrities of the "golden horseshoe" in its stalls, besides all the notables of Wall Street, Delmonico's, and the *"Flaneurs," "Jeunesse-d'oree",* "Ramblers", "Onlookers", *"Dilettantes",* etc., beloved of the society reporter of the period. The seal of approval by a Casino audience was equivalent to an artistic patent of nobility, and a certain glamor was shed by Casino footlights on some mediocre talent. Lillian Russell obtained immediate celebrity there mainly by reason of personal pulchritude and magnetism. She was at her best in French "opera-bouffe",—notably the "Grand Dutchess", and "Girofle-Girofla"; but could not approach the artistic finish of Aimeè or Judic, to the manner born, and past mistresses of Boulevard musical farce. The Casino, in its earlier period, mounted these effervescent gayeties with unstinted lavishness—its exchequer being strongly fortified by Wall Street connections. The Casino Girl—afterwards dramatized—was the equivalent of the present-day "Follies Girl", and the house became the pre-eminent light-music institution of the country. Mismanagement, and a series of untoward circumstances brought the Aronson regime to a close, and marked the

end of the most notable home of comic opera New York has ever had.

Before this occurred, however, the house was given over, for a short season to "refined vaudeville"; in which the renowned "Sandow", the strong man, made his first New York appearance. Sandow was a man of a much higher intellectual type than the average safe-mover who frolics with cannon balls, and his advent—heralded by a judicious "ballyhoo", excited great interest among classes that were not wont to frequent Dime-Museums. It also let loose a horde of "original trainers", who opened physical culture parlors all over the city, in which cadaverous clerks, attentuated scholars, and other frail nondescripts were set in action lifting 100 lb. dumb bells, with occasional diversions in the way of light exercise in raising 50 lbs. with the teeth, "to stren'then the neck muscles". The pupils of these establishments, allured by visions of supporting a grand piano and half-a-dozen movers of the same across their individual chests, made the business a lucrative one. There also arose a large number of aspiring rivals to "Sandow"—sporting such classical titles as "Cyclops", "Hercules", "Samson", "Atlas", and "Attilla", most of them beefy ex-stevedores, freight-handlers, and brewery employes, who warmed themselves in the reflected light of the new apostle of muscularity. All the old Bowery "strong men" got in on the game, and pushing loaded freight cars was good "copy" for half a column and promised to become a popular amusement among the sedentary classes.

Among the extra-musical attractions at the Casino, I may mention the first New York performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana", and the appearance of the "infant prodigy", Josef Hoffmann, the renowned pianist, at the age

of eleven. Infant prodigies were very much the fashion in the "Eighties". The stage swarmed with them, and Mr. Gerry's S. P. C. C., worked overtime.

I fancy that the matinee idol of that time has since been demolished by the matinee girl, who now attends evening performances, armed with a cigarette-case and a flask. Only the grimacing mountebank of the "silver screen" now receives the homage of the maiden in the "big sticks", and requires a "social secretary", to read the proposals for elopement, bigamy, abduction, violation of the Mann Act and sundry other high crimes and misdemeanors coyly set forth by Wrigley's best customers and the pillars of the Moron Movie Theatre, of Main Street, U.S.A. But Jean de Reske a famous matinee idol of three decades past was the adored of the highest type of matinee gusher, and to see him in the shimmering armor of the mystic knight in "Lohengrin", in lieu of the rotund tank of the average German, was to find some excuse for what was known as the "sweet young thing" of the period.

A Hoyt play that would be very apropos in our own Volstead era, was "A Temperance Town," a trenchant thrust at New England prohibition. "Learn to use the good things of life, and not to abuse them," was one of its lines. Its funniest scene was in the village "speakeasy." Suddenly there emerges through a trap-door, from the cellar, the town's "oldest inhabitant", a nonogenarian, who has been regaling himself on the hidden "bootleg" in storage. This galvanized ancient starts to "whoop her up" and to the great delight of the assembled "scofflaws" sings "Oh! I feel just as young as I used to be." This was a decided contrast to the accepted "hick" drama where all the country folk had a monopoly of virtue, and while there was a "demon Rum", there was no such thing as a "demon Hard Cider".

Bronze Drinking Fountain in Union Square, 1881, presented to the City by Mr. D. Willis James

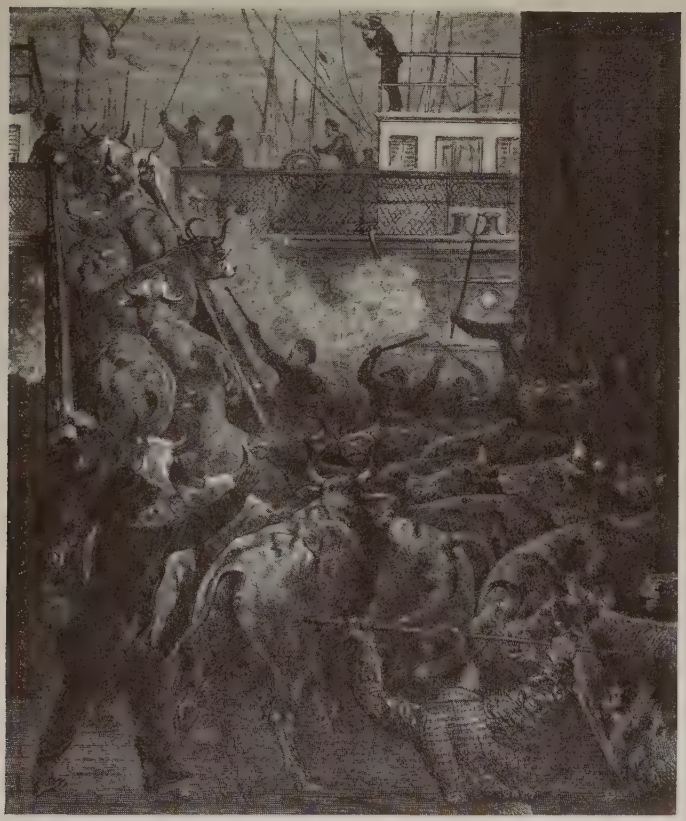
CHAPTER VIII

Fight to Remove Women's Hats in Theatres – Crusade Against Feathered Songsters Worn as Ornaments – A Sheaf of Old Theatre Programs – "East Lynne" – "Daniel Rochat" – "The Old Homestead" – "Hazel Kirke," Etc.

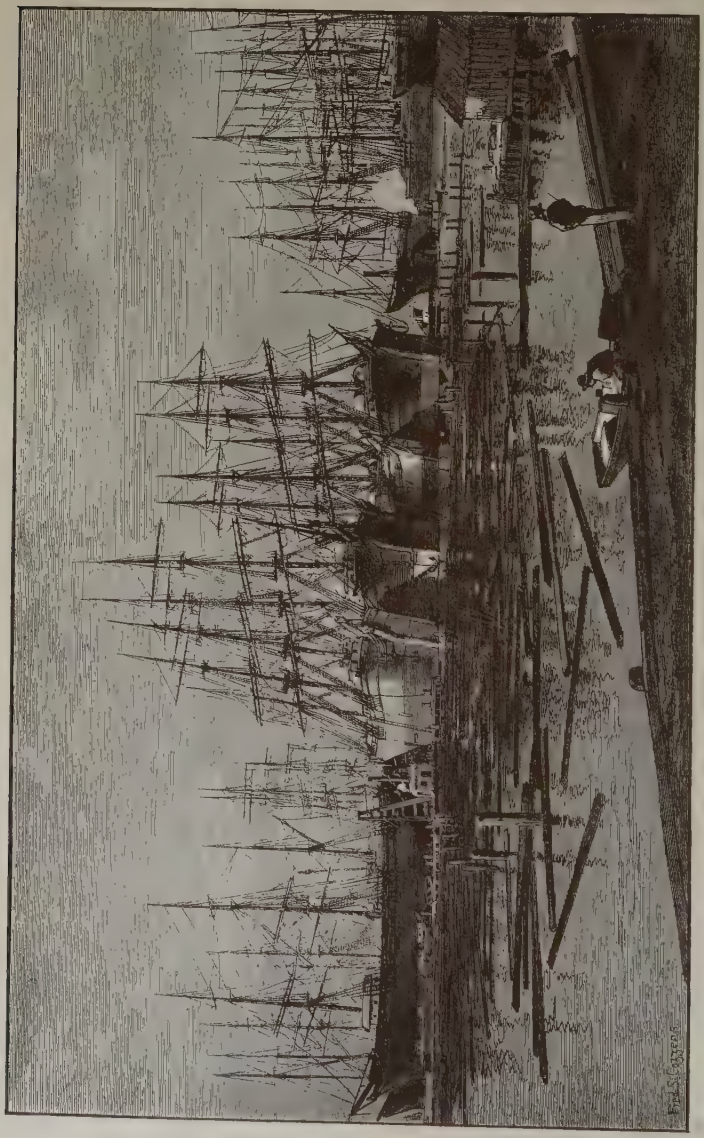
OLD theatre goers will recall with no little amusement the tremendous conflict that raged over the question of ladies removing their hats in the theatre. Readers of today will no doubt smile to think that such a question required any such contest as actually happened. Nevertheless the removal of the hat was strenuously opposed by its fair adherents and it was a long time before the controversy was settled and the new custom firmly established.

During the reign of the big theatre hat, Bill Nye wrote a letter to a New York newspaper in the following heart-rending terms, which helped the cause quite materially: "If Shakespeare could pick up his pen today he would say 'All the world's a stage, and nobody but the women in the high hat can see what is going on upon it'.

"Not long ago I had the pleasure of attending one of Mr. Booth's performances in which he took the part of Hamlet with great credit to himself, as I afterwards



Shipping the "Roast Beef of old England" on the hoof from New York. The export of live cattle and grain was an important item in those days.



Grain ships awaiting cargoes at Gowanus Creek.

learned from a member of the orchestra who saw the whole performance.

I paid a large price, a week beforehand, for a seat at the Hamlet performance, because I had met Mr. Booth once in the Rocky Mountains and had made a deep impression on him. I had also told him that if he ever happened to be in a town where I was lecturing, I would dismiss any audience to come to hear him, and he might do as he thought best about shutting up on the following night to come and hear me.

Well, I noticed at first, when I went in, that the row before me was unoccupied and I gathered myself up in a strong manly embrace and hugged myself with joy. The first act was about in the act of producing itself when a meek little man, with an air of conscious guilt, came down the aisle in advance of a women's excursion consisting of four female members of his family, I judged. He looked over the house timidly, took off his coat, and seemed to be preparing himself for the vigilance committee. Then he saw down to see whether executive clemency would do anything for him.

The first woman of the four was probably near forty, and with her almost beardless face, she looked scarcely thirty-eight. She wore a tall erect hat with a sort of plume on it, made by pulling the tail out of an iron-gray mule and dying it a deep crimson. She wore other clothing, but that did not incense me so much as this hat, which I had to examine critically all the evening.

She moved her head also, and kept time to the music, and breathed hard in places, and shuddered once or twice. She also spoke to the miserable man who brought her. Her voice was a rich baritone, with a low xylophone action, and she breathed like the passionate exhaust of an

overworked freight engine. When she spoke to her escort I noticed that he shortened up about four inches, and seemed to wish he had never entered society.

The other three women had broad hats with domes to them and the one who sat on my right, also sat on her foot. This gave her a fine opportunity to lookout through the skylight of the opera house now and then. The next one to her wore a deceased Plymouth Rock rooster in her hat. The fourth one sat in front of an oldish gentleman, who went out between the acts and came back with a pickled olive in his mouth, everytime. He could not see anything on the stage, but he crawled up under the brim of this woman's hat, with his nose in the meshes of her hair, and his hot, local option breath in her neck, patiently trying to see whether the slender legs in long black hose belong to Mr. Booth or the ballet.

If you will continue in your excellent paper to sit down on tall hats, I will get you quite a number of subscribers."

For many years previously the fashion in feminine millinery was small bonnets and toques. Suddenly appeared the huge cartwheel *chapeau,* later known as the "picture" hat. Only ladies in full evening dress—and this was seen only at the opera—appeared hatless in theatres. Popular indignation kept pace with the increase in size of the headgear and finally scored a partial victory. I say partial, for concealed under the hat were immense ribbons tied in bowknots which perked high up in the air. While they permitted access to the stage from the sides, the center was still obscured. Finally this too was abandoned, and the victory was well nigh complete. There still remained, however, a large contingent who defied every effort to bring them into line. Their numbers gradually

Old Chinatown before the days of its present commercialization by the Rosenthals and Cohens, for the benefit of Sight Seeing Parties.

lessened until to wear a hat was to have the indignant glances of the whole house focussed upon you. That was more than even the most hardened transgressor could stand and so, with a few exceptions due wholly to ignorance of the new custom, the abolishment of the huge hat in theatres became a fact.

Another pernicious millinery iniquity at the time was the use of stuffed song birds for hat ornaments. The insensate slaughter of birds for this despicable purpose was on a par with the present day holocaust among fur bearing animals to provide "Summer furs", "dress trimmings" and other ghastly embellishments to a vulgar fashion-mad crew of "buyers." The efforts of the Audubon and other societies made an end of this practice, but not before the airgrette ornamented many thousands of brainless heads, and caused needless cruelty to countless harmless birds.

Another somewhat related abuse, though this time concerning creatures of the human species also came up for discussion by the humanitarians.

It will probably seem unbelievable to many of my readers to realize that it took a long, hard fought battle before public opinion was sufficiently aroused to compel the Legislature to pass a law whereby the department stores were compelled to provide seats for their clerks when not engaged in serving customers. Nowadays the stores themselves would be the first to provide such a much needed improvement in working conditions.

Kindness and consideration in many directions have taken the place of former indifference and brutality. And it pays.

Perhaps there is nothing to which we old-timers revert with greater gusto and pleasure than to the memories of

bygone plays and play-actors. And there is some poetic justice in this. They recall some of the happiest hours of our lives and our gay companions of the evening. So a perusal of my collection of old programs may prove as interesting to my readers as it has to me and recall to them also memories of these dear, dead days beyond recall yet precious in retrospect.

The making of these old playbills in themselves was in those days a work of art. The authors understood all the devices of titillating the imagination in advance and the brief synopses printed under the cast of characters possessed a fascination that was not always justified in the actual performance.

Haphazardly glancing through these old relics, I come across a number of bills of the old Daly Company, and I find among them the glamorous names of Ada Rehan, Effie Shannon, Isabel Irving, Kitty Cheatham, John Drew, "Jimmy" Lewis, Edith Kingdon, Mary Mannering, Mrs. Gilbert, George Clarke, Sydney Herbert, and a host of others. We cannot recall them without the reflection that New York today despite its dominating position in the world of drama has no company of players that can compare with these trained and versatile products of the old "stock" systems. They are seeking types—not actors nowadays. If they have a banker to impersonate they look for a fat man with a gold watch chain strung across his vest to portray the character. When one considers the diversified repertoire of the Daly Company, from the comedies of Shakespeare through the poetic drama of Tennyson, the comedies of Sheridan, Tom Taylor, Goldsmith, and other 18th Century masters, down to the effervescent adaptions of French and German farces, one

readily sees that no such school of the stage is at present available to the novice.

But Daly's greatest achievement in the training art was undoubtedly Ada Rehan, whom he took as a raw aspirant to dramatic fame and developed into the greatest *comedienne* that the American stage has known and one who could court comparison with the classic names of the British and Continental stages. An evening at Daly's with this brilliant artist and her scarcely less competent associates afforded a glimpse of high comedy that is one of the outstanding pleasures of memory.

"Forget-Me-Not" in huge black letters on a pink playbill seems like a living voice from the past. "The 596th to 602nd Performance of the Celebrated Actress, Genevieve Ward." This fine play of Merival's is an outstanding memory of many old playgoers. Miss Ward played it with immense success both in England and America, and her mantle descended on the equally capable shoulders of Rose Coghlan who after playing it for years as a three act drama, made it the abbreviated vehicle of vaudeville engagements. "If there were not men like you in the world there would be no women like me!" always drew immense applause from case-hardened audiences.

Do you remember "East Lynne"? East Lynne was the very sublimate and essence of all the *Fireside Companions, Family Heralds,* and Laura Jean Libbyisms ever printed. Some of the quality of this old war horse may be gleaned from its synopsis:

Act 1—Jealousy's Pang.
Act 2—Tempted! The Elopement.
Act 3—Exiled! Alone for Evermore.

Act 4—Remorse! A mother's heart.
Act 5—Atonement! Farewell Until Eternity!!

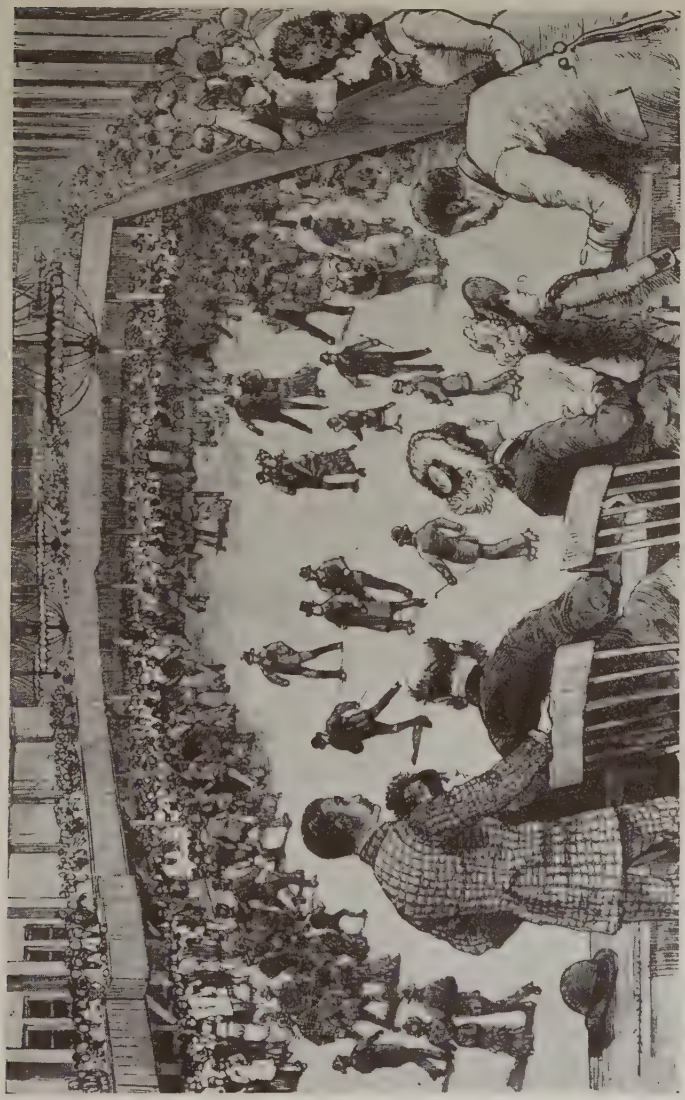
It is probable that more pocket cambric has been saturated with sympathetic tears over the fate of Mrs. Henry Wood's doleful heroine than any other in the history of the stage. Not to say that "East Lynne" wasn't a good play for its time. It was excellently constructed. Its concise synopsis is eloquent testimony to that. Only Uncle Tom's Cabin exceeded its favor in the "Big Sticks." Ada Gray played it for so many years that "Rip Van Winkle" was comparatively a juvenile performance. It was a cheap show to carry—no canvas ice-blocks—no baying bloodhounds, nor baying scene-shifters when the hounds wouldn't bay. Only gentlemen in dress suits, into which they seemed to have been poured, and a black dress in the last act for Lady Isabel. The black dress was the signal for the lachrymal glands. The one night stands that have reacted to that black dress—are they not all found in the United States Post Office Directory and Bullinger's Railway Guide? And Mrs. Wood's play has taught more sturdy agriculturists the manners of English drawing-rooms than any other medium ever conceived.

But one must not suppose that "East Lynne" prospered only among the "hicks." On occasions this "emotional drama" would hit the metropolis and stir the simple minded audiences at the Grand Opera House, The Peoples Theatre on the Bowery, Col. Sinns's in Brooklyn and the leading dramatic temple in Jersey City. (By the way—does any New Yorker know the name of this Jersey City institution?) This was the equivalent of today's Subway Circuit. And now it has been renewed in the movies, and renewed by the Provincetown Players. It is certainly a wonderful play.

One of the most amusing exponents of the rural drama was Neil Burgess of "County Fair" fame. Burgess' perennial role was that of a New England country-woman, the female counterpart of "Josh Whitcomb" in the "Old Homestead." The "County Fair" was the first of a long series of plays making a horse race their chief climax. This was run on a stage tread mill. Of course the modern "movie" horse race has put this sort of thing among the antiquities of the theatre, but it was a sensation in its time and netted Burgess a fortune; part of which I may remark he expended in fine horseflesh—he himself being an enthusiastic equestrian. The "County Fair" was an elaboration of a variety sketch called "The Widow Bedott". The "Widow" befriends a down and out ex-jockey who discovers in a broken-down nag in her barn the makings of a race horse. The traditional mortgage on the widow's farm is about to be foreclosed by no other than our old friend, "Hardscrapple" the old skin flint neighborhood miser, when the ex-jockey brings home the bacon "in the form of the Grand Prize at the County Fair," won by "Cold Molasses", amid the shrieks, roars, and general pandemonium that only an old time gallery could unleash.

The "County Fair" set the pace for such later thrillers of the same genre as "In Old Kentucky," "The Sporting Duchess," and "Ben Hur." Let me also mention that the "Widow Bedott" was a dramatization of the "Bedott Papers" of Petroleum V. Nasby—one of the beloved humorists of Abraham Lincoln, whose son, Robinson Locke, has recently bequeathed to our Public Library his famous collection pertaining to the American Stage.

Before there was Hollywood, there was California, and in California dwelt Joaquin Miller "the poet of the



The great Roller Skating Craze. Opening of the Olympic Rink, Broadway between 52nd and 53rd Streets. This swept the country from one end to the other and everybody went on wheels. There were as many rinks then as there are moving picture houses now.

Sierras" who wrote "The Danites" for years the most lustrous crown in the dramatic career of McKee Rankin. A taste of the quality of this old time "thriller" may be found in the following preamble on the playbill. *"The Danites"* (a secret society of Mormons) so called because like the tribe of Dan, they dedicated their lives to vengeance. The story of the play gives the adventures of two orphan children of a family called Williams, the last of a doomed race to whose entire destruction the Danites devoted themselves. The comic relief in this exquisite pastoral was a frontiersman whose "glorious climate of California" became a slogan for the Native Sons. Lest there should be any belated apprehension for the "last of a doomed race" let me say that the "Danites" were despatched, without benefit of clergy, by the immigrant citizens of the "Golden Gulch" "beneath whose rough exterior," etc. etc. etc.

A playbill of Edwin Booth as Hamlet leads me to the reflection that the old star system was not an unmixed delight to the audiences of the time. Of course Booth was the whole show—but his supporting casts were an aggregation of glorified "supers" among whose names with one or two exceptions one seeks in vain for a player of consequence. Only a star of the superlative powers of a Booth could make Shakespeare tolerable under the circumstances. "Hamlet" and "hamfatters" summarizes the situation.

"Evangeline" made several fortunes for the late Edward "Evergreen" Rice and brought to prominence many noted players of a later time, including Wm. Crane, Henry E. Dixey (who played the hind legs of a heifer), Geo. Fortesque, "Dick" Golden and a host of others. One of the most comical characters on the stage, the "Lone

Old Salts in Sailors' Snug Harbor.

Fisherman," was played by Harry Hunter. He is described in the playbill as "a patient and singularly taciturn toiler of the sea, with a natural tendency to hook whatever comes with his reach." Not one word was uttered by this piscatorial player throughout the piece, but his appearance in oilskins and armed with a rod was always the signal for a roar of laughter. It was one of the lost classics of a school of pantomime that the "movies" seem unable to revive.

I wonder what the *cabaret* frequenter of the "Great White Way," with its disguised banditry of "cover charges" and similar iniquities would have to say to this old program of the Metropolitan Alcazar which stood on the site of the present Broadway Theatre at 41st St. This was a combination restaurant and theatre, and the programme states "Table D Hote Dinner $1.50; Including Wine and Admission to Entertainment with the option of Half-bottle of Bodega Claret or Half-pint of Bodega Sherry. The dinner was a real French one served by a veritable "Cordon bleu" and not one of our modern fake dishwashers. The entertainment on this particular occasion was Straus's "Merry War" with a cast including Pauline Hall, W. T. Carleton, "Dick" Golden, and the then renowned Mme. Bonfanti of "Block Crook" fame, "Premier Danseuse Assoluta."

Society in the early Eighties was a curious mixture of genuine culture some snobbishness, and considerable ostentatious display with amusing rivalry produced by the antics of certain persons to be considered "the leader." This does not mean, however, that there were not many families of real culture and unquestioned position. There were, but a vast number of huge fortunes had been suddenly acquired during and immediately after the Civil

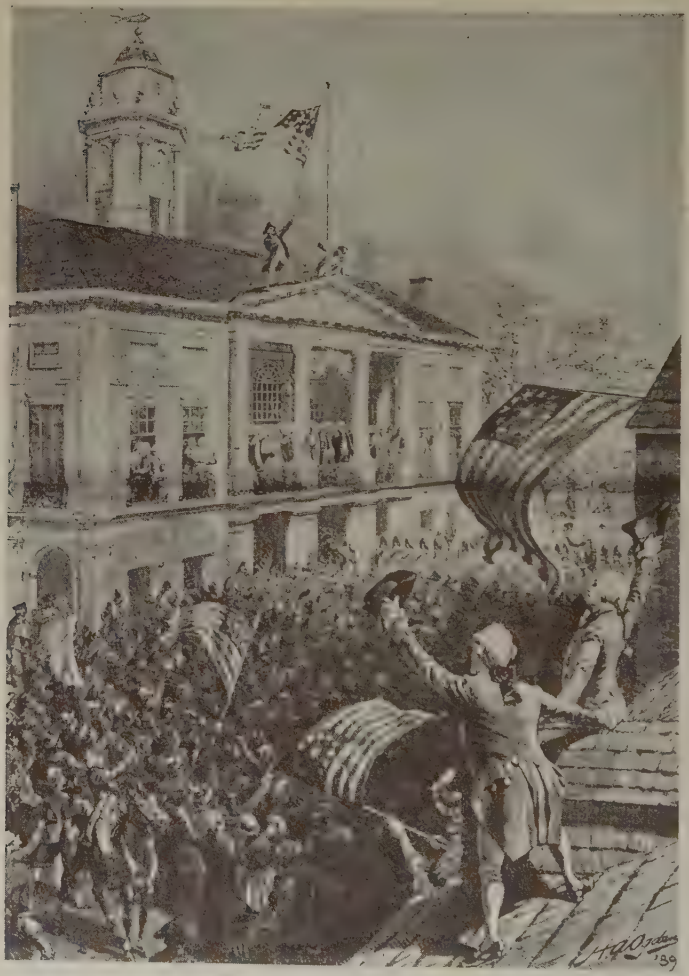
War. The discovery of the great oil fields in Pennsylvania, the enormous expansion of industry in every direction, and the huge production of grain, cattle, and other foodstuffs added prodigiously to the wealth of the country, and of course everybody with big money came to New York to let us know it.

Necessity is ever the mother of invention and the need of someone to give direction and movement to his chaotic mass was keenly felt. Most of the men spent the day in Wall Street and their evenings in the corridor of the Windsor Hotel. Their social education had been sadly neglected. The mines, the oil wells, and the building of railroads had illy equipped them to be cotillon leaders or to shine in the German. But the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb, and at this critical juncture a heroic figure appeared on the scene in the person of one Ward McAllister who with no thought for himself, but with the courage of a Crusader, hurled himself into the deadly breach and promptly proceeded to restore order out of chaos, and to tell the Uitlanders where they got off.

Mr. McAllister's functions may best be appreciated by a reference to his illustrious prototype, Beau Nash of Bath, who managed with such effectiveness a ball given to William III that the monarch thought him worthy of a knighthood and offered him one. Beau Nash is credited with doing much to add refinement to the social manners of the British aristocracy in the way of removing (according to Oliver Goldsmith, his biographer) the "avowed timidity" and "censurable reservedness of behavior" which then characterized it. He issued a schedule of rules and regulations whereby fashionable society should deport itself. The pains he took in pursuing pleas-

A Christening Party on the East Side. By and by the "growler" will be rushed and the real fun begin.

An excursion of one of New York's oldest charities, St. John's Guild.



The Centennial of the Inauguration of Washington as President was elaborately celebrated in 1889.

The Washington Centennial Ball.
Ward McAllister as the Count De La Nolle, Lover of Marguerite of Valois. Hot stuff.

Washington Arch, Washington Square and Fifth Avenue, erected in commemoration of the inauguration of Washington as First President by the residents of the neighborhood.

The Great Washington Centennial Ball at the Metropolitan Opera House, the ball that broke McAllister's heart.

Some of the Costumes worn at the Ball.

ure, and the solemnity he assumed in adjusting trifles, testified that he made a serious business of his calling.

Now McAllister had neither "avowed timidity" nor reservedness to correct in his gallant 400, but he did have millionaires who shocked the sensibilities of English butlers who had quitted the service of "His Groice, the Dook of Bareacres" and "His Ludship, the Earl of Marmalade," to take service under new masters who didn't know '74 port from '69 Madeira, and who drank nothing but cocktails and ice-water, to say nothing of calling for pie with *omelette aux fine herbs,* for breakfast. When this order reached a French chef, his indignation at this gastronomic affront could only be drowned in a tumbler of cooking sherry, prefaced by a string of Gallic maledictions, that even those unacquainted with the language recognized as classic examples of French anathema.

Mr. McAllister came from Savannah and was of good family. Fort McAllister in that city is named after one of his Revolutionary ancestors. He was a nephew of the famous *bon vivant* of New York's earlier period, Sam Ward, from whom he no doubt inherited his marvellous knowledge of cuisine. He could discourse with rare eloquence on the subject of canvasback ducks, terrapin, truffles, mushrooms, white and dark sauces, and similar interesting affairs. The decorations of a dinner table were matters of vast importance to him and he discussed them with intense earnestness. He knew all about wines, and there was scarcely a Madeira in the country with whose history he was not acquainted. He was a man of somewhat distinguished bearing and no doubt could have made a name for himself in finance or business. A brother of his rose to eminence at the bar

in San Francisco. He had a moderate competency. However, social life, its customs, privileges, etc. interested him greatly. You might be able to paint a great picture or write a good book but if you didn't know how to order a good dinner you were anathema in the eyes of this Solon of Society. He had the good fortune to attract the attention of Mrs. Astor who was then having a hard time to keep other Astors and other equally ambitious aspirants from challenging her supremacy as a leader of New York Society.

Mrs. Astor disdained the use of any other designation on her visiting card than that of plain "Mrs. Astor." If you didn't know *which* Mrs. Astor that meant, you were simply impossible, from a social point of view. For her, the intrepid McAllister invented the now famous aphorism that there were only "about Four Hundred" who could be correctly described as "in society." The furore which this pronouncement created at that time can not now be understood or described. Mr. McAllister was arranging a ball for Mrs. Astor at that time in the old house on Fifth Avenue, corner of 34th Street, and as the ball room could not comfortably accommodate more than that number, Mr. McAllister made this remark to a reporter a day or two before the event. When the ball occurred the published list of guests totaled practically the magic number decreed by McAllister. It was eagerly scanned not only by New Yorkers but by practically the entire country. It seemed to possess a fascination even for Jenny, the bookfolder. Every class was interested. And McAllister from being an unknown quantity, suddenly found himself the center of that fierce white light which is said to beat around a throne.

The Washington Centennial Ball in 1889 promised to be the crowning event of his career but on that occasion Mr. McAllister struck a snag. His plans were opposed by a strong faction of society and a pretty row resulted. Mr. McAllister's feelings were investigated by the inquiring reporter and the following rhapsody gives us an illuminating glance of the peculiar mental makeup of this curious creation of a generation ago.

"This Ball," said Mr. McAllister, leaning back in his chair, and partly closing his eyes "was the culmination of the hope of years. I saw in it the long cherished chance of my lifetime. I have seen many great balls abroad, and great dinners too; balls and dinners such as this country never dreamed of. I longed to make a ball after my own conception. I would have given the handsomest ball ever seen on this continent if I had been left alone. Neither Mr. Fish nor Mr. Gerry has the slightest conception of ball-giving. They told me so. It requires a peculiar talent to give a brilliant ball, you must know. I have attended the brilliant fortnightly balls of the Duke of Tuscany. I have attended many of the Emperor of Austria's superb balls, and many, many others."

"I saw this Centennial Ball in my mind. I saw the surging masses never quiet, for I meant to put the champagne on one side of the room and the refreshments on the other to keep the great kaleidoscope ever moving. I saw in my imagination the greatest ceremonials the country has seen in the entrance of the President."

"Now take the banquet. All the adopted plans are mine. That beautiful arrangement of tables, ring within ring, has never been seen before in this country. It was the form in which guests sat down to that world famous

dinner given by the Emporor of Russia to the Emporor of Prussia. Beautiful, is it not? I got the idea and description from Bradley Martin from a dinner which he gave in Edinburgh."

From the foregoing it can readily be seen that the autocrat of society took himself seriously. He was a curious product yet a perfectly natural outgrowth of his day and generation. As the culture of society advanced, he gradually sank into greater and greater insignificance. Long before his death his sceptre had vanished. At his funeral in Grace Church there was an entire absence of the prominent families who in his earlier career he had been wont to order hither and thither. Yet in all probability he will be remembered for all time for his famous little phrase defining the dimensions of New York Society.

Nevertheless, Society in New York in the Eighties *was* elegant. The stately dinners that were a prominent feature of the season, were on a scale of dignity and exclusiveness that seem to have passed.

Dining in those days was an art. In the more exclusive circles the giving of a dinner was an event calling for the most careful consideration. Long consultations were had with the chef and a list of the viands proposed to be served were carefully scrutinized. Should the chef succeed in preparing some spectacular gastronomic triumph like Rooster's Combs garnished with some unknown sauce for instance, the fame of that dinner spread to the uttermost ends of Mayfair and the chef was regarded with the same awe as we would accord a man today were he to discover the fourth dimension. As a reminder of that period we reprint the menus of some private dinners given by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mr. Ward McAllister, Mr. J. F. Loubat and Mr. H. R. Bishop.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt

MENU

Huitres

Potages

Consomme Rachel — Bisque d'ecrevisses

Hors-d'Oeuvre

Timbales Napolitaines

Releves

Escalopes de bass, Henri IV — Pommes de terre surprise

Selle de Mouton Salvandi

Entrees

Caisses de filets de poulet Grammont

Choux de Bruxelles — Petits pois a l'Anglaise

Saute de filets de grouses Tyrolienne

Celeri au jus

Sorbet Aya-Pana

RÔTS

Canvas-back duck — Cailles trufflees

Salade de Laitue

ENTREMETS SUCRES

Pouding a la Humboldt

Gelee d'Orange Orientale — Gaufres a la creme

Blanc manger rubane — Charlotte Victoria

Glaces fruits en surprise — Delicious Imperiale

Mr. H. R. Bishop

MENU

Huitres

POTAGES

Consomme Imperiale — Creme d'artichauts

HORS-D'OEUVRE

Rissoles Demidoff

RELEVES

Bass a la Chambord — Pommes Duchesse

Selle d'agneau a l'Anglaise — Pointes d'asperges

ENTREES

Filets de Volaille Lorenzo

Petits pois

Casses de reedbirds Perigneux

Fonds d'artichauts aux champignons gratines

SORBET YOUNG AMERICA

RÔTS

Pluviers — Pigeonneaux

Salade de laitue

ENTREMETS SUCRES

Timbale Eugenie

Galee Macedoine — Moscovite kummel

Cateau mousse orange — St. Honore Chiboust

GLACES

Le Moulin a vent et le parfait cafe

Dessert

Mr. J. F. Loubat

MENU

Lucines

Consomme Sevigne — Puree de gibier au Chasseur

Hors-d'Oeuvre

Petites croustades financiere

Releves

Saumon de Kennebeck, sauce Hollandaise

Pommes Marquise

Filet de boef a la provencale

ENTREES

Poulet de grain a la Perigneux — Petits pois

Aspics de homards a la gelee

Fondu au Parmesan

SORBET AU CHAMPAGNE

ROTS

Selle d'agneau, sauce Cumberland

Becassinés sur canapes — Salade de Romaine

ENTREMETS DE LEGUMES

Asperges en branches, sauce creme

ENTREMETS SUCRES

Timbales de fruits a la Parisienne

GLACES

Parfait an cafe — Petites Genoises glaces

Fruits — Dessert

Mr. Ward McAllister

MENU

POTAGE: Tortue verte au Clair

HORS-D'OEUVRE: Boudins de volaille Richelieu

POISSON: Auguillettes de bass au gratin

RELEVE: Filet de boeuf Rothschild

ENTREES: Terrapene a la Maryland

Aspics de foies-gras an Bellevue

Fonds d'artichauts a l'Italienne

SORBETS AU MARASQUIN

ROT: Canvas-back duck

Celery mayonnaise

ENTREMETS CHAUD: Pommes a la Parisienne

GLACE: POUDING NESSELRODE

Old friends met old friends and under circumstances that were delightful and stimulating. Everybody knew each other and the evenings were always enlivened by the return of some popular absentee whose presence added zest to the gathering. Distinguished visitors to the City were rarely lacking, and one seldom failed to meet everyone who was worth while in the course of the season, which, by the way, was considerably longer than at present. The beginning of the Opera generally marked the opening and Lent marked its closing. Daly's theatre shared with the opera, society's favor, and at its premier performance practically every well known family in town was represented.

The old Lyceum Theatre on Fourth Avenue was an active contemporary of Dalys, but it did not include the classics as did the older playhouse. It ran largely to

comedies of a local description like "The Charity Ball," "The Wife," "Lord Chumley," etc., in the last of which the young Mr. Sothern made an early success. The famous "400" used to attend the cosy little "Lyceum" and laugh and applaud what were ostensibly their own counterfeit presentments. Among the survivors in the "Lord Chumley" programme I note besides Mr. Sothern, the names of his manager, Dan Frohman; the co-author of the play—David Belasco and—tucked away among the cast I note the name of Maud Adams and that of Tully Marshall.

The theatrical season in those days also partook of a less promiscuous attendance. Like everything else, things were much less impersonal than they are today. Mr. Daly had a wide acquaintance in society and was accorded a position in keeping with his astute managerial abilities. John Drew and Ada Rehan, Mr. Daly's leading stars were immensely popular. Their delightful comedies marked a distinct era in the annals of the American stage. While many of the plays were of a light, entertaining order, the company when called upon, could rise to any occasion. Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew" was probably the finest thing ever seen in New York. The banquet scene in particular was a remarkably beautiful picture and will never be forgotten by those who saw it.

So in a quiet dignified way, Society enjoyed itself in a manner consistent with the times. There were no jazz music, no night clubs, and dancing was a stately affair. Sir Roger de Coverly, Quadrilles, Polkas and Waltzes were the measures danced. Strauss's music was played everywhere particularly his "blue Danube". I often wonder what would have happened had someone suddenly started the Fox Trot, the Two Step, or the Charles-

ton. Down at the old eel market on Catherine Street small colored boys used to "dance for eels on Sunday mornings". My recollection of the step is that here was the Charleston, danced in its original virility.

The most important society function of the season was undoubtedly the Patriarchs' Ball, given in Delmonicos three times each Winter, and other society entertainments were, for the most part, dated and arranged with reference to them. They were given by fifty representative New York residents. Each paid a subscription of $100. Mr. McAllister received and disbursed this money.

The Patriarchs' Balls being society, McAllister was virtually leader, because he issued all the invitations to them, and was in this way in a position to dictate their personnel. The system in vogue entitled each subscriber to nine invitations. He wrote out the tickets and forwarded them to McAllister, who approved them, or at his option exercised a veto. Of course he did not exercise this privilege in accordance with personal whim nor feeling, but in pursuance of what in his best judgment the situation demanded and when these conditions are borne in mind the exact extent and limitations of his power as a leader may be clearly understood.

With enormously increased wealth and its attendant leisure a rapid change in habits and customs was not slow to form. Scarcely a decade had elapsed since the Summer season was of such brief duration that there were few resorts outside of Saratoga that were capable of caring for any considerable number of transient patrons. Newport, a prime favorite with the Southerner in ante bellum days had languished almost to the point of extinction. Far Rockaway, an early exclusive resort for fashionable New Yorkers, had lost its only large hotel by fire, and as a

The first of the winter resorts. Coronado Beach, California, 1890.

resort had passed into history. In fact this decade marked the end of a distinct period in social history.

The idea of spending the Winter in a more salubrious clime, which occurred about this time, was one sufficiently expensive to command itself favorably to the attention of the social climber. It was naturally, evidence of great wealth. You were expected to go somewhere in Summer but nothing like that was expected for Winter. Consequently to go away somewhere, and especially to a distant point, would not only be proof positive of your social importance, but also of the possession of a superior culture.

Coronado Beach in California thereupon burst upon the scene. It suddenly became the last word in fashionable circles to winter at this luxurious resort. Its great distance from New York, its multiplicity of press agents who could be depended upon to keep your movements chronicled daily in the New York papers made an irresistible appeal and soon this popular California resort was the proper caper.

Similarly it became bad form to spend your nearby Summer holiday at a public hotel. Your own cottage became a necessity and a new era sprang up in Newport and Narragansett, the Thousand Islands, and Long Branch. The close proximity of the latter to the city soon caused it to sink into disfavor with the elect and Bar Harbor came into the limelight.

The first change in men's formal evening dress occurred about this time.

The now popular "Tuxedo" made its first appearance in ceremonious New York society not on 5th Avenue or Newport but at Walhalla, Pythagoras, and other East Side pleasure halls, where the "Cloth-Spongers' Society",

Blowing up of Flood Rock at Hell Gate which removed the last great obstruction to navigation between the East River and the Sound. For its day it was a great engineering feat.

the "Button Hole Makers' Union", the "Plumbers' Helpers' Coterie", disported themselves. Here it was worn in conjunction with embroidered shirt fronts, white satin waistcoats, and ties, and diamond studs. For a good many years the formal use of this garment was kept East of the Bowery but as one result of saving the world for democracy it is now quite the mode on Park Avenue. The term "Tuxedo" was an inspiration of cheap tailors, coincident with the rise of the exclusive resort founded by Pierre Lorillard. At one time its popularity was threatened by a rival designation—"The Newport."

The "Tuxedo" coat was, as I have remarked, a garment unknown before. Evening dress demanded the more formal swallow-tail or claw hammer. This was modified as occasion demanded by a black tie and black waistcoat. No gentleman danced with a lady without wearing white kid gloves. To place a warm, perspiring hand on a lady's evening gown would have subjected the culprit to the suspicion of too frequent application to the punch-bowl.

This new tailless evening coat was originally an English idea and was known as the "lounge coat." It was only worn in smoking rooms or informal home dinners. It was never worn with a white waistcoat. It is now good form for almost any occasion.

The Kiralfy Brothers revived the "Black Crook" in the "Eighties" at its original habitat, Niblo's Garden. The Kiralfys were a troupe of Bohemian dancers, of whom two brothers, Imre and Bolossy, became producers of gorgeous spectacles on the order of our later Hippodrome shows.

I remember overhearing my father describe to my mother his visit to the performance, and how sympathetic mother was with him in his virtuous indignation that such

The fight to put telegraph and electric wires underground was a bitter one. Finally, Mayor Grant felled the telegraph pole at the corner of 23rd St. and Broadway with his own hands. The corporations, seeing that he meant business, succumbed to the inevitable.

A snappy yacht tender in the Elegant Eighties.

a play should be permitted. Nevertheless I thought I noticed, for a fleeting moment, a rather peculiar look in mother's eye. To this day I have never been quite able to decide whether her upraised hands was an expression of righteous horror, or of marvellous admiration for Dad's matchless courage in trying to get by with such stuff.

Talking about living up to early aspirations, here is a playbill of the "New American Melodrama entitled *"100 Wives"* and the hero of this matrimonial multiplicity is DeWolf Hopper in the part of "McGinley a Mormon elder". "Wives is what I hanker for" says McGinley in the play. This is a candid avowal that should be highly recommended to our Reno and Paris refugees.

Quite another story is Gilbert's "beautiful mythological Comedy" "Pygmalion and Galatea" in which the chaste beauty of "Our Mary" Anderson was displayed to the best advantage. The blatant "movie" press agent has attempted to adopt "Our Mary" to his own raucous purposes, but to the veteran playgoer the lady who retired to the idyllic seclusion of a Worcestershire village with her laurels undimmed, is the sole patentee of this term of adulation.

The New York policeman was at one time a favorite protagonist for the local drama. A great many policemen were Germans and "Gus" Williams in "One of the Finest" depicted a type that is almost extinct in the present day force.

Those who delight in high comedy will remember Charles Wyndham with peculiar pleasure. Almost all of Wyndham's later London successes were done here by John Drew contemporaneously, among them "The Liars", "The Tyranny of Tears", etc. Here is a programme of

"Brighton" which was a British version of Bronson Howard's "Saratoga". Wyndham was, as a young man, a surgeon in the Federal Army during the Civil War, a rather curious training for one of the most polished and suave comedians of his time. His method was perfectly natural and unaffected and John Drew's easy manner was the same.

The orchestra in the old time playhouse was a more important feature of the establishment than that of today. There was frequently a solo performer during the entre-acts. The cheaper houses invariably possessed a demon who performed on that hooting enormity called the Xylophone. Our popular music has advanced beyond that. We now have cow bells, fish horns, saxophones and other weird abettors of disorderly conduct. Even these are not as novel as our jazz age is prone to believe. There used to be a species of music, much favored by realists called the "Descriptive Fantasie" like "Down on the Farm" which called into requisition sundry instruments not usually employed by the Philharmonic Society. "A Trip to Coney Island" was another of these. *"Rush to the boat, All Aboard! Whistle. Life on the Ocean Wave, Italian band playing on board the steamer. Appearance of Jubilee Singers. All Ashore! Whistle. Boarding the train, and arriving at Coney Island. Carousels, Passing a free-and-easy. Appearance of Street Band entering West Brighton Hotel. The Greatest Living Cornetist is heard. A heavy Thunderstorm comes on with Thunder and Lightning. The Clouds are breaking and Sunshine follows. Arrival at Brighton Beach, where Seidl's famous Orchestra is heard, Boarding the Marine R. R. Train arrives at Manhattan Beach just in time to hear Gilmore's Band perform the Anvil Chorus introducing 500 anvils.*

Signal for Paine's Fireworks is heard followed by Cannon shots and imitation of Skyrockets. After a grand rush for the home bound train "Home Sweet Home" concludes the piece.

The simulation of 500 anvils followed by the Cannon shots taxed the resources of the gentleman in the corner whose equipment included a bass-drum, cymbals, triangle, locomotive bell, sandpaper shufflers, tin whistle, and a toy pistol. On the shoulders of this gallant, supernumerary rested the success of the *tour de force* and to his credit, may it be added, that no Beethoven symphony would have pleased his audience half as much.

These musical interludes were generally introduced to take off the intellectual strain of a dear old melodrama in which the heroine takes refuge from her pursuers in a garret comfortably furnished with straw. It was always nice clean straw, fresh from the meadows, and how it ever got into an attic in the slums was always overlooked by the excited audience. The suspense of this poor girl's situation was not to be supported from act to act, without the necessary musical relief, which the astute manager always took good care to provide. Delightful old manager! What a psychologist he was, although he was probably unacquainted with the word.

What a magnificent master of romanticism on both the stage and in books was Alexander Dumas, the elder. Two programmes before me recall "Monte Cristo" and "The Corsican Brothers," both of them superlative examples of the romantic drama. I don't suppose that anything more gorgeously effective than Edmond Dantes, on the storm beaten rock, crying "The World is mine!" was ever conceived by a maker of melodrama. How many

awkward imitators of this scene there were, memory fails to record. Scores of Irish prisoners, escaping from British soldiery, have leaped from cliffs in emulation of this exploit. Leaping overboard from vessels at sea was almost a "daily dozen" for the barnstormers of the "Eighties." The demand for green cloth for stage oceans taxed the drygoods trade. In all the advance of stage mechanism these artificial billows have never been excelled.

"The Corsican Brothers" was the vehicle for such stars of the first magnitude as Charles Fechter and Henry Irving. It was a sombre play, dealing with the supernatural, and the Robert Mantell of our own times played it with great success for many seasons. It was not as popular as "Monte Cristo", but perhaps a better reading play.

Of burlesques of "Monte Cristo" there was no lack. Perhaps the best of all was "Monte Cristo, Jr." by Geo. Edwards' London Gaiety Company, in which appeared such famous names as Nellie Farren, Letty Lind, Sylvia Grey, Charles Danby and the never to be forgotten Fred Leslie, a comedian of superlative parts. *Hazel Kirke* which ran for over six hundred nights at the Madison Square Theatre was up to that time the most successful play on the American Stage and one of Steele McKayes genuine triumphs. Mrs. Jean Burnside as Hazel, Mrs. Sydney Cowell as Dolly Dalton, Mrs. Flora Livingston as Lady Travers and Mr. George Clarke as Lord Travers are only a few of this memorable cast. By means of a double stage the time between the Act I and II was reduced to fifty-five seconds. This was another invention of McKayes' which was enormously profitable.

The play was the conventional melodrama in an English setting. "Stand back! She's lost to thee forever!"

is the big scene in the play where Hazel is driven from home by her irate father *Durston Kirke* only to fall into the hands of her lover. It was tremendously effective and beautifully staged. "The Highest Bidder" at the Lyceum brought fame to E. H. Sothern, then a young aspirant for histrionic honors. W. J. Le Moyne was in the cast. Rose Thornhill, heroine was played by Belle Archer. The production was under the direction of David Belasco who is down on the program as Stage Manager along with the electricians, machinists and others. A special notice in the program directs attention to the fact that the hat check room robbery had not yet been recognized. It states distinctly and in larger full faced type that *No fees* are exacted in the ladies hat and cloak room. And no charge is made for checking coats, hats or umbrellas in the lobby. As this was then one of the very highest class theatres in town in every respect the scale of prices may be of interest.

Parquet Orchestra or all down stairs $1.50. Dress Circle first row $2.00; second and third rows $1.50 next five rows $1.00 next rows 75 and 50¢ all reserved.

It will be noted that the front rows in the dress circle were esteemed the choicest seats and highest priced. It might also be remarked in passing that only the very highest class houses could charge as much as $1.50—the average price being $1.00. I well remember the storm of indignation that swept the town when it was announced that $2.00 would go into effect that season.

Other great successes of this theatre were the "Charity Ball" with Georgie Cavan as the leading lady; "Young Mrs. Winthrop" and "The Main Line." Indeed for a time it seemed as if this old play house would surpass the hitherto matchless record of the Miracle house on Madison Square.

[illegible]ing Exhibition in the old Academy of Design, Corner 23rd Street and Fourth Avenue, [illegible]

"Napoleon" Ives

Oscar Wilde

CHAPTER IX

Daly's – The Old Lyceum – The Frohmans – Ada Rehan – Clara Morris – Georgie Cavan – Evangeline – The County Fair – John Drew – Shore Acres – Oscar Wilde – Napoleons of Finance – Newspapers – Pulitzer – Dana – Cockerill – Hearst

THE death only last year of an outstanding figure in the theatres of the Eighties, that of Clara Morris, brought back many memories of her early days with Daly. What Ada Rehan was to comedy Clara Morris was to tragedy.

She remained but a short time under Daly's management, a salary disagreement causing an early estrangement. Her subsequent career carried her to most of our principal cities and she soon had an enthusiastic following everywhere.

Her first appearance under Daly was September 13, 1870, in the exacting part of Anne Sylvester in the dra-

Interior view of the Clearing House in 1887.

matization of Wilkie Collins's powerful romance, "Man and Wife." Miss Fanny Davenport had been cast for the part, but discarded it for the more showy but shallower character of Blanche Lundy. Mr. Daly telegraphed to John A. Ellsler at Cleveland: "Can Clara Morris play it?" "Try her!" was the laconic reply. Mr. Daly did try her and the next morning she was the foremost actress in New York.

She remained under Mr. Daly's management for some years, making steady progress and establishing a reputation at once substantial and dazzlingly brilliant. She maintained a partiality for the works of Collins and captivated the discriminating public with her impersonations of Magdalen Vanstone in "No Name" and, above all, of Mercy Merrick in "The New Magdalen." The last named was generally recognized as one of the most enthralling portrayals of almost the whole gamut of human passions that had been seen on the New York stage.

These three parts, with that of *Miss Multon* in the play of that name—a variation of Mme. Vine in "East Lynne" were always her favorites, and they indicate the trend of her genius. Other parts she played were those of Camille, Jane Shore, Denise and Cora, in "Article 47." She achieved much success, also, as Mme. D'Artignes, in "Jezebel," as Alixe, and as Madeleine Morel. Her best work in comedy was as Tilburina in "The Critic," though she was also seen as Lucy Carter in "Saratoga," Lady Priory in "Wives As They Were," Hermine in "Diamonds," Selina in "The Wicked World," Julia in the powerful, old-fashioned play, "The Hunchback," and Lady Macbeth.

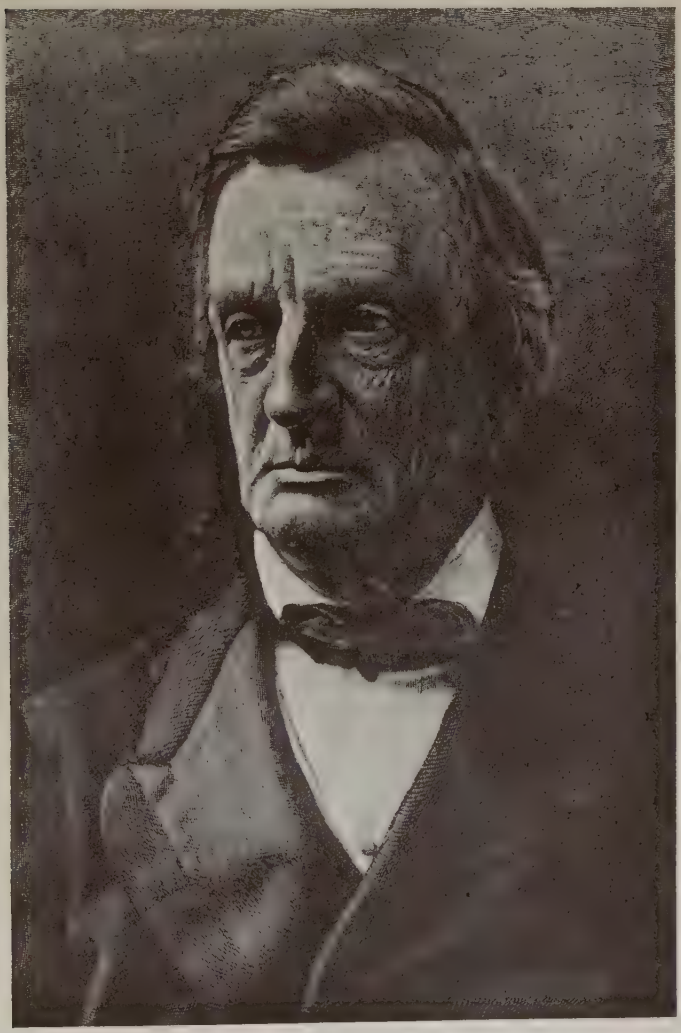
Another singularly passionate and powerful performance was that of Esther in Mr. Daly's play, "The New

Leah," which was based on Mosenthal's "Deborah." That part had been played by Miss Bateman, Ristori, Marie Seebach and Fanny Janauschek and it was the judgment of the best contemporary critics that Miss Morris's enactment of it was well worthy to be classed with theirs.

Her portrayal of tender pathos, sympathy, pity and the intense suffering of a woman's heart, was not surpassed by an actress of her time, save perhaps by such transcendent geniuses as Ellen Terry and Sarah Bernhardt. She had some mannerisms of gesture and posture, too, which seemed to many aimless and mysterious; but which in fact were largely due to physical suffering. For during much of her career her health was painfully impaired, and her bodily strength was not equal to the fiery vigor of her intellect. In time her mind literally wore out her body, and at the very zenith of her popularity and artistic worth she was compelled to retire from the stage.

The passing of the old Academy of Music this year brought a notable gathering of old New Yorkers to witness the final curtain. Memories of its brilliant past were on every tongue.

Owing to its great capacity the Academy was the favorite place for the giving of benefits, and many of these passed into stage history as among the eventful ones of the theatre, for in most cases they were of enough importance to enlist the services of every noted artist in the city. Prominent was the benefit given to the elder Wallack. There was a three days' festival in 1859 for the raising of funds for the maintenance of Washington's home at Mount Vernon. In the course of its existence the old Academy witnessed many performances for the benefit of the Dramatic fund, predecessor of the Actors' Fund of to-day. Particularly notable was the one given in 1861,



Hon. W. M. Evarts, one of the leading legal lights of his time. Partner of Mr. Joseph H. Choate.

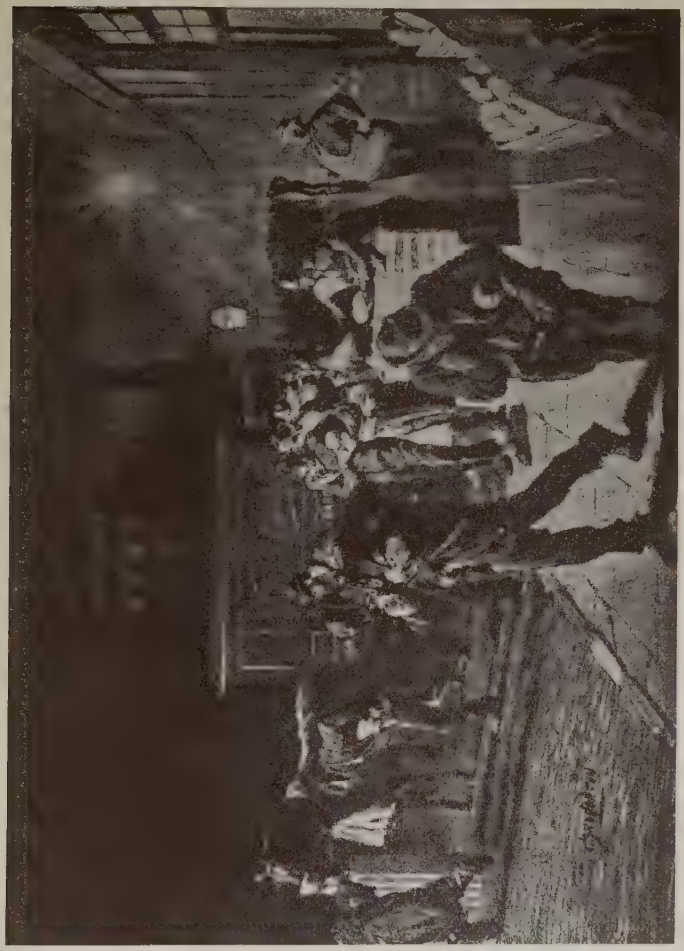
when Edwin Booth, Charlotte Cushman, J. W. Lingard, Charles Fisher, J. C. Williamson, Mme. Anna Bishop and Mrs. Reeves took part in a presentation of "Macbeth."

Star casts of to-day fade into insignificance when compared with the one which appeared at a testimonial for Tony Hart, once partner of Harrigan, in 1888, when every theatre in the city was represented. Part of the program consisted of scenes from "Julius Cæsar," when William H. Crane appeared as Brutus, N. C. Goodwin as Marc Anthony, Francis Wilson as Flavius, Stuart Robson as Cassius, minor rôles being taken by J. B. Mason, Frank Mayo, Osmund Tearle and R. E. Hilliard.

Other notable occurrences were the debut in English of the famous German tragdienne, Mme. Janauschek; and the poeyglot performances of Booth and Salvini in "Othello," Booth as Iago delivering his lines in English, while Salvini enacted the rôle of Othello in his native Italian language. At one of these performances Booth rather mystified his fellow artists when as Iago he interpolated many speeches from other plays of Shakespeare, the audience being none the wiser. The noted actor happened to be in one of his rare moods of hilarity and was indulging in a lark.

Any mention of the last days of the Academy before it fell from its high estate would not be complete without a word for Denman Thompson and his play of "The Old Homestead," which had such a remarkable run at the old house.

The old building has gone and the great magicians who peopled it have joined the great majority. The actors have left "No monument more solid than a name. Succeeding generations may be told of his genius; none can recall it."



The famous Bread Line at Fleischman's, a noted charity that lasted for many years.

William Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is no stranger to modern audiences and with Mr. Walter Hampden's and Mr. John Barrymore's fine performances, not to mention the aberrations of those in Twentieth Century store clothes, our hodiernal playgoers are at no lack for a variety of representation. But I venture to say that neither before nor since May 21, 1888, has there been so elegant an exposition of histrionic art as at the benefit to Lester Wallack on that date at the Metropolitan Opera House when "Hamlet" was given with this extraordinary cast:

HAMLET	*Edwin Booth*
GHOST	*Lawrence Barrett*
KING CLAUDIUS	*Frank Mayo*
POLONIUS	*John Gilbert*
LAERTES	*Eben Plympton*
HORATIO	*John A. Lane*
GUILDERNSTERN	*Lawrence Hanley*
OSRIC	*Chas. Kohler*
MARCOLLUS	*E. H. Vanderfelt*
BERNARDO	*Herbert Kelcey*
FRANCISCO	*Frank Mordaunt*
FIRST ACTOR	*Jos. Wheelock*
SECOND ACTOR	*Milnes Levick*
PRIEST	*Harry Edwards*
OPHELIA	*Helena Modjeska*
THE QUEEN	*Gertrude Kellogg*
ROSENCRANZ	*Chas. B. Hanford*
FIRST GRAVEDIGGER	*Joseph Jefferson*
SECOND GRAVEDIGGER	*W. J. Florence*
THE PLAYER QUEEN	*Rose Coghlan*

The Metropolitan Opera House was donated for the occasion and the profits were $21,560.17 with an audience of 3950 in the house.

Journalism in those days was a totally different profession from what it is now. The newspapers were mostly four page affairs rapidly however increasing to eight and more on Sundays. The latter development was also in the experimental stage. Such a thing as an illustration in a daily paper was unheard of till the advent of Pulitzer. The editors and principal writers still held a commanding personal position but reporters and newspaper men generally were not considered desirable persons at all and their society was carefully eschewed.

There were however many brilliant special contributors. Drysdale on the *"Times"* always had a specially fine article on Sundays. But the personality of the editor himself was the main attraction of a paper. Feature pages were unknown and little attempt was made to be literary.

The "Answers to Correspondents" column however never contained such stuff as this, which is copied from our tabloid friend the *"Daily News,"* and is perhaps the secret of its more than a million circulation:

"Dear Miss Blake: I go with a fellow who always asks me for money. When I can't supply him with it he hits me. Please tell me what to do.

"GOOD LOOKING."

You have two very good reasons for quitting him; he is so low as to accept money from a woman, and he so far forgets himself as to strike you.—Doris Blake.

It was in the early eighties that New York secured the inestimable privilege of acquiring the Hon. Joseph Pulitzer as a permanent acquisition. I never knew him personally but used to see the great man occasionally on the streets. I can't say that he possessed the fatal gift of

John D. Rockefeller as he really looked when building up the Standard Oil Co. (1880). Photo by Pach. Forget the John Singer Sargent horror and the bust by Jo Davison.

beauty according to my taste. He had that mangy red beard characteristic of the Polish pushcart peddler of the East Side today and if the fire of genius flashed in his eyes, they were so effectually concealed by heavy glasses that he was denied the redeeming quality this would have imparted.

The paper which he acquired had a nebulous reputation. Under Manton Marble it had attained a certain degree of respectability but it was owned by Jay Gould and lacked public confidence. Old Dana was running the *Sun* and scolding everybody. The *Times* was in the act of committing Hari Kari and the *Tribune* was nil. The time was ripe for a new deal in the newspaper world and Pulitzer had brains enough to seize the opportunity. It came with the nomination of Blaine in 1884.

You could rob a man of his good name or his fortune or indulge in any other similar playful antic with impugnity but to criticise his political faith was a serious matter. Families were disrupted, old friendships destroyed and a disagreeable atmosphere persisted throughout the entire campaign. It was a great relief when it ended.

Blaine was easily the brainest man in the Republican party at the time. He had made, however, the fatal mistake of incurring the enmity of Roscoe Conkling, Boss of the G. O. P. in New York, the pivotal state. Someone had compared Conkling with his hyperian curl during an attack on Blaine, to Jove; and Blaine replied with infinite scorn that, comparing Conkling with Jove was like comparing a dunghill to a diamond and more in the same strain. The House rocked with laughter, as Conkling was a man of enormous conceit and the remark was a palpable hit, but Conkling never forgave the ridicule and contempt which the abler man heaped upon him.

Of course there were the Mulligan letters and a lot of other charges but the defeat of Blaine was primarily due to the defection of the "Stalwarts" as Conkling's cohorts were called. A speech of the Reverend Dr. Burchard at a meeting of ministers in the Fifth Ave. Hotel in which the Democratic Party was referred to as the "Party of Rum, Romanism and Rebellion" was at the time credited with the debaclé. No doubt it helped. Blaine himself, however, always ascribed it to a huge cartoon by McDougall in the World, entitled "Belchazzar's Feast" in which a magnificent banquet attended by all "the Interests" was portrayed. Millionaires in those days were popularly supposed to be going around seeking those whom they might devour and a good couple of dozen of the tribe were at the feast. Years afterward John Y. McKane, boss of Coney Island, was convicted of stealing eight thousand votes from Blaine and counting them for Cleveland. He was rewarded by a several years' sentence in Sing Sing as the result of the brilliant prosecution by a young lawyer—Wm. J. Gaynor, retained by a citizens' committee to conduct their case.

Blaine lost New York State by eleven hundred votes and consequently the election. No one, so far as I knew, has ever wondered why McKane's conviction did not also invalidate Cleveland's election.

In the Warden's office in Sing Sing the beautiful and delicate wood carving which adorns this room and the entrance to the prison is a testimony to the superb artistry of McKane as a wood carver and cabinet maker. This remains as a reminder of McKane's sojourn in Sing Sing. Had he stuck to his trade he would have achieved an honorable and distinguished career.

But to return to Pulitzer: As the 1884 National Con-

vention approached it was clearly foreshadowed that the old time party loyalty of the respective political organs was not what it should be. The Sun, normally democratic, showed a decided leaning toward Blaine, a Republican, while Jones in the *Times* would have none of him. Harper's Weekly was also anti-Blaine.

These individual preferences of the editors were perfectly proper prior to the nomination. Once the party's choice was made, however, all difference of opinion was supposed to cease and the candidate chosen by the party to receive the united support of his former critics, whose pre-convention utterances were regarded in a Pickwickian sense. Up to this time, such had invariably been the custom, but Blaine's case proved an exception.

The *Times* answered the nomination of Blaine with a scathing editorial, "Facing the Fires of Defeat" and flatly refused to support its party's candidate. George William Curtis in Harper's Weekly followed suit. The bulwarks of the Grand Old Party had at last given way. Dana wanted Tilden, and refused to be comforted by Cleveland.

The two former publications had of course the bulk of their readers among Republicans. They were bound to lose circulation in formidable numbers. The defection of the Sun added to the Democratic troubles and caused Pulitzer to laugh with ghoulish glee.

A huge portion of the *Sun's* circulation immediately passed to the *World*. It at once became the official organ of the Democratic Party in New York and made vast strides in prestige. Many Republicans who could not support Blaine were added to its readers as also many of those who were former readers of the *Times*. While the latter reserved the right to change their own political

faith, they apparently denied a similar privilege to the organ which had officially represented their party since the Civil War. Pulitzer had suffered much from extreme poverty in his youth. On the site where the *World Building* now stands formerly stood French's Hotel. Pulitzer wandered in here, so goes the story, a waif from the streets seeking the warmth and shelter provided by the well-heated corridors. One of the officious porters immediately ordered the friendless boy out of the place and the memory of this treatment no doubt had much to do with his selection of this location as the site for his new building. How he must have enjoyed the tearing down of this ancient structure! And what a change the whirlgig of time had made in the future of the once prosperous landlord and the penniless emigrant from Hungary!

Pulitzer drifted West soon after his arrival, sought and obtained employment on Die Westliche Post, a German paper in St. Louis. Here he was the butt of his colleagues on the staff and many were the stupid and heartless jokes played upon the cub reporter. His industry however, was prodigious and his labor endless. Despite his unfamiliarity with the language and customs of a new country he contrived to make a record for himself and to the amazement of all, soon acquired control of a paper of his own, *The Port Despatch.* With unbounded ambition and almost supernatural ability he soon had his paper on a profitable basis. No pent up Utica could confine his powers so he soon gazed with covetous eyes on the chief metropolis in America, the great City of New York. A great newspaper was expiring from inanition and presently the *World* passed under his control.

Several of his secretaries have written magazine articles

concerning their lives in this position. It seems to me that if I had to make a living by such ignoble means I would keep quiet about it. According to these men he was an unspeakable cad, treating men of culture and decency like so many hogs. There must be another side to this picture; either the treatment couldn't have been so galling or the men themselves were beneath contempt to put up with it. Walt McDougall who served under him during the building up period—a most trying one—has no such story to tell. He speaks of him as a considerate and at times a kindly man, and prints some correspondence to prove it.

The truth seems to be somewhere in between. His frightful labors seriously impaired his health and his eyesight always poor, finally failed him altogether. His trouble with his managing editor, John A. Cockerill who had done much to build up the paper added greatly to his perplexities. He never really discovered an adequate successor to Cockerill and both men suffered greatly from the quarrel. The dispute hinged over an agreement Cockerill had regarding a stock interest in the paper. He had foolishly agreed to part with the stock to Pulitzer at an agreed price. The immense prosperity of the publication soon made this price ridiculous but Pultizer was adamant and Cockerill was helpless. Had Pulitzer been in a less nervous condition no doubt the difference could have been adjusted. But with the sudden acquisition of immense wealth and tremendous power—it all came about in a few years—Pulitzer could see no agreement that might imperil his sole control of the vast property that the *World* had become.

Meanwhile Laffan of the *Sun,* chafing under the astonishing success of the *World* indulged in some of

his most sarcastic editorials one of which headed "MOVE ON, JOE, was perhaps the wittiest, cleverest, and most incisive of all the slings and arrows emanating from the *Sun* office. It compared Joseph to a push cart peddler noisily crying out his wares to the annoyance of the whole block. As a matter of fact the *World* displayed a huge bulletin every morning recounting the increasing circulation, the total number of Want Ads printed the day before compared with a year ago, and in other ways did much to irritate and exasperate Laffin whose private office looked directly out on the offensive bulletins. This interchange of editorial compliments was hugely enjoyed by journalists the country over and by that part of the public who were secretly pleased over the emasculation of the *Sun,* whose dastardly and cowardly personal attacks on Cleveland, Beecher, Hayes, and others had thoroughly disgusted decent minded persons everywhere.

At a later date, Pulitzer developed a violent dislike for Cleveland so when a terra cotta bust of this statesman was received in the office he promptly had it sent down to Walt McDougall's room to get it out of the way. McDougall was the cartoonist of *The World* and he cut a large paper collar with white wings at the ends, which he pasted on the bust. He then took it up to the roof of the building and laid it down with the head leaning over the coping. This was in the old *World Building* on Park Row which was about four stories high and the image was easily seen from the street. The color of the terra cotta looked apoplectic. McDougall returned to his room and forgot all about the bust until his attention was attracted to a vast mob which filled Park Row from end to end gazing at the supposedly dead man on the roof. By this time a rumor had been circulated that a

murder had been committed in the building and a detachment of police soon arrived and clubbed their way into the office. At this juncture, McDougall had very pressing business elsewhere. He locked the door of his room and disappeared for a couple of days.

By this time Pulitzer had built himself a sound proof house at Bar Harbor which was a marvel of ingenuity in its attempt to provide a room into which no sound could enter. Pulitzer was a martyr to his nerves. He was now also totally blind. Yet he constructed a palatial yacht with which he was wont to cruise in various waters and here again his morbid antipathy to noise was painfully apparent. If the great man ventured from his sound proof box for a stroll on deck, the engines had to be stopped. Yet under these terrible conditions he did his pitiful utmost to keep in touch with the busy world about him. His secretaries read his own paper to him word for word; they took down his every comment to be cabled at the next available port. They listened to his strident criticism of everybody and everything and did all that was humanly possible to meet his pathetic desires for a closer contact with normal life. Some of these experiences were heartbreaking. No matter what might be thought of Pulitzer, the spectacle of this brilliant minded man, groping in the dark, always reaching for something just beyond his grasp, is pitiful. With wealth unlimited and power beyond reckoning, few more tragic figures ever lived.

On board his luxurious yacht one morning, life's fitful fever left him. Hereafter he was to know that rest and repose which had been denied him through life. On the whole, his career was not without benefit to the community, but his efforts in behalf of down trodden human-

Distributing Disinfectants on the East Side in summer, 1883.

ity were so inextricably mixed up with the circulation of the *World* that it is hard to say when public interest began and self interest ended.

Another sweet scented geranium of these halcyon days was the Hon. Charles Anderson Dana, editor in chief and principal owner of the Sun. A man of transcendent literary genius combined with as mean a soul as was imaginable, Dana was a striking illustration of a jewel in a toad's mouth. He began journalism under Greely on the *Tribune* and was quite a prominent figure during the Civil War, first as correspondent and latterly as Assistant to Edwin M. Stanton, the great War Secretary. He afterwards bought the Sun from Moses Y. Beach and under his management it became a highly popular journal.

What kept Dana from being really great, was his nasty personal vindictiveness toward public or ex-public men who for some reason or no reason incurred his dislike. The day that President Hayes appeared in New York for the first time, Dana had an engraving made of him and across the forehead stamped the words FRAUD. The column rules on the paper were also reversed—which in journalism is adopted to signify deep mourning. He printed Wm. M. Evarts famous description of a White House dinner, under Hayes—"the water flowed like champagne"—till it was a veteran.

But his masterpieces of slander and villainy were reserved for Cleveland, Beecher and Grant. It is doubtful if such libels would be tolerated today. They certainly far exceeded the limits of decency and robbed the *Sun* of that full measure of appreciation to which its literary and journalistic brilliancy easily entitled it. For

many years it was regarded as a model newspaper in many respects, and was widely quoted.

Richard Harding Davis, Arthur Brisbane, Amos Cummings, E. W. Townsend, and a dozen others were only a few of the young reporters in my day who have since risen to fame in the world of literature from their obscure labors on the SUN. There were of course many unsigned articles from time to time whose authors were the best known names of the day.

Dana had a marvellous faculty of dissipating his circulation one day and getting it back the next. When he refused to support Cleveland he came perilously near putting all the fat in the fire. He never had a real competitor before and strangely underrated the capabilities of the new Richmond in the field, Pulitzer.

It is also amazing to look back and view the pedestal on which we put some characters. It really brings a blush of shame to our cheeks when we think of it. For instance, there was the great legal firm of Howe & Hummel. For a score of years, or more, they occupied the front page in nearly every newspaper in town and were forever in the public eye. They had achieved a position of eminence at the bar that was anything but complimentary to the other members of this distinguished profession. The death of Mr. Howe—"Bill" Howe as he was commonly called,—seemed to put an end to his firm's activity, not only in a legal sense but in a moral one as well, and in the revelations which ensued, this delectable firm turned out to be about as fine a couple of blackmailers as the City had ever known.

Howe was the pleader of this unique firm and his ability to shed tears at will, was considered one of his greatest assets. Some of his most startling effects were the result

of this cheap theatrical clap-trap, but in some way his reputation was so established that the mere fact that "Bill" Howe appeared for the accused, presupposed that the offender would be cleared, or to a great extent, relieved of the enormity of his crime. The firm specialized in divorce suits and the junior member, everywhere known as "Abe" Hummel was undoubtedly a man of extraordinary resources when it came to circumventing the law, notwithstanding the fact that early in his career he was debarred for some unprofessional conduct. He was ultimately reinstated and for almost thirty years, enjoyed a practice that was the envy of his rivals, and the despair of his enemies. How much of his successful career was due to chicanery, humbug, and fraud, will probably never be known, but like all clever rascals, he finally overreached himself in the celebrated Dodge Divorce Suit and was indicted for conspiracy and subornation of perjury. Notwithstanding all his experience with the law and his vast success on behalf of clients, Hummel was unable to extricate himself from his own predicament. The case was bitterly fought for several years and two years after the Supreme Court had adjudged him guilty and had sentenced him to a year in the County Penitentiary, the Appellate Division unanimously upheld the conviction and finally refused a certificate of reasonable doubt. There was now no further technicality or subterfuge which could be used by this clever rascal and upon the advice of his counsel and friends he was at last prevailed upon to accept his fate.

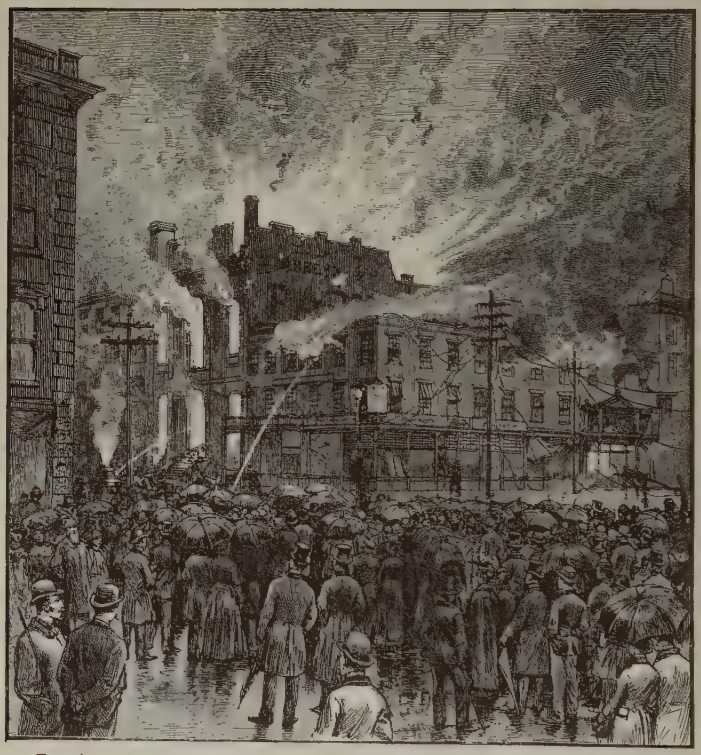
A week later he was safely incarcerated in a cell on Blackwell's Island. Notwithstanding the justice of the sentence, and the just retribution which had overtaken him, not only for the Dodge crime but no doubt for many others, the sudden transition from an undeniably en-

viable position in the life of New York, the effect of his disgrace upon Hummel was terrific. When the guards went to his cell in the morning Hummel was found to have completely collapsed and his spirit was crushed. For a long time he hovered between life and death and it was several months before there was hope for his ultimate recovery. His recuperation was slow but by the time his sentence had expired he had to a certain extent regained his health. When he left the Island once more a free man he immediately set sail for Europe and from that time until his death in the Spring of the present year lived almost wholly abroad. Once or twice reports of his death reached New York which Hummel was careful never to deny. In fact he wished to be forgotten by the people of the city in which he had played so prominent a part and was as careful to shun publicity as he was formerly to court it. The career of this firm is recalled simply as an evidence of the peculiar type of man who was able to impress New York in these simple days. Much of their success undoubtedly arose from the fact that in the archives of their records reposed many scandalous secrets of men who also basked in the sunshine of public esteem and yet whose private lives were far from impeccable. The firm of Howe & Hummel was a curious instance of human cupidity and it seems incredible that such a pair of knaves should ever have enjoyed the confidence and esteem of any well ordered community, to say nothing of New York. The standard of public and legal morality has greatly changed since these days.

Other figures that enjoyed to a certain extent public interest of a similar type were many of the well known Napoleons of finance. The names of these gentry were constantly in the papers in connection with some spec-

tacular achievement on the Street. Jay Gould was one of these. His comings and goings were recorded with minute detail, and everywhere he was accounted a man of vastly superior business acumen. How much he was entitled to this last named reputation may be inferred from the fact that he declined to purchase the Bell Telephone Company's rights in New York for less than $75,000.00. as may be seen by a letter which is in his own handwriting. More than once, mobs of men and women gathered around his home with the unanimous feeling that hanging was too good for him, and they assembled for the purpose of aiding justice in this laudable enterprise if the opportunity presented itself. These occasions were caused by some of Mr. Gould's exploits in the Street whereby investors were, with precision and skill, stripped of all their belongings. One time when his hold on public affection seemed to be in jeopardy, owing to malicious rumors that Mr. Gould was bankrupt, he invited the reporters of the public press to his office and in their presence he opened the doors of his safe and allowed them to check up the value of his possessions, which were in physical evidence before them. When they agreed upon the astounding total of $75,000.000.00, Mr. Gould at once regained his position as one of the great men of New York.

Another spectacular figure at this time was a mere strippling in years but of Homeric achievement in the financial world. His baptismal name of Ives was wholly lost sight of in the newer patronumic "the Young Napoleon." For some inscrutable reason every man who ever made a dollar on the Street, whether he kept it or not, provided the killing was of sufficiently imposing dimensions was immediately acclaimed by the common herd as

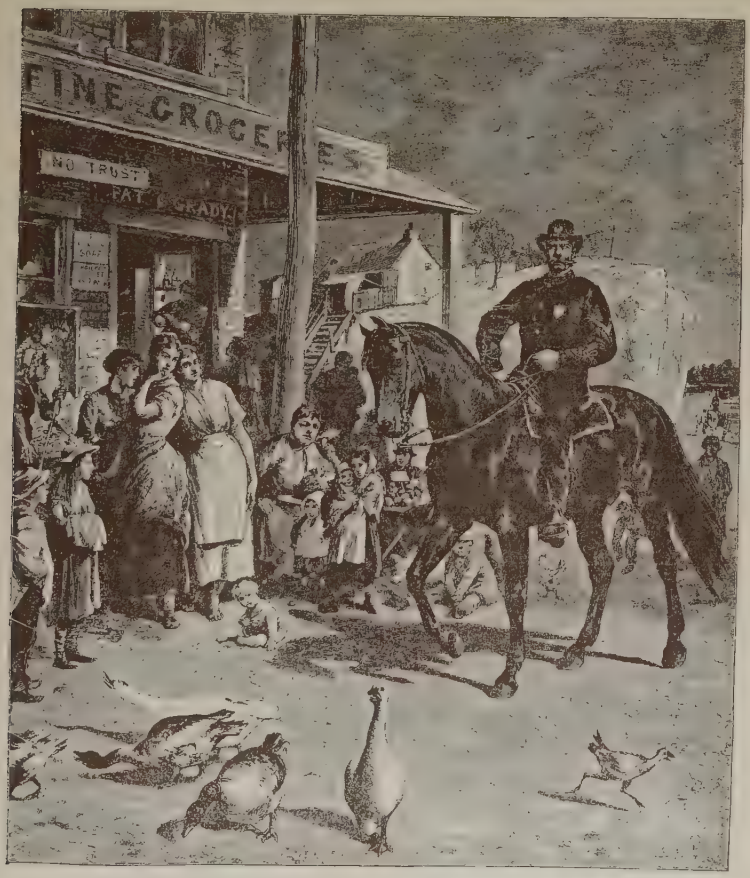


Burning of the Park Theatre the night Lily Langtry was to appear.

a "Napoleon" and so this was the era of Napoleon Ives. He invented quite an original and unique school of plunderbund which had enough dynamite in it to blow the whole works to smitherenes yet the great banks and money interests in Wall Street allowed this young bandit to proceed on his way unmolested until he virtually hung himself with rope which he had manufactured for himself and which could not be used for any other purpose. Mr. Ives would purchase a controlling interest in a certain railroad which would immediately enable him to gain access to the assets of the corporation. With these assets he promptly bought a bigger road, thus enlarging his resources. The process was so simple and so legal that the financial community seemed dazed and unable to stop the onslaught. He unfortunately attacked the Equitable Life Insurance Company which was a fatal mistake. The vast resources of this wealthy institution, vitally affected the lives of hundreds of thousands of policy-holders who suddenly took alarm. In some way or other the spell that Ives had thrown over the financial community burst with the suddeness of the proverbial bubble and Mr. Ives was suddenly stopped in his triumphant career. Several times during his operations he could have retired with several million dollars in a perfectly legitimate manner and could have lived a life of luxury for the rest of his years but the vaunting ambition which o'erleaps itself sent him to his doom. It is quite an ambition for any one man to want to own all the railroads, banks, trust companies, and insurance companies in a city as large as New York and nothing short of that could satisfy our hero. As a result he was quickly bereft of all his tainted possessions and now his name is not even a memory in Wall Street.

Almost contemporanous with Mr. Ives' career, the firm of Grant & Ward flung its banner to the breeze. The sad part about the creator of this firm was that it was to involve the good name and sacred honor of the first citizen of the country at that time—General and Ex-President Ulysses S. Grant. The old man was a tyro in finance and believed, as did many others, that all he had to do in Wall Street was to buy a few shares of stock and speedily become rich. Ward knew a great deal better and the one streak of genius which he showed was his appreciation of the importance and power of the great name which he had coupled to his own. The methods of Ward were on a par with those of "520% Miller" and of more recent fame—Ponzi of Boston. Mr. Ward may be considered the grandfather of these later imitators.

At all events, the allurement set forth in the literature of Grant & Ward regarding the fabulous profits to be made by investing through them brought an enormous clientele to their offices. The constant contributions of the outside public for a time served to keep the firm on its feet, but the reckless speculations of Ward were so idiotic that there was but one end, which came speedily. Their failure was announced for the somewhat startling amount, in those days, of $14,000,000. I think that still stands a record for a brokerage house, considering the period of which I write. This was an extraordinary occurrence. In all probability if a brokerage firm today failed for a hundred millions this would be about on a par with what the Grant & Ward failure was at that time. The heartbreaking part of this failure was the dreadful effect it had upon Gen. Grant and one of the saddest scenes that clouded the end of his days was undoubtedly that in which he went to his friend William H. Vanderbilt at



Among the Goats in Harlem. First of the mounted Police.

midnight to see if anything could be done to prevent the catastrophe. He insisted on raising whatever money he could personally and at that interview Mr. Vanderbilt advanced him $500,000. taking as security the various presents, decorations, etc., which the General had received from rulers and admirers. There was no mercenary motive in Mr. Vanderbilt's public spirited action at this time. He knew as well as anybody else that $500,000. would be of no avail but at least he would have an interesting and valuable collection of gifts placed in such a position that they could not be dispersed, and protected until a more propitious time. In order to retrieve his fortune and to discharge as many personal obligations as possible, General Grant at once set out upon the task of writing his memoirs. Already there were signs of an impending illness that caused his physicians more or less concern. The shock and the strain greatly aggravated these symptoms and in a few months the country became greatly alarmed over the continued reports of the General's increasing ill health. It finally became known that the cause of the trouble was a cancerous growth in the throat and that little or nothing could be done to alleviate his sufferings. The ravages of this cruel disease were greatly facilitated by the depressed condition of the General's mind and his growing anxiety that his life might be spared to complete his memoirs. Many affecting stories reached the newspapers of the gallant struggle that the great soldier was making, yet through it all was it known that the end would result in his utter defeat He was, however, miraculously preserved to complete his memoirs, the profits of which reached enormous figures. While they, to a certain extent, greatly ameliorated the General's condition, the losses by the Grant & Ward fail-

ure were so colossal that but little relief could be derived from any source. Upon completion of his work, heroic measures were undertaken to prolong his life. He was removed to Mount McGregor in the hope that the higher altitude would prove beneficial but the malady was too deadly and too virulent to be stayed and after a few weeks' sojourn at Mt. McGregor, the country was saddened by the receipt of a dispatch that the great soldier had finally passed away.

James R. Keene was another of the picturesque figures of the Street in those days. Upon one playful occasion he punched Jay Gould in the nose, knocking him over an iron railing and causing him to bump his gigantic brain several times on an unsympathetic flight of stone stairways on the way to the basement. The cause of this playful attention by Mr. Keene was one of the customary jokes of Mr. Gould. The humor of these situations can best be described when the modus operandi is explained. Mr. Gould would advise Mr. Keene of certain valuable information in his possession and the two would then execute a verbal or written agreement to purchase all the stock of a certain railroad or mining company up to a certain point and in the meantime neither was to sell a single solitary share. They were also to get as many other gentlemen into the pool as was possible. Mr. Gould was of proverbial short memory however and after the buying of this pool had succeeded in advancing the price of the stock to an effective figure, Mr. Gould suffering from a sudden lapse of memory would forget about his agreement and would sell his holdings.

It was for one of these lapses of memory that Mr. Keene chastized him, but incidents of this nature were trifles in the career of Mr. Gould and were all in a day's

work. Mr. Keene for years was a prominent figure on the Street and succeeded in making and losing a great many fortunes. Toward the end of his days I think he became more conservative and found a vent for his undoubted abilities in a more conservative and legitimate business than blind pools, etc., that marked his career at the start.

Of the great men who really achieved permanent and tangible results the outside world knew but little. James Stillman, who afterwards became such an outstanding figure, was practically unheard of until his promotion of The National City Bank made him a prominent figure. As a matter of fact the praise of the passing moment was lavished only on the mountebank and the bushwhacker, while the men who were doing the real work that was to make New York a financial center were allowed to pursue their labors in peace.

If the proponents of the Volstead act have their way, the pictures of the famous cafe-bars that we present will have for future generations, as great an antiquarian interest as the new American wing of the Metropolitan Museum, where we may see the steam-heatless apartments of our forefathers. Famous above all others was the Hoffman House Cafe with its immense "Nymphs and Satyr" by Bougereau, always attracting a group of "butter and egg men" of the time. Madison Square and above was a great neighborhood for high-class cafes, with its cluster of hotels, including the Brunswick, Albermarle, Fifth Avenue, Bartholdi, Victoria and St. James, and haunts like Delmonico's, Kirk's and others with cellars replete with vintages that can only be properly described by a lyric poet. Further uptown were the Gilsey House, the Sturtevant House, the Grand Hotel, Bang's

bar and the White Elephant, where between the acts, men who had stepped out "to see a friend" discussed the drama at Daly's or Wallack's or the Bijou. Where the McAlpin now stands was Haan's "sample room"—there were a number of "sample rooms" catering to a quiet trade in town. Just a sideboard and a few tables and chairs was their equipment. Trainor's in the shadow of the L. station at 33d Street, brilliant with mirrors, did a rushing all night business and caught the entr' act crowd from the Standard Theatre next door, where "Dick" Mansfield cavorted in comic opera. Some went to Parker's just above, the *alma mater* of Geo. Boldt of the Waldorf. The Marlborough at 36th Street satisfied the parched Southerner with his indigenous juleps, and the Normandie had a cosy grotto in the basement where the Casino boys used to foregather to discuss their favorite chorus ladies. The Vendome's elaborate bar catered to the throngs from the Metropolitan and Broadway as did the Rossmore and St. Cloud, then at the frontier of theatre land and the end of the uptown "cocktail route".

The final razing of the old Astor house on Broadway at Barclay street to make room for a new skyscraper removes one of the most interesting as well as the romantic buildings in New York. Some years before the time of which I write, the Hotel as a hotel had virtually disappeared and its glory as the leading caravansary had departed. Only one section remained—the Rotunda—still famous as the best lunch room down town. It was as its name implied—circular in form and then around a spacious room on the ground floor which had a huge glass dome for a roof. Around this festive board gathered most of the celebrities of the day. Being near the prin-

The Statue of Liberty in the Studio of M. Bartholdi in France before its removal to New York.

cipal courts and newspaper offices the number of well known, in fact nationally known persons, who congregated there was impressive. From noon till five o'clock it was never without its group of notables.

Among the Anarchists of New York, showing Emma Goldman, John Most and Justus Schwab, who all made a good living out of the guff they wrote and preached. Emma was only recently deported to her own beloved Russia, where her theories of government were being carried out. Her ungrateful country at once put her to work on a rock pile as an expression of their affection, and finally kicked her out.

CHAPTER X

HARPER'S WEEKLY – THE ASTOR HOUSE ROTUNDA AND THE FAMOUS MEN WHO DINED THERE – GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS – EDWIN A. ABBEY – THURE DE THULSTRUP – "DICK" DAVIS – BILLY INGLIS – E. H. BLASHFIELD – EDITORIAL – THE HECKSHER PLAYGROUND – JOHN H. TENNANT – SOPHIE IRENE LOEB

IT WAS an axiom that any one who was anybody could be seen at the Astor Rotunda sooner or later. In the side rooms were accommodations for ladies.

Just beyond Newspaper Row were the offices of nearly all the other periodicals issued at that time—magazines, weeklies, etc. In fact the entire publishing world was encompassed within a few blocks for although the Century's offices were uptown, it was printed in De Vinnes

shop at Park Place and Church Street, a few short blocks from the Astor. Robert Bonners celebrated *Ledger* was on the corner of Spruce and Nassau; Laura Jean Libbey's *Fireside Companion;* Monroe's Family Story Paper, Nick Carter's Library, Beadle's Dime Novels, Monroe's Boys of New York, Street & Smith's paper covered novels, Harper's famous Weekly, Magazine and books all had their great and near-great contributors who enlivened the rotunda or the broad marble portico leading to the Astor.

The Harpers as a rule affected Dorlons in Fulton Market. That was a famous place for oysters and shell fish—the greatest probably in all New York. The surroundings were not much—the tables were without napery and were either plain wood or with oilcloth I forget which. The floor was covered with sawdust and the chairs were simple kitchen affairs. But such oysters! such clams—and the blue fish! Right from the fish market opposite. There was no equal to the sea food in Dorlons and the cookery was unmatched anywhere. I faintly recall Fletcher and John Wesley Harper there occasionally but the grandson, J. Harry Harper stands out more distinctly. But to return to the Astor.

Among the women were Gail Hamilton, a sister I think or sister-in-law? of James G. Blaine. Fanny Fern a star headliner in the Ledger. Marion Harland a clever and versatile contributor to many publications and also author of a Cook Book which enjoyed marvellous popularity. Albert Payson Terhune is her son. Miss Egbert Craddock, Miss E. D. E. Murfee, Margaret Sangster, editor of Harpers Bazaar, "Nellie Bly" who surpassed Jules Verne's trip Around the World in Eighty Days as an advertising feature for the World. Edith Sessions Tupper, Dinah

Moloch Craik, Kate Douglass Wiggin, etc., all no doubt in town for business with Harpers.

The newspaper men—there were no journalists in those days—were of course most numerous, Col. Cockerill of the World being perhaps the most readily recognized. Isaac Bromley of the Tribune, Laffan of the Sun, Carvahlo of the Journal—Arthur Brisbane was still a Sun reporter—Walt McDougall the only cartoonist on the daily press at the time and destined soon to achieve fame by his famous cartoon "Belchazzar's Feast" during the Blaine campaign; Jennings, Raymond and Jones of the Times and occasionally young Bennet of the Herald.

A large contingent of out of towners were also frequently at the Rotunda. Col. Amory Knox and his partner Col. Sweet of Texas Siftings were among those present. Bailey the Danbury News Man. M. Quad of the Detroit Free Press. Bill Nye fresh from Laramie, Wyoming, a find of Pulitzers—and—who invented the paid advertising puff and begot the present swarm of ubiquitous press agents. Bernard Gillam who brought renown to Puck by inventing the "Tattooed Man from Maine", and who subsequently married a sister of Billy Arkells, later becoming part owner of Judge. Billy O. Inglis, who is now writing the authorized biography of John D. Rockefeller, Thure de Thulstrup, one of Harper's leading illustrators, George William Curtis editor of the Weekly, Winslow Homer, Edwin A. Abbey, E. H. Blashfield, also Harper men, soon to find themselves rated among the greatest artists of the world. Another great attraction was Nast the famous Tweed cartoonist. Nast was fond of telling how he was once offered a quarter of a million dollars during his attack on the Tweed ring to resign his position and take a holiday in Europe for a

few years. Richard Harding Davis was still a cub reporter on the Sun where already some of his Van Bibber stories had appeared. Henry Guy Carleton one of the cleverest of them all; Joe Howard, George Alfred Townsend, (Gath) Ed Townsend (Chimmie Fadden) the great Chas. A. Dana himself; Allen Thorndike Rice of the North American Review and countless others were among the daily throng. Taking it all in all the Astor Rotunda was in its day a gathering place such as existed nowhere else in town. Sandy Spencer's across the street, Mouquins on Fulton and Stewarts on Warren Street would have been eminent in any other part of town. The proximity of the Astor robbed them to a great extent of what might have been a unique prominence as all these were unusual establishments.

Stewart's bar-room on Warren Street did an enormous business. It was marvellously fitted up and boasted of an art collection which in those days was quite a sensation. There was a still life in particular, of a hunter's hat and coat on the back of a door, that was simply fascinating. It may not have been "art" but it was so skilfully painted that crowds stood before its red plush enclosure and gaped at it all day long. Its lighting arrangement did much to enhance its effectiveness. There was also a ten dollar bill painted on a glass case of the cigar counter that fooled everybody. More than one customer, slyly slipped his hand over what he supposed was somebody's forgotten change. The attendant never cracked a smile. It was easily the most luxurious drinking saloon in New York and the total receipts for the day before Christmas were divided among the employes and the amount posted each year. I forget the various totals but to my boyish idea they were staggering. Stewart had another similar

place on John St. The City Hall crowd were his principal patrons and many of the most talked of men in the day's political news could be found there. Oscar Liptons on Park Row was a haven for the newspaper men.

Of these convivial oases from the Battery to City Hall the number was legion. It seems unbelievable that they now no longer exist and that their very names are almost forgotten. A few years more and they will pass out of memory completely and only in old chronicles of the city will their existence ever be noted.

Central Park in the early eighties seemed to me to have reached the apotheosis of its existence. The lawns were greener, the trees more luxuriant and the flowers more beautiful. At all events it was the particular pride and show place of the City. So world famous did it become that it was the principal point of interest for the stranger instead of the big buildings that attract the present day pilgrims, and Olmstead & Vaux, the architects, became widely celebrated. Curiously enough, the bucolic visitor was among the most eager to view this noted sylvan retreat in the middle of a big city and the countryman was much in evidence there.

So proud was the town of Central Park that special efforts were made to guard it from the marauder. At the time of which I speak it was policed by a force of grey central officers who were known as "sparrow cops." For many years the park was closed at nine o'clock at night, except when there was skating on the lakes, when the hour of closing was eleven o'clock. Each of the park gates had a sentry box in which an officer was stationed night and day to prevent the entrance of objectionable persons and to see that closing hour was observed. The "sparrow cops" were under the jurisdiction of the Park

Commissioner and were enjoined to eternal vigilance. The greensward of the park was never on any account to be invaded and at frequent intervals the warning sign was displayed "Keep Off the Grass." Nor were bipeds the only depredators of the park; a considerable number of cats found a happy nocturnal hunting ground there, and it was necessary to employ a force of rifle men for their extermination.

The only members of the regular police force in the park in the days of the "sparrow cops" were the mounted police, invaluable in stopping runaways. When Roosevelt was Police Commissioner he was very partial to cowboys as material for mounted policemen and a number of these doffed the buckskin to don the blue under our future President.

A very charming feature of the park, a few years ago, was the Shakespeare Garden, on a hillock near the West 79th Street gate. This was planted with every flower mentioned in the Bard's plays and was a fascinating mass of color and fragrance. The recent neglect of the park appears to have included this beauty spot and I hope this reference may have the effect of reviving interest in a delightful poetic fantasy.

There has recently been a plan on foot to revise the early gate names that were bestowed on the park entrances in 1862. This idea was taken from the ancient custom of giving names of dignity and significance to the gates of walled cities. These walled-city gates were vulnerable points to be constantly strengthened and ever guarded with vigilance by the citizens within the gates. The Committee that named the gates were Andrew H. Green, Henry G. Stebbins and Charles H. Russell. That Committee of long ago strove to give worthy significance

to the titles they selected. They aimed to symbolize in the names of the gates all the industries and professions within the City of New York that made up its actual and creative life, and all those outside activities which contributed to its needs. The names and locations of the gates are as follows:

5th Avenue and 59th Street—The Scholars' Gate.
6th Avenue and 59th Street—The Artists' Gate.
7th Avenue and 59th Street—The Artisans' Gate.
8th Avenue and 59th Street—The Merchants' Gate.
8th Avenue and 72nd Street—The Women's Gate.
8th Avenue and 79th Street—The Hunters' Gate.
8th Avenue and 85th Street—The Mariners' Gate.
8th Avenue and 96th Street—The Gate of all Saints.
5th Avenue and 72nd Street—The Children's Gate.
5th Avenue and 79th Street—The Miners' Gate.
5th Avenue and 90th Street—The Engineers' Gate.
5th Avenue and 96th Street—The Woodman's Gate.
5th Avenue and 102nd Street—The Girls' Gate.
5th Avenue and 110th Street—The Pioneers' Gate.
6th Avenue and 110th Street—The Farmers' Gate.
7th Avenue and 110th Street—The Warriors' Gate.
8th Avenue and 100th Street—The Boys' Gate.
8th Avenue and 110th Street—The Strangers' Gate.

The land now constituting Central Park was already a straggling suburb, when purchased by the City, and a suburb more filthy, squalid and disgusting cannot be imagined. A considerable number of the inhabitants were engaged in occupations which were nuisances in the eyes of the law and shanties, bone boiling establishments, piggeries and pools of offensive stagnant water rendered the region anything but parklike.

During Mayor Hylan's regime, the progeny of the aboriginal bone-boilers, scavengers, and fat renderers returned in multiplied numbers to the park and endeavored to restore it to its ancestral aspect. They succeeded, to an extent hardly deemed possible.

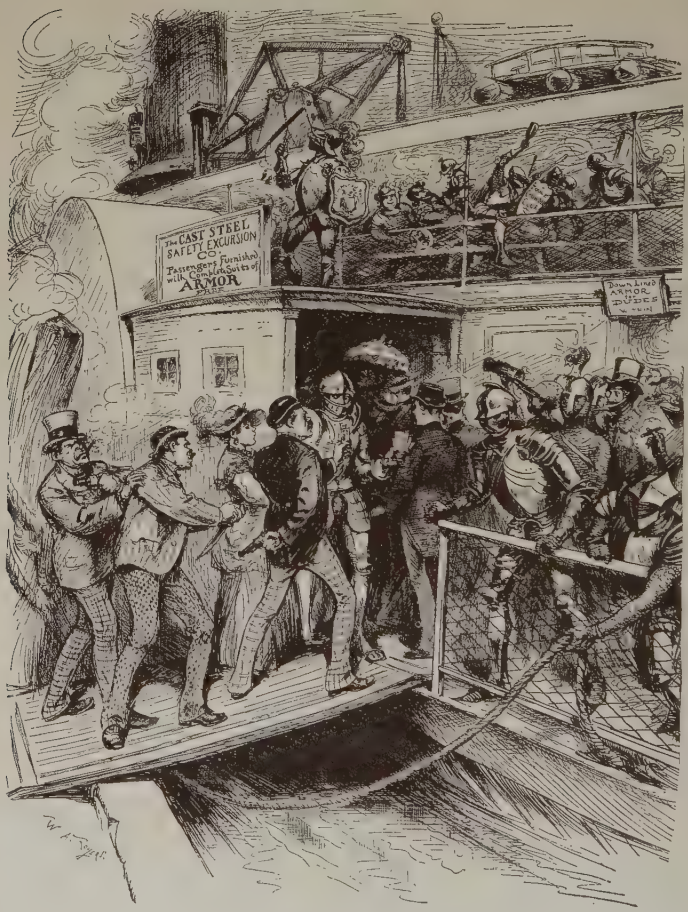
Central Park today resembles a wild goose being hunted by a pack of timber wolves. There isn't a square inch that hasn't been attacked on some pretext or other and if half the memorial buildings, art centres, etc., etc. had been erected that have been proposed, the area wouldn't have a vacant square inch left today.

A small section of real estate entirely surrounded by water lies just off the Battery—Governors Island. This is quite a romantic spot. The Dutchmen stayed here a night or two before making the mainland; they drew up a general scheme of government under which they agreed to live. It was not quite so impressive or so formal as the Mayflower Compact but it was the same idea.

For a long time the ruling Governor used this Island as his private estate. In fact Lord Cornbury calmly appropriated a large sum voted by the state for defenses and built a handsome club house instead. This was "The Smiling Garden of the Sovereign of the Province," and right well did its reputation live up to its name. Here retired the overworked officials "to free themselves from business," raise pheasants and otherwise seek relief from cares of state.

But it is hardly within my province to dwell much on the romantic and amazingly interesting history of Governors Island. It is germain to my narrative because at this period it suddenly burst into Nationwide prominence.

"Winchester," the famous charger ridden by Genl. Phil Sheridan, was leaving the Island. For many years his stuffed remains had reposed in the Museum of the Island to the great delight of the soldiers and Grand Army men. But now a change had come and Winchester must perforce take his departure for the Smithsonian Institution.



The Perils of Steamer Excursions. A hint for the protection of peaceable passengers. Fights seemed inseparable from a festive outing in those days.

The departure of the old horse was made the occasion of a wonderful demonstration. Detachments from many regular army posts; cadets from West Point and Annapolis; marines and endless Posts with sorrowing Grand Army men, joined in an imposing farewell procession. Surely no other animal received greater homage than was bestowed on gallant Sheridan's famous mount.

I cannot however leave this absorbing little corner of old New York without recounting one or two other items in its history that may make you want to hear a little more about the Island some day.

Occasionally, in these early days of its sylvan existence, it was interrupted by more material concerns. Some ten thousand Palatine Refugees descended upon it in 1710 and the crowding and discomfort was great indeed. Then came the French and Indian War. This was indeed a strenuous period. The great attack upon the famous and hitherto impregnable Fortress of the French—Louisburg—was here planned and successfully carried out. The fall of this stronghold presaged the end of French dominion in America. Out of this great victory emerged a romantic figure of early New York—Admiral Sir Peter Warren—to whom was granted a large section of land in New York as a reward for his great victory at Louisburg and which we now know as Greenwich Village. He was only a commodore when he set sail but was knighted and made an Admiral of the Fleet, in addition to the land grant. Sir Jeffrey Amherst, who commanded the Royal American Regiment then stationed at Governors Island and was part of the land forces, was honored by having the town of Amherst named after him, and also the College. His portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds hangs today in the Officers Club on the Island.

How many of us can recall that charming New England play that seemed to possess eternal youth.

Of all the "hick" dramas of the New York stage none ever equaled Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead." Uncle Josh caught on from the start. One of the chief ends secured by Mr. Thompson's thespian triumph was to familiarize the entire country with a really fascinating bit of New York—old Grace Church at the corner of Broadway and Tenth Street.

It is where old Josh Whitcomb pleads with the tramp to leave whiskey alone and return to his mother that has for its background this scene of old Grace Church at night with the moonbeams streaming through its latticed steeple. The chimes are striking the midnight hour and a quartette sings "Where Is My Wandering Boy Tonight?" as the tramp presses old Josh by the hand and promises to go straight. Comedy relief is furnished when old Josh yells "stop thief" at the postman who happens along to collect the letters in the lamp post. When the situation is explained by the policeman who arrives on the scene, old Josh is profuse in his apologies.

What is now the beautiful Huntington Memorial outdoor chapel on the south side of the church was the site of Fleischman's famous Vienna Bakery. Here nightly in the eighties gathered the homeless and the hungry who made up the "Bread Line" as shown in my sketch which is from life. At midnight all the unsold loaves were given free to all who applied, and the line began to form many hours before. This practical charity continued till the time the premises were taken over by Grace Church for the Memorial and the bakery went out of business. No matter how long the line was there always seemed to be enough to go round, which was

quite a singular coincidence and often excited kindly comment.

At this point in its making Broadway reached an old farm owned by Henry Brevoort; part of his apple orchard lay right in the path of the extension of the street. Old Dutch Henry was a fighter and succeeded in bending the road so that it would clear his orchard and also prevented Eleventh Street from bisecting his farm. The change produced a peculiar effect. Looking up the thoroughfare from a distance, it appeared as if Broadway actually ended there. And it was so regarded for many years. The only one who did not accept this enforced stoppage was Broadway herself. So she calmly proceeded on the even tenor of her way.

The old Tenth Street Studios were then in heyday of their popularity. J. G. Brown was turning out his street Arabs by the mile. Next to a John Rogers statuette, one of Brown's bootblacks or "newsies" was considered indispensable to any family who talked familiarly of the National Academy of Design on 23rd St. Yet there were some real artists in this old building. The splendid stained glass window "The Ascension" in the Church of the Ascension recalls the happy association of John La Farge with St. Gaudens, Stanford White and others, when all lived down in this famous old place which was not far from the church. La Farge had at last succeeded in perfecting his new scheme of colored glass for ecclesiastical windows and "The Ascension" is perhaps his finest achievement. In the Church of the Paulist Fathers however there are other examples which some think are finer. It was for this church that Frederick McMonnies received his first commission.

Not long before his death a great dinner was given to La Farge by the architects and artists of the city in recognition of the distinction his work had reflected upon American Art. It was hugely attended and the guest of honor heard many flattering things said about him.

La Farge was no longer young. A life time of unrequited toil lay behind him. Some of the bitterness of his early experiences could not be repressed. While he was very grateful for the tribute paid him, he called attention to the lateness of his recognition. He spoke of many great architects, who refused him commissions at a time when help was so sorely needed. There was much truth in what the old artist said. Whether it was personal or not he did not pretend to say; after three score and ten it did not much matter.

The speech caused a great sensation and was heatedly discussed for many days after. The charge of favoritism may or may not have been true but that the work of La Farge is so infrequent in our great buildings is certainly a distinct loss to the city as a whole. But the old Tenth Street studio building, now no more, was a famous rendezvous in its day.

"Period" rooms are just now engaging the attention of our most refined members of Society and aside from the difficulty of remembering the difference between Hepplewhite, Chippendale, Sheraton, Phyffe, etc., the wives of our various Glue Kings, Fish Kings, and other members of Industrial Royalty are having the time of their lives. I know one of them who used to do her own washing when the family lived on Newtown Creek. That was about the time Mr. Rockefeller came East with his newly formed Standard Oil Co. buying up all the malodorous

refineries on Hunters Point and causing the prices of surrounding farmlands to soar with incredible rapidity.

My friend was of the sensible kind and laughed as she told me of her order for an "Italian" room. "I don't know what I'll get" she frankly told me "and I really don't care. I've got a good decorator and he will pull me through. And yet," she said, caressing her stomacher of jewels, "I often wish the folks could have lived to enjoy some of this money. Pa had a general store down Greenpoint way and we lived above the shop. Ma boarded the hands that helped pa in the store, and I tell you she worked. We owned a couple of farms and of course when the boom struck us we got rich. But they didn't live to enjoy it and it kind of spoils it for me."

A curious object of adoration among a certain type of New York femininity in those days was the popular murderer. Why popularity should be the reward of such a character has always been to me a profound mystery. Yet such an anomaly unfortunately exists, and is the object of much tender solicitude on the part of these morons. One of its invariable manifestations was to send floral tributes, and the more atrocious the assassin the more generous was the shower of lilies-of-the-valley, Rosemary, Love-lies-bleeding and Heart's-Ease. A Tomb's cell embowered in these tender blooms becomes quite an arboreal retreat with only a locked grating to remind its occupant of durance vile. In one case Henry Clay perfectos and a novel by Ouida completed the attendant comforts of this smuggery and consoled its sanguinary tenant for his loss of liberty.

"My good man," said one of these hero? worshippers after listening to the prisoner's side of his story, "they have no business to put you in here."

"I know it mem," replied the prisoner, "but they *have*."

Which was a good thing for the rest of us.

There is always a sensational trial of some sort or other going on in New York and if you can gain admittance to the courtroom you will find it more interesting than any play you ever saw.

Few structures in this old town have enjoyed such intimate contact with its diversified population as Madison Square Garden. It started as a railroad depot and to the end of its career, preserved the same atmosphere. The hurrying, scurrying, excited throngs that make a station one of the most interesting places in the world were characteristic of the Garden to the last.

Every known kind of an entertainment was held under its roof. Probably more pleasant memories are connected with this old structure in the minds of the average New Yorker than with any other place in the world. Horse Shows, Six-day walks, Bicycle races, Prize fights, Boxing matches, swimming matches, three-ringed circuses, are only a few of the events that come to mind though great public meetings, conventions should not be forgotten. I should like to write an epic on the old Garden if I could but my amiable friend, H. I. Phillips, has done something so much better that I want to preserve it in something more permanent than the fugitive pages of a daily newspaper.

Madison Square Garden
Used to stand there
On the site of that
Skyscraper.
Jiminy, what a change!

* * *

There's no band playing now,
No roaring of "wild and fee-
ro-cious
Beasts of the jungle,"
Whirls . . . Mlle. Dolores
Lamaraletta."
And "The Peerless Queen of
Aerial Gymnasts, Miss Lilian
Leitzel," defied the
Laws of gravity
In pink tights!

* * *

There where Abner S. Wogg,
Chairman of the Board, sits

No barking of dogs,
No chatter of monkeys or
Delegates to a
National convention.

* * *

In Office 157, first floor,
Where a bald little man
Sits dozing over "Flitcraft's Manual
Of Insurance Rates" scribbling
Figures and yawning
And taking pills out of a
Round box for his dyspepsia,
Stood the very ring where
John L. Sullivan battered
Down Slade, "The Maori,"
Dominick McCaffery and
Charlie Mitchell.
There Fitzsimmons
K.O.'d Gus Ruhlin. There
Corbett met McCoy,
Walcott met West,
Langford fought Jeannette,
Dixon fought Plimmer,
McCarthy fought Willard.
There, where that filing
Cabinet stands, Big Bill
Brennan fell when Dempsey
Hit him a blow so hard it
Sent an Irishman to a
Jewish Hospital!

* * *

There by the elevator shafts
Cheyenne Jake used to rope
Twelve racing cowboys abreast!

* * *

Up on the third floor in
Room 3267, the Board of
Directors of the International
Apricot Packing Corporation
Are in conference
In precisely the space and
Altitude in which
"The Girl of a Thousand
Thumbing an annual report,
Ernie Clark of the
Clarkonian-Nelson Troupe
Used to take off
From his trapeze in his
"Triple somersault and reverse
Flight through space
Risking life and limb!"

* * *

Far up on the eighth floor
Miss Arabella Snodgrass,
Public typist, is humming
"All Alone" at her desk,
Little dreaming that there
At her feet Stanford White was
Killed!

* * *

A skyscraper, eh?
No clowns, no fight champs,
No Cowboys, Cossacks,
Midgets, sword swallowers,
Bearded ladies, gunmen,
Pickpockets, bootleggers,
Grand dames, actors,
Actresses, chorus girls,
Bike riders, gentlemen.
Jockeys, poultrymen,
Dog fanciers.

* * *

No laughter of children,
No rumble of chariots,
No booming cries of
"Uppercut 'im, Packy!"
No excitement, no thrills,

* * *

A skyscraper twenty-eight
Stories high and with 1,000
offices!

* * *

Well, what of it?
There isn't a kick in
A whole block of 'em.

By the time these pages reach the public eye, work on the New York Life building on the site of old Madison Square Garden will doubtless be well toward completion,

and with the memory of this famous old building still fresh in our minds I will draw to a close these recollections of an older, quainter and more beautiful period—the Elegant Eighties.

Roaming the streets of New York as I did, loving every nook and cranny of the funny old town, it never occurred to me that some day I should like to write about it. What a wonderful memoir it would have been had I but given the possibility a thought!

Reading over the proofs for the last time, I am conscious of many things that I have left unsaid that should have been said; of many phases of the great city's life of which I had but little or no personal contact. If I have not fully realized all that the opportunity presented, much must be charged to circumstances that are now beyond recall.

NOTES AND COMMENT

1872-1882

Many letters have reached me from sympathetic readers, some jostling my memory others correcting little slips of the tongue. Hereafter I am going to print as many as will contribute to the accuracy and completeness of these recollections.

All my readers are cordially invited—nay importuned—to follow these examples and supplement my recollections with additions of their own. One critic says I left out all reference to the great gambling dens of the seventies and mentions specifically "33 where Ben Wood, at a single sitting lost $120,000 to John Morrissey."

Probably I did. If I ever got a hundred and twenty thousand dollars together at one time I'd never write another line. The shock would kill me.

The following is from Mr. Hayward Cleveland.

Page 6. You do not mention cobblestones, the prevailing pavement. Nothing is said about the first experiment with "skrimshaw" pavement—wooden blocks, tar and gravel—the forerunner of the present asphalt. An early test was made on Waverly Pl.

Page 9. Largely correct, but there were a few quite modern buildings in 1880—2 and 4 Wall St., 16 and 18 Wall St., 1 and 3 Nassau St. The Mills Bldg. was begun in about 1881. It was the biggest building in "The Street." At that Trinity spire overtopped them all.

Page 10. "Gentler sex"—correct. No women clerks or stenographers, that I can remember. The telephone just coming in and the hectograph used to run off daily Stock Market letters!

Page 15. You speak of "half-village, half-town." Before I forget it, I want to remind you of the distinct breaks—open spaces between New York and Yorkville and Yorkville and Harlem Squatters or Goattown settlements or Market Gardens in between.

Page 20. The 3d and 6th Ave. El. lines were built in 1876. Was there not a daily 5c commutation rate, morning and evening, before 5c fare became continuous?

Page 56. You might add Lancers to the list of dances.

Page 59. See Page 9 above. Mills Bldg. replaced these warehouses.

Pages 60-61. How about the skipping rope, the paper pin wheels and the children's shows that cost a few pins for admission?

Page 65. This reminds me of Five Points and the second-hand clothes men of Baxter St.

Pages 68-72. In tonsorial parlors frequented by horsemen were to be found "The Spirit of the Times" and "Turf, Field and Farm"

Page 96. How about Allen and Dam of the Astor House, Garrison (before Ford) of the Grand Union, Ashman of the Sinclair House and Taylor of the St. Denis?

Page 108. "Col. Gildersleeve." This recalls a political incident. In the early middle 70's when Tweed methods were still rife Gildersleeve ran for Judge and Hackett for Recorder, this last, I think a renomination. It was known, of course, that Gildersleeve could shoot. Hackett had a record for severity and the gang threatened to get him. He heard of it. It seems that he was a fine pistol shot. He had a place on Staten Island. There he had a private pistol range. He invited two or three men, whom he knew would convey the news, down to pay him a visit, while there they were asked to try their hands at shooting. Well, when they took word back to New York that Hackett could hit a nailhead at 50 ft. and always went about armed, Gildersleeve and Hackett were let alone, for obvious reasons!

Page 115. Would not late "seventies" be nearer the mark? I think you will find that the walking (heal and toe) races in which O'Leary and Weston took part and which preceded the go-as-you-please races, occurred that early.

As to the Old Garden or Gilmore's Garden—the converted Harlem R. R. shed or depot. The track was *eight* laps to the mile not ten as in the later building. Besides the six-day races, the circus, athletic meets, etc., there was the first *indoors* skating rink of any size and even horse races which included *trolling races to saddle!* Then again there were the Moody and Sankey revivals and a mammoth production of Pinafore. Speaking of the old Harlem R. R. Depot, do you remember the freight cars that were hauled down 4th Ave., Bowery and Center St. to the Center St. Freight Depot by four or six horses?

Page 120. You fail to mention Robert Bonner and later Allie Bonner. I think Commodore Vanderbilt, ?????, also sped them along. How about Fleetwood Track, the centre of attraction for the lovers of the trotting horse?

Pages 147-178. I see no mention of Patti, of Joe Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle, or Robson & Crane, or of Ole Bull the Violinist!

Page 180. Speaking of Miss DeWolfe. She gave liberally to Grace Church. The spires of this church were originally made of *wood*. This was not generally known or suspected, so when in the 80's they were torn down and replaced by stone ones there was great surprise. Miss DeWolfe paid the bill.

Page 193. The first cyclodrama exhibit was given, I think, on Lafayette Place, N. E. corner of 4th and Great Jones St. By the way, do you remember the camera-obscurer in Central Park?

Page 199. A few words more about the character of the ballots distributed in bunches and from sidewalk booths would interest.

Pages 212-229. You fail to mention the old Knickerbocker District starting on lower 2d Ave. and running to and including Stuyvesant and Gramercy Parks. In it were many fine residences; also St. Marks and St. Georges (Dr. Tyng) Churches. Some fine old New York families lived in that section—Theo. Roosevelt, Wm. M. Evarts, hosts of others.

Pages 253-262. I see no mention of the libraries—Astor, Mercantile!

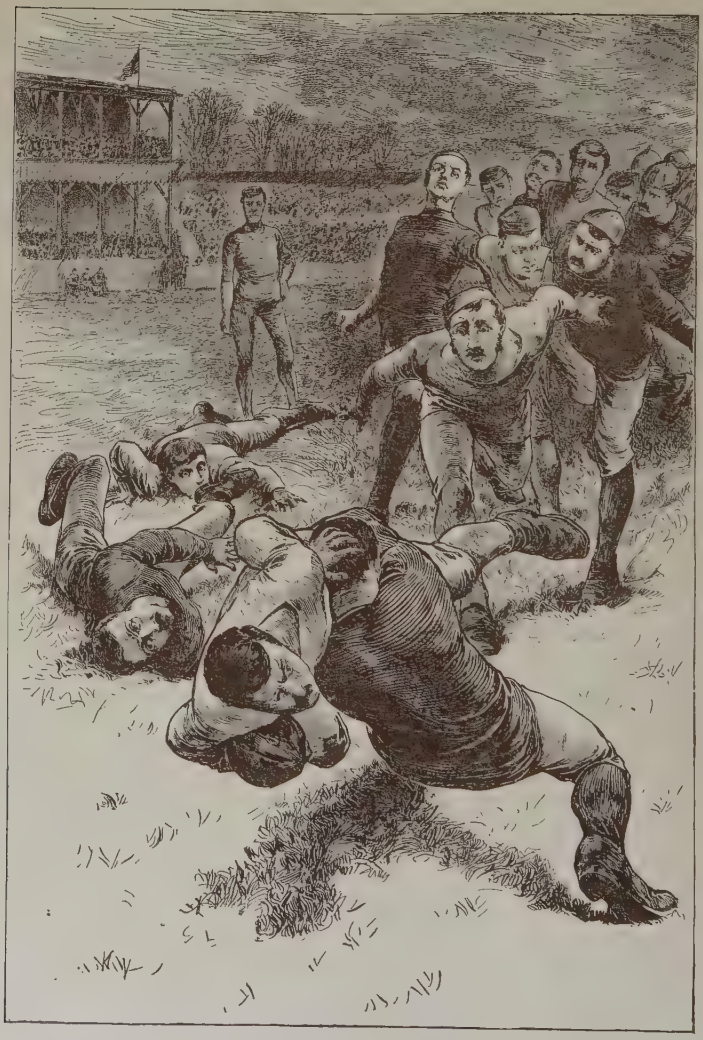
Page 287. "Clubber" Williams. In '76 at a great night gathering in Union Sq. in celebration of the Centennial, I witnessed from a window of the Domestic Bldg. an exhibition of his prowess. The crowd became unmanageable. The regular force assisted by militia were being pushed back when Capt. Williams with a small squad of men appeared. What he did to that crowd was a shame! While talking about 1876, how about the blowing up of Hell Gate (first attempt) by General Newton? The whole town was nervous and as many got out in the open spaces as possible. I saw the "blow up" from Morningside Heights.

Again 1876 or about then—Do you remember the New York Herald Wild Animal Scare (fake). The breaking open (so said) of Central Park menagerie and release of all the wild animals on the town!! We (sister and I) were kept home from school. Was you?

How about the shin plaster or paper fractional currency used in those days—10c, 25c, 50c?

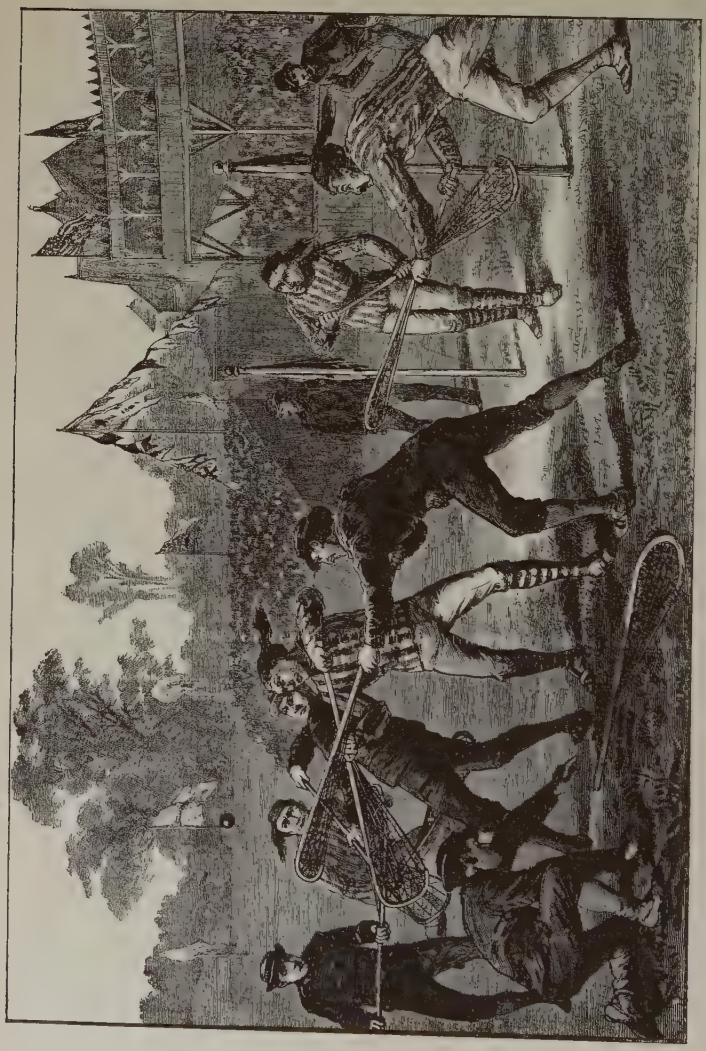
Page 312. Do you remember the highly colored and none too flattering penny Valentines we used to buy?

Picture on page 222. I think the picture is inaccurate in that the spires of St. Patrick's Cathedral were not erected until some time after the rest of the edifice was finished and put to use.

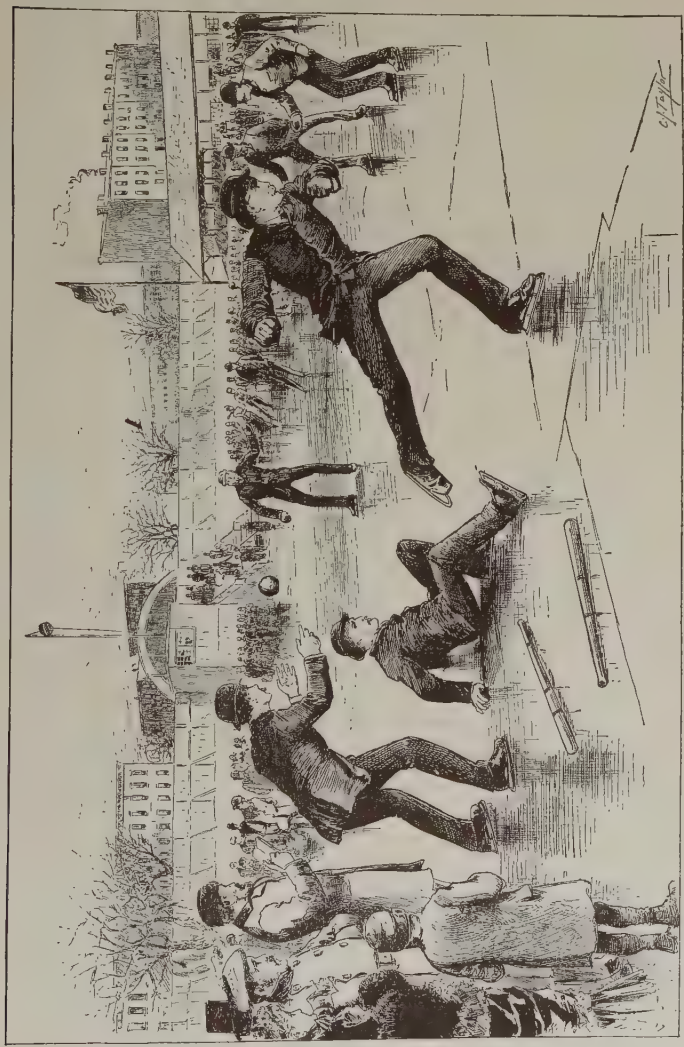


"Collared!" An incident and an expression of Football in the Eighties.

Few persons remember that the Polo Grounds received its name from the fact that Polo was originally played there long before Base Ball became popular enough to support it. Here is a match in 1882.

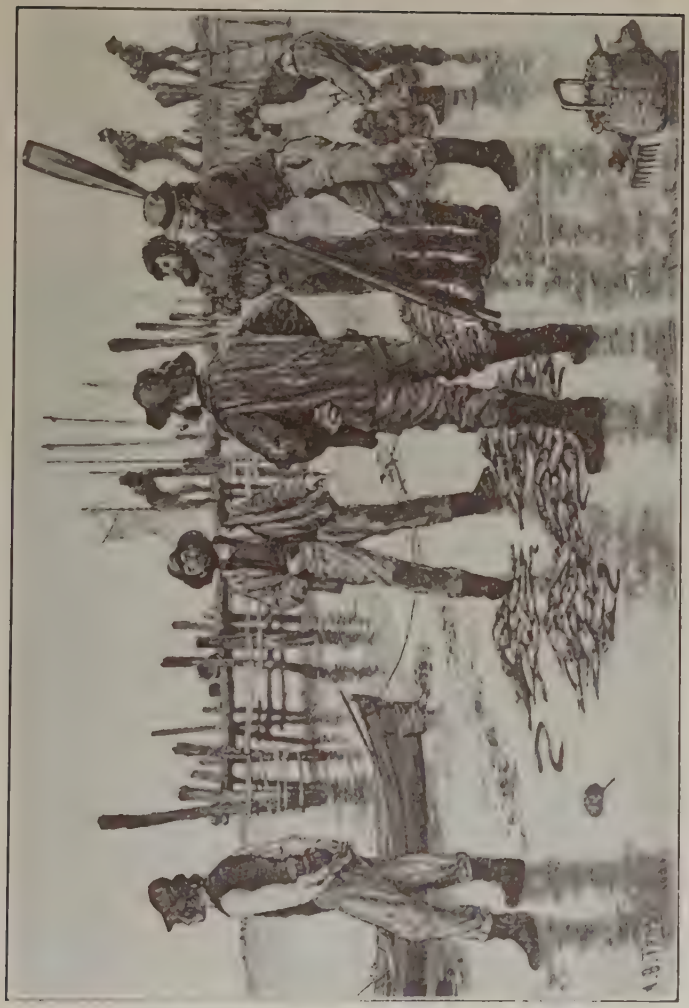


Lacrosse was very popular forty years ago. This shows a match between the University of New York and Princeton, 1884, at the Polo Grounds.



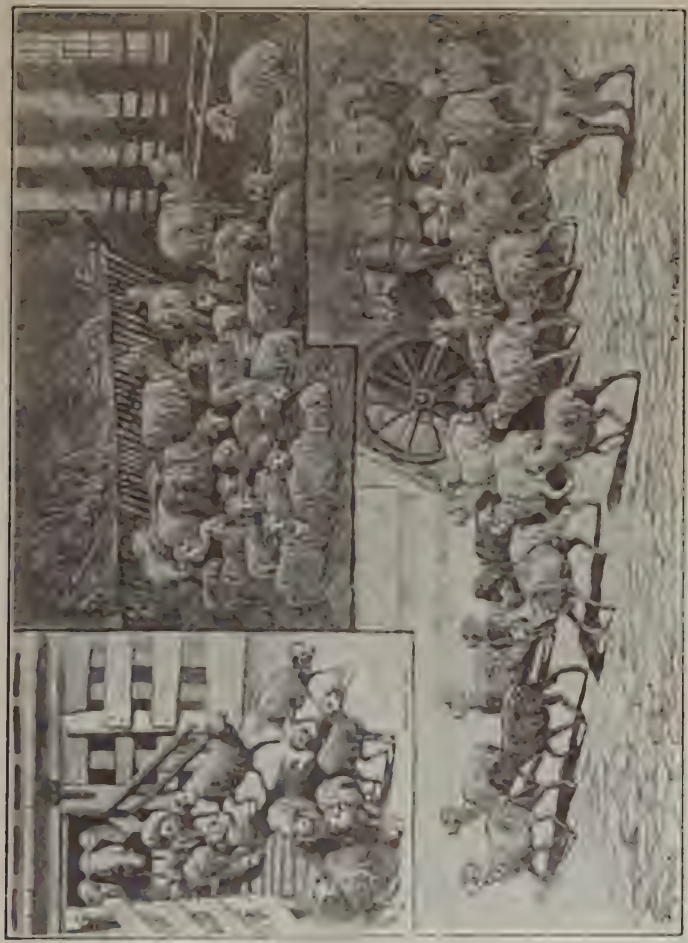
Base ball on the Ice. A popular sport in 1884. Scene in Washington Park Base Ball grounds.

The tremendous crowd awaiting returns in Printing House Square (then Park Row) opposite the City Hall on Election night of the Cleveland-Blaine campaign, November 4, 1884.

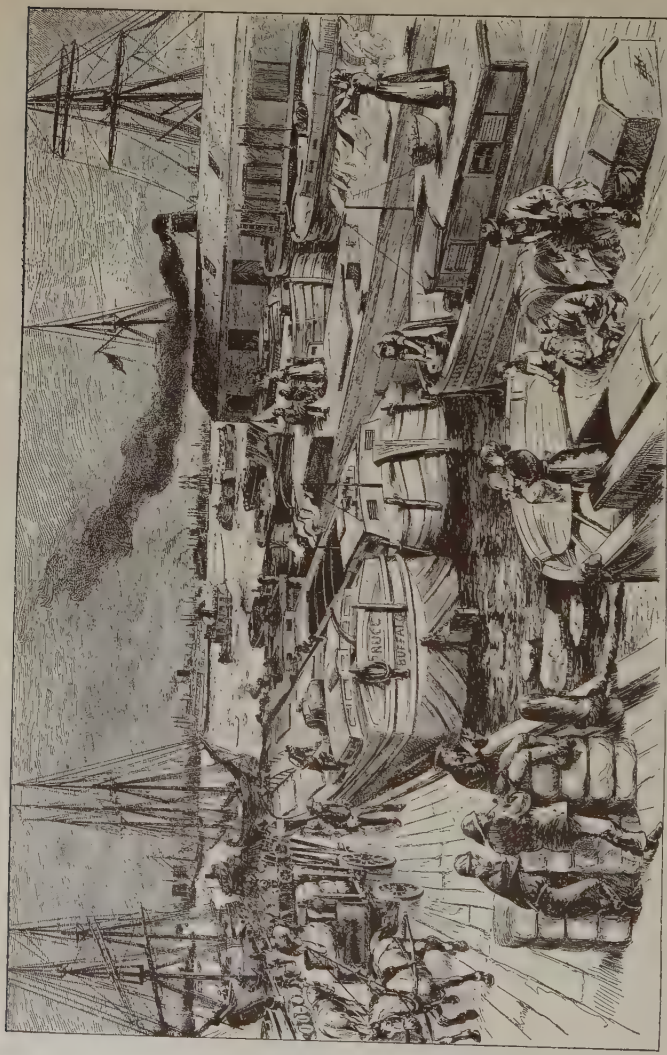


Fish for New York. Long Island fishermen dividing up the catch. One is evidently dissatisfied.

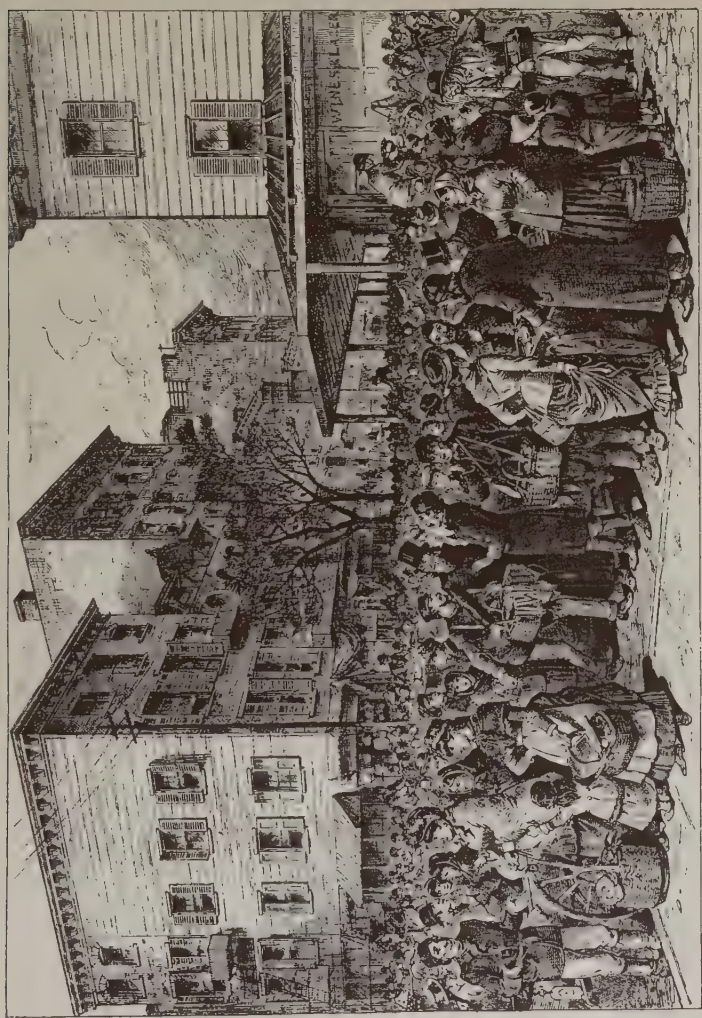
Quite a gala day marked the opening of the New (?) Washington Market, 1884. The little butcher cart in centre was the fastest moving and most celebrated vehicle in New York at the time.



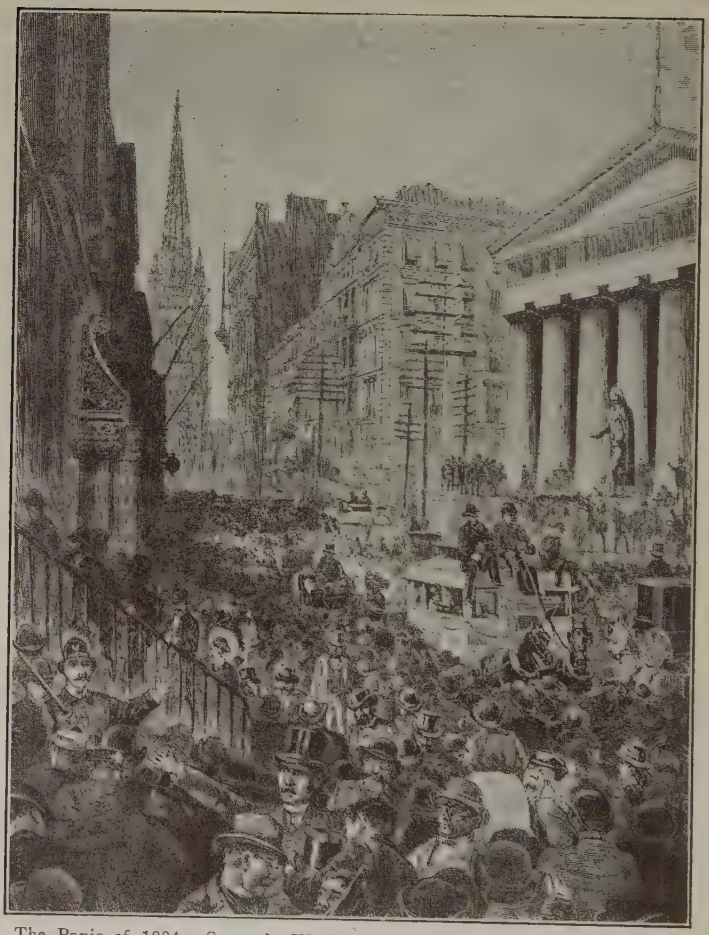
Sheep and lambs for the New York Market. One stylish peasant shepherd, with chisel, chipped on lapel of coat, is the idealized and romantic type. The other, a little nearer to the public as possible. One man and a well trained dog drove them.



Whole families were reared on Hudson River Canal Boats. This shows a colony tied up for the Winter in Coentries ship, East River. (1882.)



A Polish Trading Post in Division near Hester Streets in 1884. A section covering several blocks was monopolized by these early immigrants for trading purposes.



The Panic of 1884. Scene in Wall Street. Note the Stages and the stoop railings that still remained on old residences.

EDITORIAL

No. 11 NEW YORK, 1927 Vol. 1

THE MANUAL'S NEW-OLD HOME

Some four score years ago, Washington Irving and his brother Ebeneezer came upon a sightly piece of land bordering on the Hudson River not far from New York. The high bluff at the river's edge looked out upon a view as fair as ever delighted the eye of man. The lordly Palisades guarding the West bank of the river, were directly opposite; Tappan Zee and the majestic Highlands of the Hudson to the North; and the wooded hills of Westchester to the East. It was known as Dearman's Landing. It is now Hastings-on-Hudson.

On this tract Ebeneezer who was something of a carpenter built a small house, overlooking the river; it is still standing but greatly changed. Mulberry trees planted by Washington Irving still survive in some of the gardens in the village, for the idea was to introduce silk culture into America. The plan failed and Irving's protracted residence in Europe which followed, caused the sale of the property to one Joseph Constant for whom the main street in the village is named. He in turn was succeeded by H. A. Cassabeer; he, by Henry E. Coe and Coe by Henry Collins Brown.

It is this old house of Washington and Ebeneezer Irving's which is now the home of the Manual.

Upon Irving's final return to America, the lure of the beautiful Hudson could not be denied.

"I thank God I was born on the banks of the Hudson. . . . After all my wanderings and seeming infidelities I return to it with a heart felt preference over all the rivers in the world."

"Wolfert's Roost" then in the sleepy Dutch village of Tarrytown, was chosen for his final home. It still stands as he left it. Another village, however, has been created out of a bit of Tarrytown and has been named after its illustrious citizen—"Irvington"—and "Wolfert's Roost" is now known to the world as "Sunnyside."

Here, Irving passed the sunset of his life. Here he clothed the hillsides of his beloved river with the undying romance of his gentle fancy and with his Legends of Sleepy Hollow. The Church in Tarrytown in which he served as Vestryman still stands, and on a marble tablet is inscribed

WASHINGTON IRVING
Born in the City of New York
April 3, 1783

For many years
A Communicant and Warden
Of this Church; and repeatedly one of its
Delegates in the Convention of this Diocese

Loved. Honored. Revered.
He fell asleep in Jesus
March 28, 1859

The Tablet is erected to his Memory by
The Vestry

Coincident with Irving's departure, the erstwhile countryside lost its farms and its fruit orchards and a village began. The present lively modern Hastings is, however, a product of very recent years. Less than a third of a century ago, it was still remote, the forest primeval all around it. Village lamps were lighted only in the dark of the moon, and for the trip to New York the *"Chrystenah"* was preferred to the railroad. A wide, deep ravine separated the village from its neighbors on the South and beyond Washington Avenue the path led through deep woods, past old Dudley's Grove, to Yonkers.

But always the pressure from the great city of New York persisted. Its tentacles finally reached Hastings. The ravine was bridged, trolley cars succeeded the path through the woods, and finally the Subway from New York connected with the trolleys. Although we are, technically, four miles from the city lines, there is no break in the continuity of houses stretching from New York to Hastings. The same Broadway that runs past old Trinity in the financial district, is the same Broadway you find in Hastings. It is easier to go to Hastings and much quicker than to the Bronx, if you have to go there, which Heaven forbid!

So, in this historic and congenial atmosphere—in the very footsteps of the first historian of New York,—the *Manual* will hereafter be issued. The sordid details connected with the business end of the book will, however, remain in New York. It is an admirable arrangement.

In addition to this famous old publication, a new series of books—one each year—on our beautiful Hudson River will be added. These two subjects—Old New York and the Hudson River—are the only ones which the

Editor cares to consider. In a very significant sense they are really one.

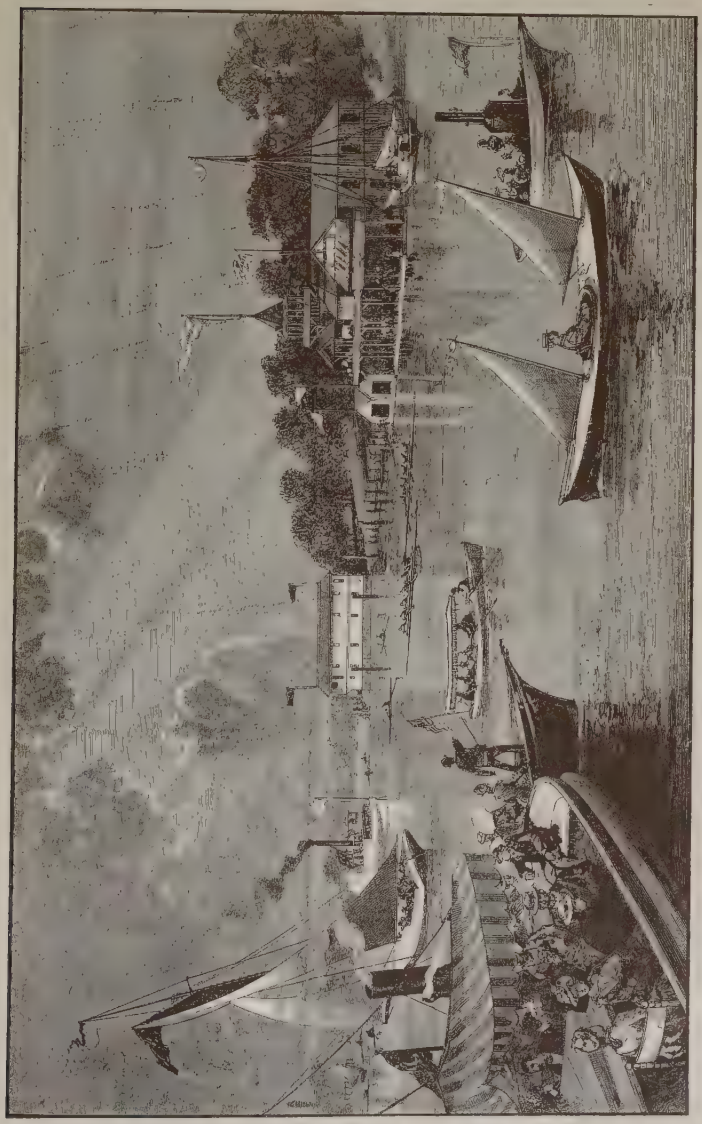
A hundred years ago there was published a quite remarkable book on the Hudson River—remarkable not only for its magnificent appearance but also for its great cost. It is a very rare book now and the last quotation I had was from a London dealer who asked two thousand dollars for his copy. I am now speaking of the *Hudson River Portfolio.*

It is what we call "Elephant" size—not quite so large as Audubon's Birds but nearly so. It contained twenty-two beautiful colored plates made in aquatint, that delightful process now extinct, and portrayed the River from its mouth to its source. The pictures were drawn by Wm. G. Wall who also made the view of Broadway at Canal Street and the view of the city from the Lattung Observatory on 42nd Street in 1855. The coloring was by J. J. Hill.

The work appears to have been issued by two publishers one imprint giving Charleston, S. C. as the printers address and the other by H. I. Margery the New York silversmith who ventured occasionally into this field.

Many of these beautiful plates now adorn the homes of old New Yorkers. The book is usually broken up for the pictures which are sold separately. They are exquisite in color and command very high prices.

It is these rare plates which I will reproduce for my new Hudson River book. The size will be made more convenient the page being 11 x 14 inches and the plates about 10 x 12. The delicate coloring of the original aquatints will be faithfully reproduced. Modern views contrasting with the old will be reproduced in the black pages. Each number will contain about a hundred pages



Saturday Afternoon on the Harlem River, 1880.

text and pictures. The price will be from $10.00 to $100.00 according to the binding. The edition will naturally be small. I will probably send you circulars later announcing progress of the work and giving date of publication.

The marvel to me is how these plucky publishers ever had the hardihood to produce such a sumptuous work as the "Portfolio" was for its day. Whether it was a successful venture financially or not will never be known. I doubt it very much. At the same time it was a splendid thing to do and all honor to Hill, Wall, Margery et al. who had a hand in this monumental production. The beautiful Hudson is worthy of the best in the world of Art and Literature.

This work will be my personal tribute to the River on whose banks I have lived for the best part of my life and to all those who with me share in their love for this lordly stream.

Friends of the *Manual* who may motor through Westchester County will always find a shady nook under the big trees that shelter the old home and a cordial welcome. It is on Maple Avenue and known officially as Number Fifty-five; but it really has no number. Anyone can tell you where it is.

With this change in address letters to the Editor of the *Manual* should read Henry Collins Brown, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York. The Telephone number is Hastings 749.

* * * * *

For the benefit of the many new readers of the *Manual* a few words regarding this publication, which is a rather an uncommon one, may be in order.

It originated with the City as far back as 1816. It was then only a leaflet containing the names and addresses of the City officials. It continued in this desultory fashion gradually growing larger however, till 1840 when under the editorship of D. T. Valentine, Clerk of the Common Council it acquired that reputation which has made it known to Bibliographers, Collectors and Librarians the world over. Few city publications, our own included, have ever before achieved such distinction. As time passed the tremendous growth of the city necessitated a more frequent publication than a year book afforded. Mr. Valentine died and in 1870 the Manual was discontinued. Half a century later it was revived by a group of old New Yorkers and has been published as of old, each year ever since. This issue is the eleventh number.

* * * * *

New York however is nothing more nor less than the National Main Street. The city is made up of the rest of the country. I have heard it said that possibly two per cent of our population would be a fair estimate of what we might say were real natives. And it is undoubtedly true that New York has a direct personal interest for more small towns and villages throughout the country than is possessed by any other city in the world.

From our own experience we judge this to be true. The Manual has subscribers in all parts of the world and these reminiscences of its past Fifty Years have brought letters of commendation and appreciation from every State in the Union.

After all, New York is only Chatham Four Corners on a larger scale.

The eleven numbers which have now appeared con-

stitute a amazing amount of antiquarian material. There are over twelve hundred rare old prints alone, many in colors and several never before published.

It is doubtful if such a work will ever again be possible. It is the result of ten years' painstaking, exhaustive research, for material that cannot now be duplicated. Every great Library, Historical Society and Private Collection was drawn upon for assistance and cooperation. Many of the rare, costly engravings were loaned, some were destroyed in fires, and others are no longer available.

Although published consecutively, each number is complete in itself, and each one is wholly different in text and illustrations from the other.

The articles on Old New York are all by distinguished writers—Brander Matthews, George L. Rivers, Poulteney Bigelow, Walter Prichard Eaton, James L. Ford, John Wanamaker, John D. Crimmins, William Allen Butler, E. C. Benedict, William W. Ellsworth, John B. Pine, Hon. Victor J. Dowling, Stephen Wray, Irving Brokaw, William Rhinelander Stewart, George Haven Putnam, Sturges S. Dunham, John Crawford Brown, and dozens of others. There is also a vast amount of original research work containing curious facts and descriptions of our city's past, for which the *Manual* has been famous for nearly a hundred years.

If you will compare the Manual with current books you will at once be impressed by the lavish expenditure for Engravings, rare old prints, colored plates, etc., which is at once apparent in the *Manual*. Although manufacturing costs have increased four fold since this project began, no advance in price has been made to our subscribers.

Those of our readers who may desire to possess the entire series up to date are invited to make early application as some of the issues are almost out.

* * * * *

Following the decade between Eighty and Ninety, published in this number, will come the next ten years—Eighteen Ninety to the end of the Century. That brings us up to the beginning of the present era, so to speak, and there for the present we will stop.

* * * * *

Throughout the year we have announcements of one sort and another to make, which will not reach you unless you are on the list. Send us your name. We will send you each month a copy of *Salmagundi* which contains many items of current interest and other announcements.

* * * * *

The editor also wishes to speak of a series of Illustrated Talks on our ancient city. To call them Lectures would be to invest them with an Academic character which he fears they do not possess. They are simply informal chats about the City, touching it at various periods. New York in the Seventies; in the Elegant Eighties, Old Fifth Avenue, Old Broadway, etc etc.

These talks have been so well received at Columbia University, Brooklyn Institute, Museum of University of Pennsylvania, New York Historical, numerous clubs, Patriotic Societies, etc., that he is beginning to believe himself that they must be good. At all events the pictures are marvellous and wonderfully colored. They afford an evening of entertainment and instruction somewhat unusual. The season is now open. Correspondence invited.

WASHINGTON IRVING ON THE HUDSON RIVER

(From the Sketch book)

I thank God I was born on the banks of the Hudson! I think it an invaluable advantage to be born and brought up in the neighborhood of some grand and noble object in nature; a river, a lake, or a mountain. We make a friendship with it, we in a manner ally ourselves to it for life. It remains an object of our pride and affections, a rallying point, to call us home again after all our wanderings. "The things which we have learned in our childhood," says an old writer, "grow up with our souls, and unite themselves to it." So it is with the scenes among which we have passed our early days; they influence the whole course of our thoughts and feelings; and I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of my youthful enthusiasm, I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and almost to give it a soul. I admired its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity and perfect truth. Here was no specious, smiling surface, covering the dangerous sand-bar or perfidious rock; but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow; ever straightforward. Once, indeed, it turns aside for a moment, forced from its course by opposing mountains, but it struggles bravely through them, and immediately resumes its straightforward march. Behold, thought I, an emblem of a good man's course through life; ever simple, open, and direct; or if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he

deviate into error, it is but momentary; he soon recovers his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage.

Excuse this rhapsody, into which I have been betrayed by a revival of early feelings. The Hudson is, in a manner, my first and last love; and after all my wanderings and seeming infidelities, I return to it with a heart-felt preference over all the other rivers in the world. I seem to catch new life as I bathe in its ample billows and inhale the pure breezes of its hills. It is true, the romance of youth is past, that once spread illusions over every scene. I can no longer picture an Arcadia in every green valley; nor a fairy land among the distant mountains; nor a peerless beauty in every villa gleaming among the trees; but though the illusions of youth have faded from the landscape, the recollections of departed years and departed pleasures shed over it the mellow charm of evening sunshine.

Here, then, have I set up my rest, surrounded by the recollections of early days, and with that glorious river before me, which flows with such majesty and which has ever been to me a river of delight.

Permit me, then, Mr. Editor, through the medium of your work, to hold occasional discourse from my retreat with the busy world I have abandoned. I have much to say about what I have seen, heard, felt, and thought through the course of a varied and rambling life, and some lucubrations that have long been encumbering my port-folio; together with divers reminiscences of the venerable historian of the New Netherlands, that may not be unacceptable to those who have taken an interest in his writings, and are desirous of any thing that may cast a light back upon our early history. Let your readers

rest assured of one thing, that, though retired from the world, I am not disgusted with it; and that if in my communings with it I do not prove very wise, I trust I shall at least prove very good-natured.

Which is all at present, from

Yours, etc.,

GEOFFREY CRAYON.